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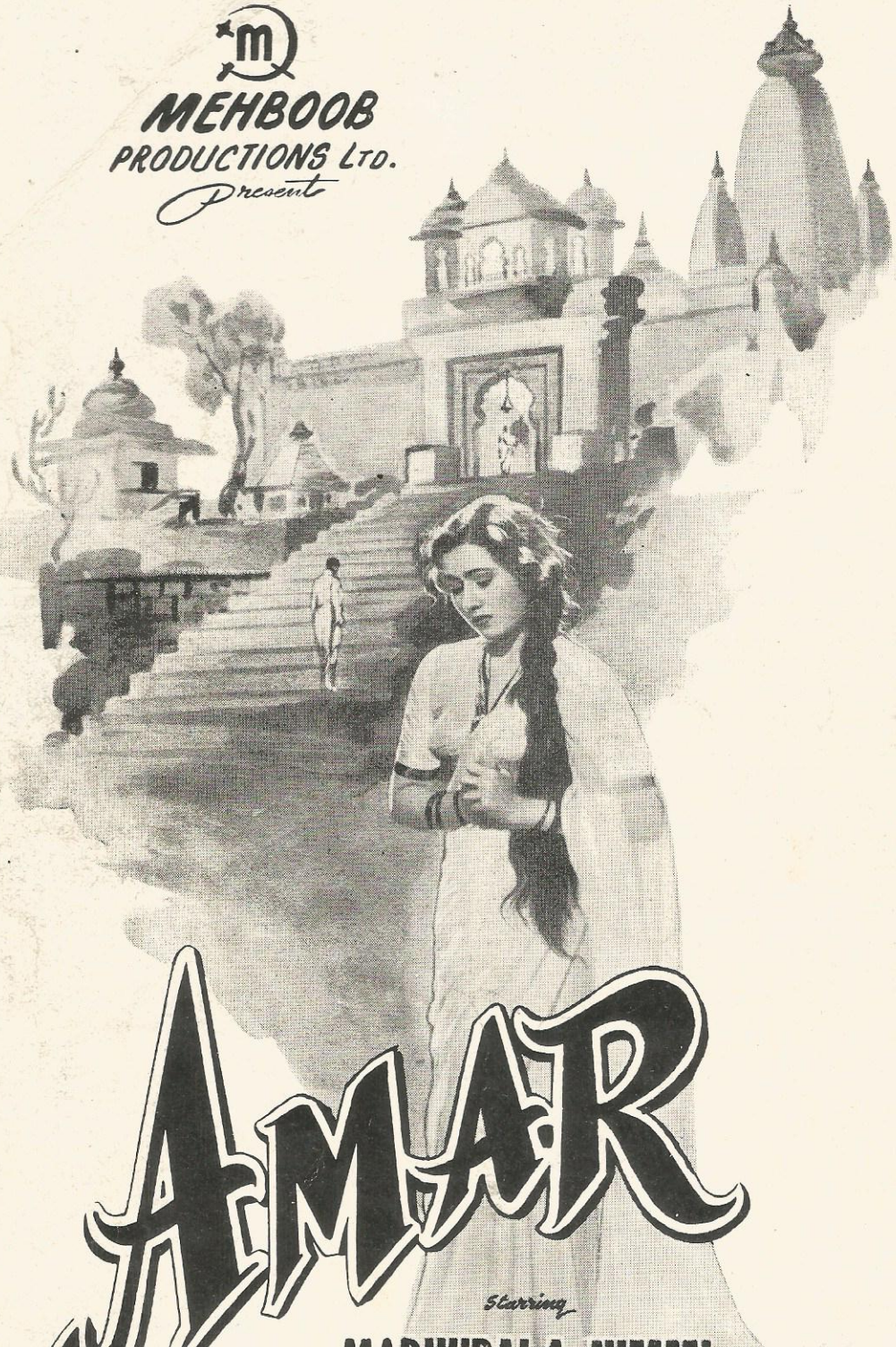

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A lot of people live in Chandni Chowk, the crowded quarter of ancient Delhi, and many of them are beautiful women who light up the night and thrill the nerves of men. Their costume is the heritage of the past and their profession an heirloom of the devil and yet they pay probably the highest price in the world for their two daily meals and for their right to live in this world. We wonder what role our beautiful Meena Kumari plays in "Chandni Chowk", a romantic theme directed by B. R. Chopra for Hira Films.

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Stop The Wolf-Cry And Work!

The 1953-Divali is the 19th Divali Filmindia is going through which according to the usual trade practice prevalent in the Indian film industry is the 19th slump in 19 years. In fact if we listen to our film folks, who produce, distribute and exhibit pictures, we have had exactly 40 paralyzing slumps in the 40 long years that our film industry has been in existence.

And yet in spite of all these paralyzing slumps and since that great day in 1913 when Dadasaheb Phalke, our first pioneer in film production, produced "Raja Harischandra"—the first Indian picture, we have produced over 7000 pictures in 40 years. Today we have 60 production studios and over 3000 cinema houses. And we have a brood of over 1000 distributors, people who often teach their grandmothers to suck eggs. The film industry in India pays over 14 crores rupees annually in taxes alone to the Government, out of which over 8 crores of rupees are paid by way of the Entertainment Tax. Over 100 crores of Indians see our pictures annually which means 3 visits to a cinema per year per head of our total population. Our producers have spent anything from a lakh of rupees per picture to 90 lakhs per picture as recently claimed by Sohrab Modi for his fabulous "Jhansi-ki-Rani". Calculating the total production expenditure—say at a conservative average of three lakhs of rupees per picture—we have spent over 210 crores of rupees for 7000 pictures in 40 years.

How did we get these 210 crores of rupees—over 5 crores per year—with 40 paralyzing slumps?

In the production field alone, our investments today exceed over 20 crores of rupees, while the total investment in all the branches of the film industry go well over 50 crores of rupees. How could we have this residual wealth if, according to the film folks, we have had 40 paralyzing slumps?

During its 40 years of enterprising career, the Indian film industry has made over 300 millionaires, half-millionaires or multi-millionaires. Beginning from Wamanrao Apte and Mayashankar Thakkar, the two distributors who collected fabulous wealth in early days, we can count a number of film millionaires like: Chandulal Shah, Khan Bahadur Ardeshir Irani, Abdulally Eusufally, Mahomedally Rangwalla, A. Hussain, Bhogilal Dave, Nanubhai B. Desai, Kikubhai Desai, M. B. Billimoria, J. B. H. Wadia, Homi Wadia, D. P. Gupta, V. Shantaram, K. M. Modi, Baburao Pai, S. Fatehlal, Mehboob, A. R. Kardar, Kapurchand Brothers, V. M. Vyas, Prahladrai Seksaria, Sidhwa, Roshanlal Malhotra, Ramniklal Mohanlal, Seth Jagat Narain, V. V. Puri, Lala Jagannath, Kishore Sahu, S. S. Vasan, Meiyappan Chettiar, B. N. Sircar and many others. Add to these the directors, technicians and the artistes like: S. Mukherjee, Vijoo Bhatt, Debaki Bose, Amiya Chakrabarty, Raj Kapoor, Dilip Kumar, K. L. Saigal, Prem Nath, Nargis, Suraiya, Nimmi, Bina Rai, C. Ramchandra, Bhagwan, Usha Kiron, Madhubala, Munnawar Sultana, Naushad and hundred others—too many to name.

When a woman does that, remember she has a plan of her own. And if her plan is also a man's design then they call it love. See what Nigar Sultana is about in "Madhur Milan", a love tale of Film Show.
Seems to be a raw situation between Tarzan and his mate. Nigar will make any one a Tarzan and you can't blame Mahipal in "Madhur Milan."
That is not a jungle maid from Honolulu. That is Nigar Sultana, the siren from our own film jungles, calling all lovers in "Madhur Milan", an island romance produced and directed by K. G. Punwani for Film Show Productions.

All these people have rolled in wealth and luxury for years. The money they have earned and wasted must run into crores. How did these folks get all the money if the film industry has been consistently going through 40 paralyzing slumps during 40 years?

In spite of their waste, even now the following persons are credited with various fortunes. For instance: Keki Modi is reported to be worth over 70 lakhs of rupees, V. M. Vyas 30 lakhs, Kapurchand 150 lakhs, Ardeshir Irani 20 lakhs, M. B. Billimoria 30 lakhs, Wadia Brothers 20 lakhs, V. Shantaram 25 lakhs, V. V. Puri 25 lakhs, Lala Jagannath 50 lakhs, Lala Jagat Narain 50 lakhs, Meiyappan Chettiar 50 lakhs, Raj Kapoor 20 lakhs, Nargis 25 lakhs, Debaki Bose 10 lakhs, Madhubala 15 lakhs, Suraiya 20 lakhs, Nimmi 10 lakhs, Prem Nath and Bina Rai 15 lakhs, Dilip Kumar 15 lakhs etc.

Though the Income Tax authorities cannot trace this huge wealth, we give only a very conservative estimate of what these film folks are worth today. In the face of all this wealth, how can we accept the hackneyed excuse that our film industry has had 40 paralyzing slumps in 40 years? And certainly not with Chandulal Shah losing a crore of rupees within a month in the year 1945 in cotton speculation and paying out the loss fully! Where did Chandulal Shah, the man who was hawking film stories at Rs. 30|- a story once, get all this money from to lose in cotton speculation? The answer is: Chandulal produced 125 celluloid sausages which millions and millions of idiots in our country paid to see and in doing so made Chandulal a multi-millionaire, a gambler, a racehorse owner and a cotton speculator.

The idiotic millions in India are still seeing bad pictures and making the wrong people millionaires. "Anarkali", a stupid picture produced by Filmistan Ltd., is likely to bring in a net profit of 70 lakhs of rupees. That is material enough to make seven new millionaires.

It is true that our film industry is excessively taxed by the Government. It is also true that our film industry doesn't get even the slightest support or sympathy from our hostile and pseudo-puritanic white-capped Government. It is also too true that the Report of the Film Enquiry Committee has been shelved for good as we had predicted right in the beginning when the Committee was appointed.

But like the film industry which thrives on the wealth of our idiotic masses, our present Government also survives on the votes of our idiotic masses. One bad institution therefore cannot expect sympathy from another bad institution.

But all this does not justify the wolf-cry of slump. If the takings have gone down at the box-offices, it is because our product has gone down even below the little quality expected by our idiotic masses. However idiotic, the masses are bound to be a bit discriminating in choosing their entertainment after 40 years of Indian films. Our producers have not realized this basic truth. In a blind bid to compete with Hollywood, they have been wasting money in stars, sets and technical decor forgetting the fundamental principle that motion-picture making is primarily a business of story-telling and as such the human story must remain the most vital factor of success. Lost in the beauteous jungle of Hollywood technique, they have been unable to see the wood for the

trees with the result that they have been producing beautiful frames without human portraits and in doing so wasting a lot of money, time and labour.

Waste is the main theme of our motion picture production—waste of time, waste of talent, waste of money, waste of energy and waste of raw material.

We shall do a bit of plain-speaking in the interest of our film industry which employs over 1,50,000 persons apart from the terrific influence it exerts on the life and mind of millions of our filmgoers. We hurt many people due to our blunt writings but if things are ever to improve for all, a few have to be hurt. It is unpleasant work but then work that becomes a duty is rarely pleasant.

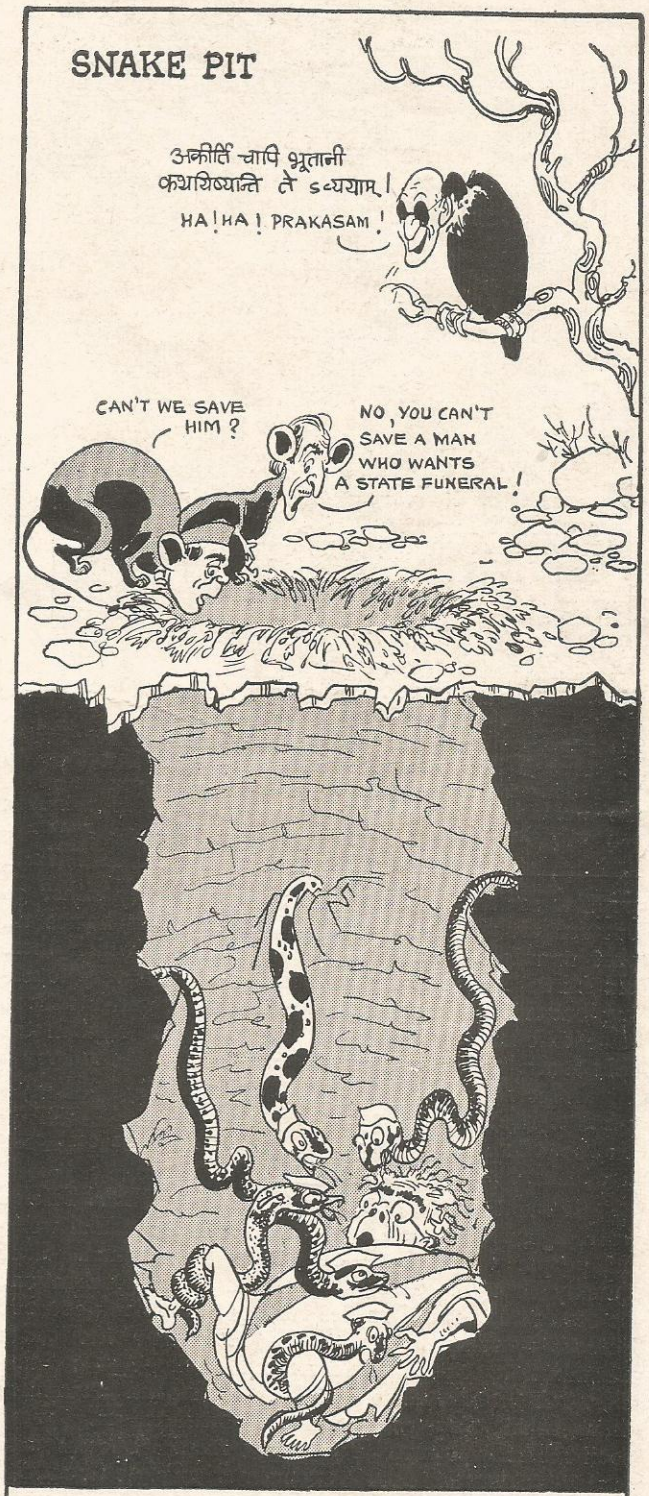
The Indian film industry has been built on waste. Forty years ago it began with the trial-and-error method and even 40 years later producers are still trying and making errors. It seems that nothing definite has been learnt by any one in the industry during all these years —not even self-discipline.

During the last two years, most of the so-called leaders of our film industry have floated or flown to different parts of the world to see for themselves how people in other countries work and behave. And yet film actress Madhubala and a couple of other artistes are the only ones who ever appear on the sets in time. Top artistes like Raj Kapoor, Dilip Kumar, Nargis and many others very rarely report for work in time and almost invariably waste nearly 40% of the day's actual working time. This has increased the cost of our pictures by 40 per cent.

Many of these popular artistes take more work than they can do in a month. Many have as many as six simultaneous assignments on hand and they can give only five days in a month to any single picture. A picture therefore takes as many as eight months and very often a year to be completed, thus increasing the overhead cost by another 30 per cent.

The more assignments an artiste gets, the bigger the price he or she wants. None of them seems to be in the industry for art. Boys who would not have earned fifty rupees a month as office clerks demand as much as a lakh of rupees per picture. Dilip Kumar, who could not sell even fruit and made a mess of his family fruit business, takes as much as a lakh and fifty thousand rupees for a single picture and then comes three hours late on the sets. Raj Kapoor, whose monkey tricks would have got him a sack within a week from any serious business office, also charges over a lakh of rupees for a picture and then reports for duty at his own sweet will. Almost all the boys do this. And the girls are not different. With a few exceptions like Madhubala, Suraiya and a couple of others, no one comes to work in time and thus they help only to increase the cost of our pictures.

Artistes apart, even the producers do not turn up in time for their work though it is their own fuel that keeps burning in the studio while they remain sleeping at home. We shall quote two instances of our dear friends Mehboob and Kardar, both leading producers who have now become the pillars of our industry. Success has made these two industrious workers easy-going. To give their charming wives a break, these once hard-working and ambitious producers have now become



T. Prakasam joined the Congress to become the first King of new Andhra.
Kurnool, October 1, 1953.

Many women have eyes that hold no expression and they go through life without even a tear-wash. But they do have design. And design is often seen in repose when the woman is off her guard. Shashikala is thinking seriously in "Chacha Chowdhary", a domestic romance produced by Kardar Productions.

popular socialites. Five days in a week they either go out for dinner or entertain friends at their homes till past midnight. The affectionate attention which these old stalwarts give to their charming wives is very touching but five mornings in a week, Kardar and Mehboob have to oversleep and come late to work. And in the film studio no one even thinks of work unless the boss is on the scene. Mehboob's "Aan" therefore took three years to make while Kardar spent fifteen lakhs of rupees on "Jeewan Jyoti", a picture that should have cost only five lakhs. What price social life?

Let us take the instance of Chandulal Shah! Fifteen years ago, seeing the frenzy with which Chandulal worked, people would have called him a mad man. Luck quickly brought success to this hardworking man and he soon had lakhs of rupees rusting in the bank and 500 persons working in his studio. Then someone called Chandulal a "Seth". Another man called him a financier. A third man called him intelligent. A fourth man called him a wonderful businessman. Very soon Chandulal was a changed man. Success and money brought him wrong friends. Chandulal began to gamble with cards, cotton and racehorses. He cut down his studio hours by half. He bought several cars and collected sycophants around him. This hardworking man who had hewn out his fortune with the sweat of his brow by working day and night soon forgot how to work. He became a "Seth" and in August 1945 Seth Chandulal Shah lost a crore of rupees in cotton speculation. Today Seth Chandulal Shah is living on wits and loans and counting his tens carefully.

The story of Chandulal can be repeated three hundred times with slight variations in three hundred different cases in our film industry. It is a story of tears—tears wasted on wasters. But one cannot help but shed tears when one sees the havoc the failures of these top people play with the lives of thousands of our film workers apart from the rude shocks which the stability of our film industry gets from such failures.

Ten years ago the Ranjit Studio was a green valley with happy and abundant human life with 500 workers praying for the long life of Chandulal Shah. The workers that are there still pray for Chandulal's long life and success but now they pray in a desert asking for the boon of an oasis because many have not received their salaries for months. Chandulal can still make his life a success because Chandulal is easily the most experienced producer we have in the country. But he has to learn again how to work and above all realize that hard and honest work alone brings luck. To do this he must give up his friends of prosperity who still gamble with him and rob him and go back to those honest workers who sweat with him day and night and accept his smile of appreciation as a bonus over their wages.

One doesn't feel so much if a glamour boy or a glamour girl goes to the dogs turning time into an opportunity for vice and disease. Theirs are individual calamities which don't affect others. But business magnates whose life and work influence and affect the lives of hundreds cause consternation when they leave the path of honest work and bring ruin upon themselves and others.

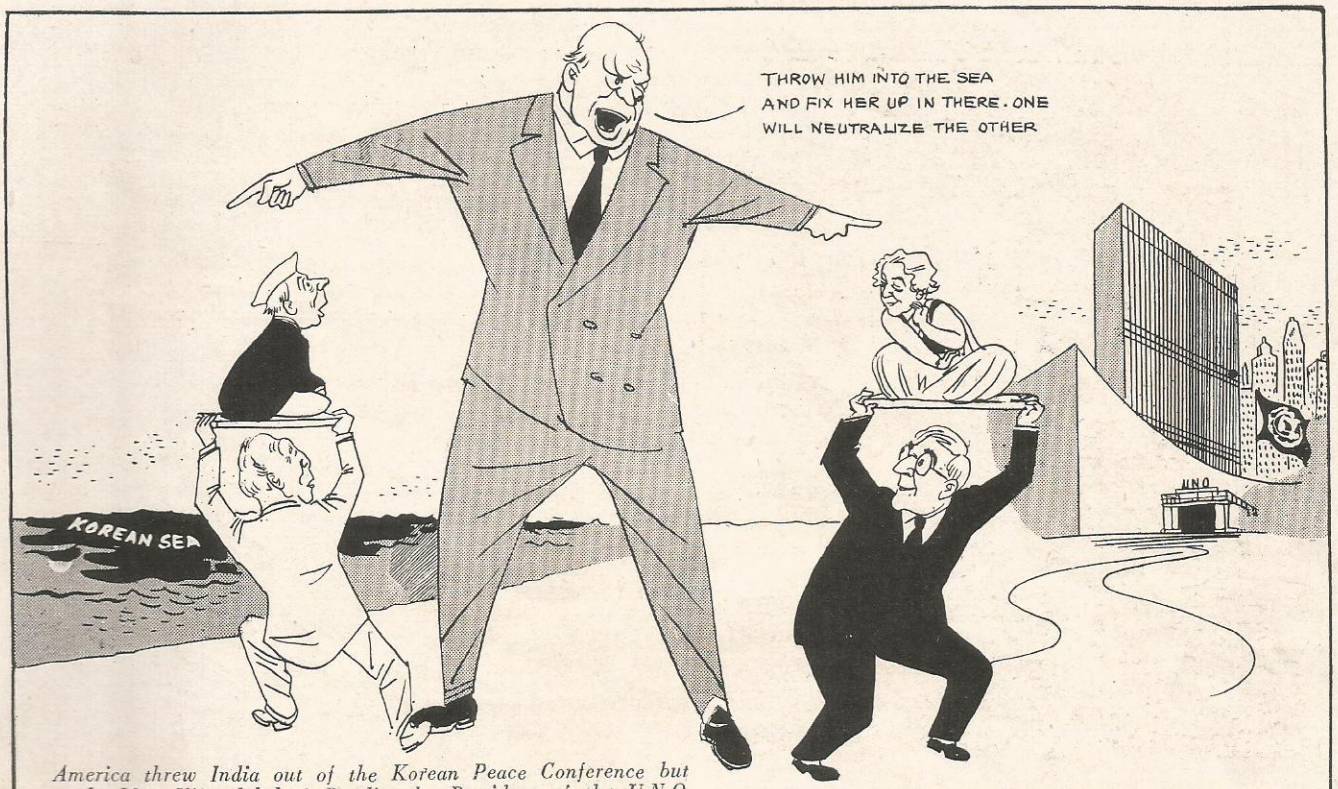
We don't exactly need an expert economist to tell us that we have been paying fantastic prices to the stars and in doing so sowing waste only to reap ruin.

Admitting that no one is in the film industry these days for art, producers cut one another's throats when they compete with one another and allow the so-called stars to take away all the profits of the production business.

Leaving alone the wages of sin paid by several producers to quite a few film girls, one cannot imagine by what process of reasoning our producers arrive at the conclusion that our stars have drawing power and therefore deserve their fabulous prices?

Time and again it has been proved that good stories have made stars and that the stars themselves have failed consistently to make the pictures successful. Let us take some very recent instances! Bina Rai, the Sahu girl, came into news with "Kali Ghata". Producers rushed to her home and offered her several contracts. With each contract her price jumped up. This girl soon gave birth to several pictures: "Shole", "Aurat", "Anarkali", "Shagufa" and "Gauhar". With the exception of "Anarkali", all her pictures failed miserably. This so-called star couldn't help even "Shagufa", a picture produced by her own husband.

Take the case of Nargis, often described as the star of stars! Her recent flops have been "Aah", "Ashiana" and "Bewafa". Meena Kumari for her one success in "Baiju Bawra" has already started her reverse cycle with "Naulakha Haar". Very much same is the case with Dilip Kumar. He couldn't save "Sangdil", "Tarana", "Shikast" and many others. While that beautiful and talented actress Madhubala has not yet been able to make



America threw India out of the Korean Peace Conference but made Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, the President of the U.N.O. Assembly. *New York, September 16, 1953*

GAURI - GANPATI DIPLOMACY

a single box-office hit even though she has worked in over 50 pictures so far.

In the face of this damning evidence where is the star-value of all these stars? And if it does not exist, which is obvious, what are the producers paying out all this money to the stars for? The waste in this one department alone can save 40% of our production cost and it is worth doing so because pictures like "Hamrahi", "Do Bigha Zamin" and "Patita" have become box-office hits only because of their touching human stories.

Talking of waste, we cannot forget some prize-wasters like Mahesh Kaul and Raj Kapoor. These two directors never seem to know their mind and shoot numerous takes of a single shot before they arrive at the right one—right one, of course, according to their own whim. Raj, in addition, is like a Bohri frame-maker who forgets the portrait and concentrates on the frame. This young producer spends a fortune on settings thinking that people come to see the settings and not the drama inside them. Thus for every picture that Raj Kapoor produces he spends the money required for three productions. And then he produces a picture like "Aah". An industry that employs 1,50,000 persons cannot be treated in this indulgent and criminal manner.

Five years ago, our producers could complete a picture in 50 shooting days and within four months. Today an average picture requires a hundred shooting days and eight months while "Aan", "Aah", "Jeewan Jyoti", "Awaara" and many other pictures required anywhere between 200 to 300 shooting days and remained in production from two to three years. While that South Indian wizard, S. S. Vasan, took 5 years to produce his "Auvaiyar" in Tamil. And the little chap congratulates himself on this rare feat.

To explain all this wanton waste and indiscipline, film producers have invented the wolf-cry of "Slump". There is no doubt that our country is going through an economic crisis these days but the way to face that economic crisis is not by raising the wolf-cry of slump and perpetuating wanton waste and indiscipline. That is not how free people help their free country. Americans took a raw, primitive land in hand a hundred and fifty years ago and built a great nation. They also passed through several slumps but each slump left them in a better position because the American people don't deceive themselves by inventing slump stories and idling their lives away. They use the slump to correct themselves, cut out waste and begin to build again. Our producers are waiting for the Government to help them. People who have dissipated their hard-earned resources do not deserve help. And where is the damn sense in asking help from a government which is itself on the rocks?

Let us therefore turn this Divali into a grand ceremonial of self-help and look at ourselves twice and gird up our loins and swear by our free country not to waste our time, talent and resources but work honestly and sincerely for the glorious future of our people and country. For God gives success only to those who work honestly and sincerely for the good of many.

"Girnar", Baburao Patel.
Bombay,
6-10-1953.

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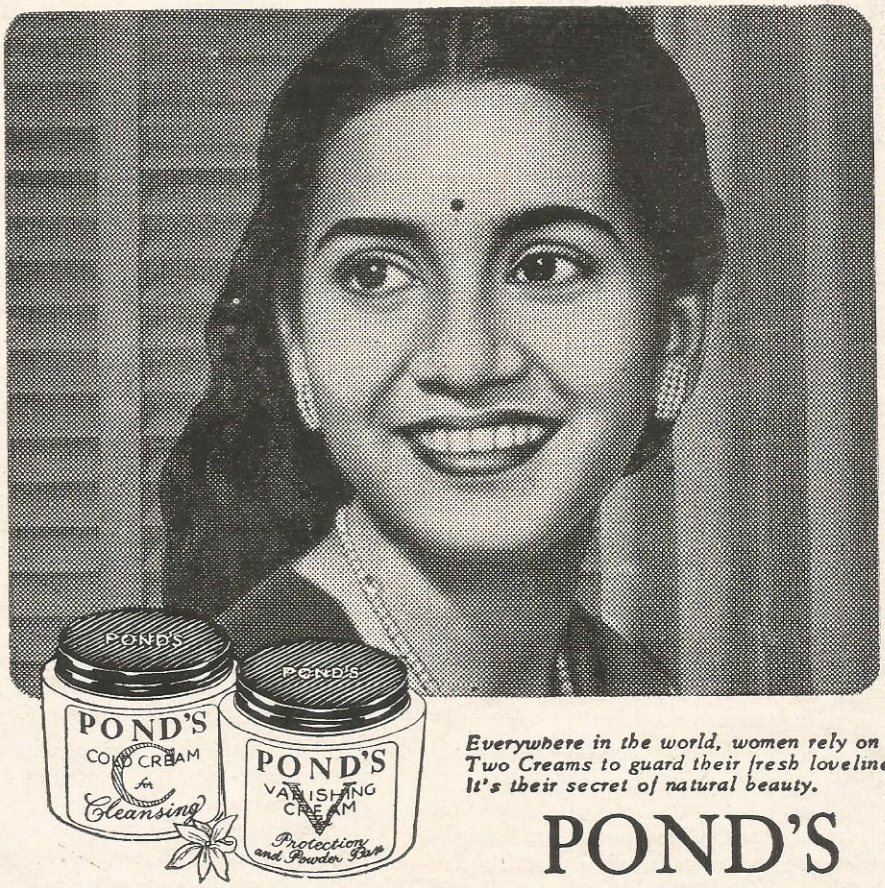

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Youth always looks at the world with pleasant surprise, smiling at the little accidents which make life all the more interesting. Usha Kiran is at that age of wonderment where small embarrassments cause big laughter. Watch her in "Tanhaai", a social theme directed by Ram Gabale for Tribhuvan Productions.

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

TALKING OF OUR JOANS AND CONNIES !

Joan Rhodes, now performing in Spain, specializes in strong-woman acts. Though slim and normal in looks, a girl one would run to help in distress, Joan has powerful fingers that can rip up the big London telephone directory into four pieces, a pack of cards in half, lift four men off their feet and bend iron bars.

Connie Tilton, the tough girl of the British films, never refuses any dangerous assignment and if she is paid well, she is prepared to swing a man round her shoulders till he becomes dizzy and senseless. Connie should be employed for testing air pilots.

But there is no skill in what Joan and Connie do. At best theirs are exhibitions of brutal strength not expected from the gentle sex. Things are different in India, this ancient cradle of culture, in which women perform greater feats inside four walls than the Western hoydens do in open-air arenas.

For instance, all that our skilful Kathak dancer Sitara has to see is Producer K. Asif within target distance and the saucers start flying at his head with a speed that won't let Asif even wink to adjust his sight. Americans see flying saucers in the sky but Asif sees them on earth so often that he often wonders what more mystery is left in them for Americans to be so worried about. And Asif alone can tell how speedy and dangerous this skilful feat of flying saucers at a man's head is. The way Asif has dodged them for years without getting even a drop of tea, leave alone a scratch on his face, his pal Dilip Kumar thinks that Asif should enter the professional boxing-ring where no one would be able to deliver a punch on his face for hours and the opposite man would always take the full count through sheer fatigue.

Why, even Dilip Kumar, our sour-faced glamour boy who often rushes to solve other people's problems, was himself tied up into knots a couple of years ago when that charming talking machine, Kamini Kaushal, let him have it. That little woman is a genius in tongue contortions. Dilip once set out to argue with her the mundane aspects of love, that all-warming emotion which they say blinds all human beings and by-passes all animals, but Kamini lifted the debate to such platonic and sublime heights and kept it there so long that Dilip didn't feel like being another Tensing and go Everest climbing to catch at the all-warming emotion. That is a rare feat of skill, for, how many women can take a man to such dizzy heights climbing on the ladder of words and then drop him back safe at the old, rickety house at Mala, Pali Hill, Bandra, where Dilip lives?

Then there is Nigar Sultana, the blue-eyed belle from Hyderabad. Though she often goes to the Juhu beach and adds colour to the landscape by baring her fair and beautiful back, she really need not do this with all the poetry that slips out of her mouth night, noon and morn whenever she sees some dull-headed chaps like S. M. Yusuf and K. Asif.

We don't know whether blue eyes can be used as polaroid glasses for seeing the third dimensions of

Success gives every woman a new personality and Shyama is no exception. Once again she comes in "Sare Jahan Se Achcha", a social theme of A. C. Films.

The red "tilak", the symbol of marriage or maidenhood, lends dignity to many faces. Shyama plays the gentle maiden in "Sare Jahan Se Achcha".

With the red "tilak" on her forehead, a woman claims many privileges from her husband, a smile being the least one. Shyama demands it and takes it from Karan Dewan in "Sare Jahan Se Achcha", a social theme.

people and we don't know what Nigar sees with them in those most uninspiring mugs in the human race. But the sight of S. M. Yusuf and K. Asif makes the blue-eyed Nigar recite beautiful Urdu poetry which sends the two Crescent followers sleeping home in their cars. There is magic in Urdu poetry they say but to use it effectively on fellows like Asif and Yusuf is art—an unadulterated art of which the Western Joans and Connies can't even be suspected.

And let us not forget the phenomenon of eloquent silence as practised by that beautiful sphinx Veena, our popular film actress. She is reported to have travelled through several calendars—hours, days and months being completely out of calculation—in golden silence from which her husband, Al Nasir, somehow extracts his own eloquence almost every evening. And even S. K. Patil, the professional Congress orator who lives a block away, blushes at his own incompetence hearing Al Nasir's vigour and wealth of expression. But Patil is not so lucky as to possess such an inspiring symbol that makes one a millionaire in the wealth and variety of words. Thus silence that inspires eloquence is also an art that belongs exclusively to Indian women.

There are many other girls in our film industry who have many a distinctive talent that is rarely found on the other side of the seven seas. Nargis, that great actress, has a tickle in her tongue which makes Raj Kapoor dance like a monkey. Her words somehow make him a rare acrobat. Then there is Kuldip Kaur. She swallows more with her big, dark eyes than with her small, red mouth. And once when she started staring at her own lakh and twenty-five thousand rupees, the money disappeared into the pocket of a confidence trickster. Take Geeta Bali, the girl with the dancing eyes. They dance in such rhythm that Kidar Sharma often bursts out into a song with his feminine voice.

The talent of our Indian actresses is too rare and versatile to be ever found among the performing artistes of the West. And yet our girls never get the limelight while the English language goes on recording the feats of the Western girls.

That is at once unfair and unjust.

WASTING MONEY ON FAT

Quite a few film stars, of course of the female variety, are seen these days wasting time and money visiting the so-called nature-cure clinics in the city for Scotch douches, Turkish and Russian baths and face and body massage—all dominated by the anxiety to reduce their fat and weight and restore their figures to the pre-success standards.

One fat and chubby film female is reported to be spending as much as Rs. 800|- per month on all these exercises but during the last 17 months that she has been at them, she has not lost even 4 lbs. of weight. "Oh, I sweat and sweat and sweat", she told us one day, "but nothing happens. My weight is almost the same. Of course, my appetite has improved. I eat more and sleep well but that is not worth eight hundred a month." Quite right, it is a big price to pay for an appetite and some sleep both of which could be got free by going out for a brisk walk for an hour.

This stupid woman is paying Rs. 800|- a month to

The Times of India
The Times
WOMEN AND WEALTH! WHERE IS THE WINE, OH PRINCES?
OH LORD OF THE FOURTH ESTATE, WE BRING YOU GREETINGS FROM THE PRINCES AND GRIEVANCES ABOUT PRIVY PURSES
IN OUR STATES, MY LORD MORAES! THIS IS MORARJI'S DESERT
The Times of India
JOURNALIST'S DURBAR

The Princes and the Rajpramukhs have been asked to submit to a voluntary cut in their privy purses.

be able to eat well—without knowing that the one thing she must avoid like poison is food if she ever wants to reduce even a pound of her weight.

The old notion that a person can sweat off his excess weight by exercise, baths and massages is entirely wrong. We once knew a jockey taking long, brisk walks every morning and measuring 10 miles of a Municipal road in an attempt to drop five pound of weight to be able to get more mounts. He would refuse car lifts from kind friends who could not see the sweating torture through which the lad went every day. At the end of every walk, he would reduce 6 ounces, curse every one under the sun and drown his anxiety in a tumbler of beer. Next morning, he would begin his road survey with the original weight. Sweating makes a person thirsty and water or beer does the rest. So the ounces which the lad lost after nearly four hours of vigorous walk were quickly replaced by pounds again.

These jockeys are usually born with bullet-proof heads in which it is difficult to put sense. But after months of persuasion, this particular lad agreed to observe a strict diet as prescribed by us. Within two months he lost 6 pounds without walking an extra yard and doing only his normal professional work. Having realized the value of sensible dieting that boy now takes his body weight up and down to suit all his professional demands. The Municipality has lost an honorary road surveyor but sportsmen all over the country have got a good jockey without any inhibition of weight.

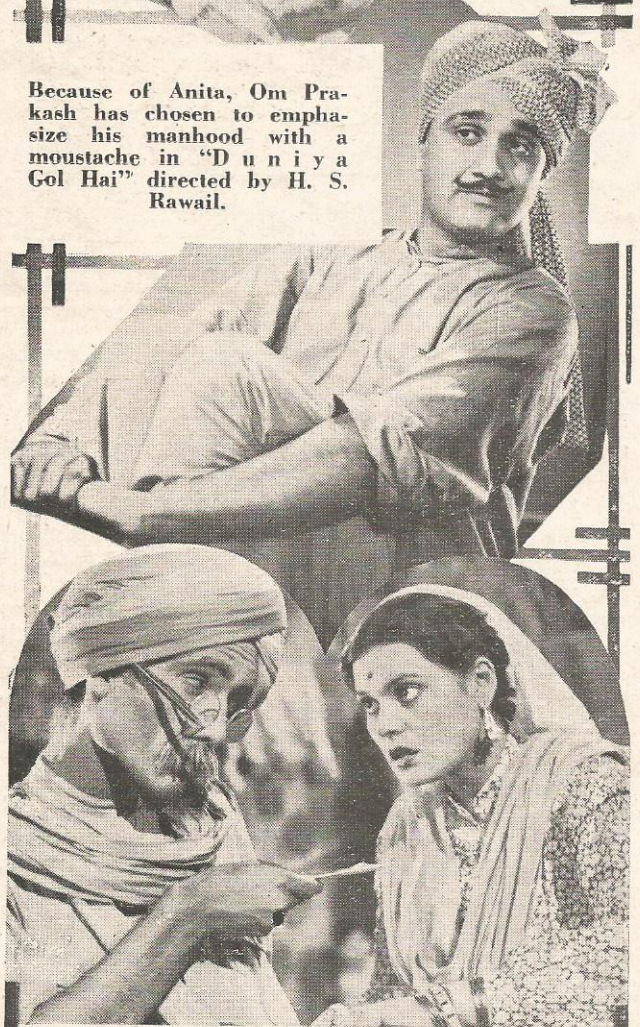
In old days, Bibbo, a heavy-weight actress, used to go riding every morning for months on a hack. Bibbo didn't drop an ounce of weight but the hack improved its figure and once again began to look like a race horse. As a result of the sprint-work, the horse actually won a gymkhana race later while Bibbo lost her race in the film industry.

That is precisely what happens when some one calls a masseur to massage. Dr. G. M. Martin, who has closely studied the different systems of massage says, "If heavy vigorous manual massage is employed in the treatment of obesity, the only person who is likely to lose even a little weight is the one doing the massage and not the misguided obese subject."

Dr. Frank Krusen, the famous Mayo Clinic scientist who has made an intensive study of these popular methods of fat reduction, says, "hot baths, cold baths, hot showers, cold showers, Scotch douches, Turkish baths, Russian baths, steam baths and electric light cabinets add up to nothing in terms of effective weight reducers. All that these produce is a transient loss of weight through the production of profuse perspiration without bringing about any actual loss of fat. The human body is so made that it will soon regain enough water to make up for this transient dehydration."

The value of exercise in reducing is "extremely limited", thinks Dr. Krusen. He says, "It has been estimated that the average man would need to climb to the top of the Washington Monument (555 feet up) 48 times in order to lose one pound of fat." The best exercise for reducing, according to Dr. Krusen, is to shake your head quickly from right to left and back again if necessary when offered rich and tempting food.

Anita Guha is a smart newcomer on the Hindi screen. She will be seen in "Duniya Gol Hai", of New Sai Productions.



Because of Anita, Om Prakash has chosen to emphasize his manhood with a moustache in "Duniya Gol Hai" directed by H. S. Rawail.

The postman is the best evidence of a world that is round. He reaches the same spot or person several times in a month and often brings some naughty news when he meets a woman like Kuldip Kaur.

In that simple little head exercise is found all the secret of weight reduction. If our film actresses don't want to be bothered with the regimen of scientific dieting, let them at least indulge in the above head exercise when they see whole milk, cheese, potatoes, rice, chocolates, sweetmeats and all rich preparations made in ghee on the table.

That will be a cheaper way of bringing down the weight and restoring pre-success figures than by wasting hundreds in hot and cold water baths and in tickling the body with some stupid finger-work.

THE CINEMASCOPE IN INDIA !

Pioneering seems to be in the very blood of some families. Dada Phalke, the man who produced the first Indian picture, died a poor man experimenting with new ideas every day of his life. Everything new interested old Phalke and his inquisitive mind and burning patriotism did the rest.

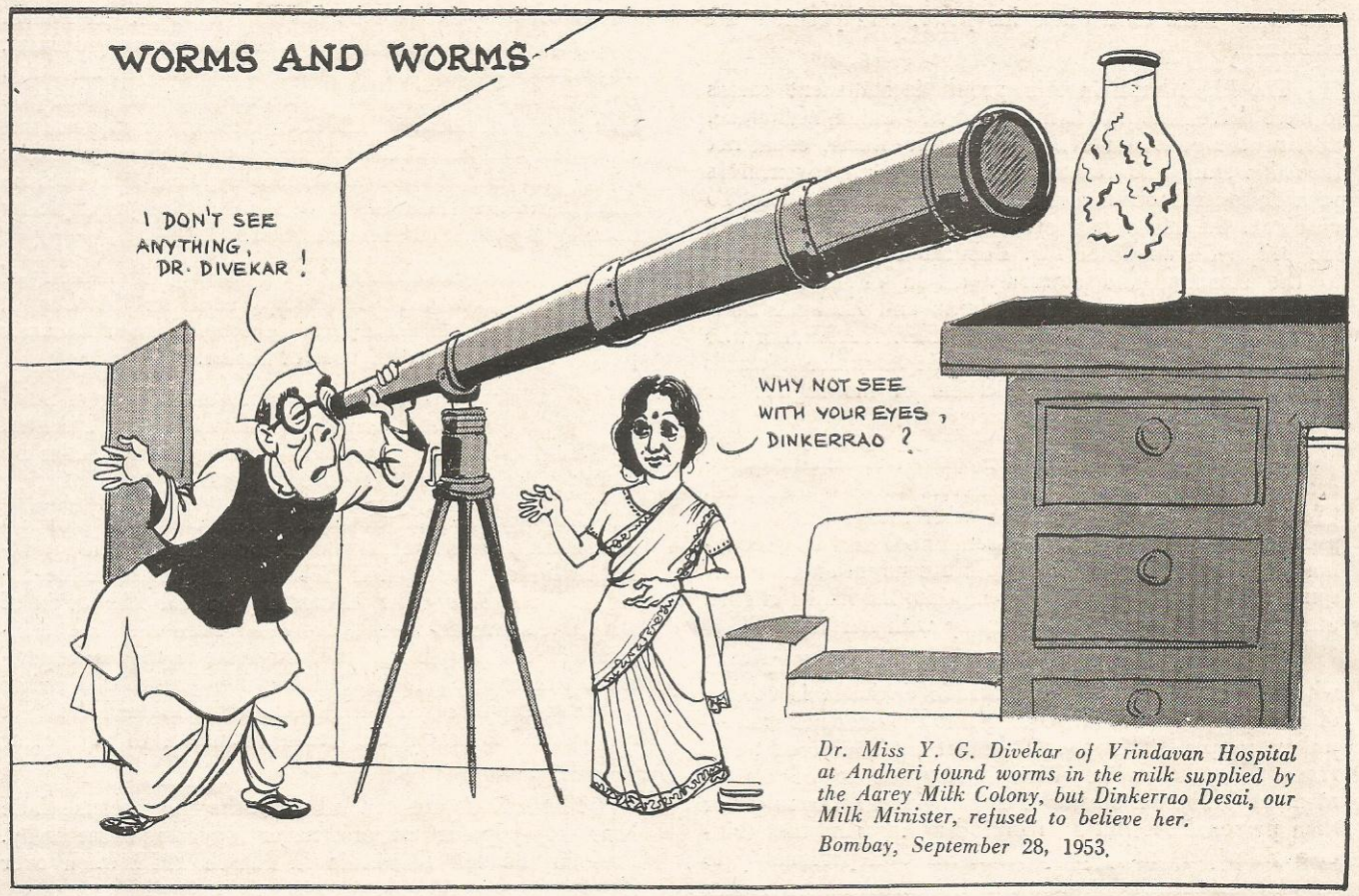
Cast in very much the same mould was old Abdulla Fazalbhoy, the founder of the House of Fazalbhoy and the man in whose name his four grateful sons have donated the well-known Abdulla Fazalbhoy Technical Institute, run by the St. Xavier's College in Bombay, for training students in cinematography and radio engineering.

We had the good fortune of watching the tall, slim, Roman-featured old Abdulla Fazalbhoy at work several times. To us what often looked like an aimless tinkering with some foreign-made gadget for hours was, we were later told, an intense experiment in finding out why the gadget could not be made in India so as to enable us to keep the money in India. Old Fazalbhoy was in a hurry, in spite of the unsympathetic British rule, to manufacture everything in India from a pin to an elephant. He often said, "We have the elephant, the extreme end, but we can't yet manufacture a little pin." And the ears of this pioneer would become red with the heat of his suppressed patriotism. Old Abdulla Fazalbhoy was the first man to bring into the country the recording machine on which we made our early talking pictures and he was the first one to install the first talkie projector in the Majestic Cinema in Bombay.

As youngsters we watched this doughty old pioneer sweating in his small workshop in the office for years till one day everyone suddenly missed the kind old intense face that had done such a lot for our radio and film industries. If we could only communicate with old Fazalbhoy and tell him that the sound he brought to our theatres has been turned into a babel of noises by others, we are sure we would disturb his peaceful sleep.

Let us therefore take this complaint to the little Fazalbhoys, the big one left behind. Out of the four "little" ones, the progress of the radio and film industries in India still seems to be monopolised by the two brothers, Mahomed Akbar and Yusuf Fazalbhoy.

They have carried forward the good work done by their illustrious father and with the same pioneering zeal. The little ones are big business magnates now and their place and popularity in society were recently proved when over 5000 guests attended the wedding of their "Baba" Fazalbhoy who is now 24 years old. The Vallabhbhai



Dr. Miss Y. G. Divekar of Vrindavan Hospital at Andheri found worms in the milk supplied by the Aarey Milk Colony, but Dinkerrao Desai, our Milk Minister, refused to believe her.
Bombay, September 28, 1953.

Stadium had to be commissioned into use for the first time to accommodate Akbar Fazalbhoy's personal popularity.

With the times changed Akbar Fazalbhoy has, of course, to change his outlook on pioneering. Realizing the inevitable delay in the trial-and-error experimentation with new ideas, Akbar virtually turned America into his backyard for months and flew out there several times till he induced the all-powerful R. C. A. Corporation of America to begin an allied manufacturing industry in India. Today over 50% of the parts that are required for our cinema projectors are manufactured in India under Akbar Fazalbhoy's personal supervision.

Akbar Fazalbhoy has many firsts to his credit in the field of radio and film engineering and his suave salesmanship, which has become proverbial in the Indian film industry, has helped him to fit up 95% of the Indian film studios with the R. C. A. Recording Equipment while over 50% of the cinemas in the country use the R. C. A. sound system.

But his latest is the Cinemascope, the biggest sensation in America which is drawing the largest crowds. A picture projected by the Cinemascope doesn't need the awkward polaroid glasses and yet the spectator almost becomes a part of the action which has matchless coordination of vision, colour and sound. It is a beautiful conspiracy between a panoramic screen and the new and revolutionary anamorphic lens.

The Cinemascope has a very interesting technical story and we leave it to Akbar Fazalbhoy to tell it to our readers if they want to know it. What we like about the Fazalbhoys is that they are always in the van of all progress and how they get there is a secret which makes all the money for the Fazalbhoys.

If some of our readers are interested in the scientific explanation of the Cinemascope, they may write to: M. A. Fazalbhoy, Managing Director, Photophone Equipment Co., Marine Lines, Bombay, and he is bound to talk about his new pet. You can't stop him talking. Incidentally, Akbar Fazalbhoy is the right man to advise those who wish to take training either in cinematography or radio engineering in India or overseas. The trainees that go to the R. C. A. factories in America go through him these days.

KASHMIR'S NEW CLAY GOD !

On September 30, 1953, the Jammu and Kashmir Government, under the premiership of Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed, banned the entry of Filmindia into Kashmir on the grounds of "publishing material prejudicial to public peace and tranquility in the State".

The article which precipitated this action was "An Old Tale of Traitors" published in the September 1953 issue of Filmindia. In the said article while giving the previous history of Sheikh Abdullah and other power-crazy Muslim adventurers through a thousand years of India's history, Baburao Patel wrote, "Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed is by no means an angel of secular democracy. He is also an old gangster from Sheikh Abdullah's gang and, like Sheikh Abdullah, Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed will

also change his tune when his power and position are stabilized."

The blunt truth in this prophetic statement seems to have driven the nail home. Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed, nursing the guilt and design of an adventurer, could not face this truth and reacted in a manner all adventurers with dishonest motives would in similar circumstances. To vindicate the blush that came to his face after reading the prophetic words of Mr. Baburao Patel, he resorted to the common and cowardly action of banning the magazine from entering the Jammu and Kashmir State and in doing so outdid his old chief Sheikh Abdullah who had at least shown some democratic tolerance towards our strong and trenchant criticism of his regime for three long years.

And yet this new Nehruian symbol of secular democracy in Kashmir only a day before the ban had said, "We know our path is strewn with thorns but we are proceeding cautiously on non-communal and non-sectarian lines believing that principles are mightier than personalities. Our State will not pass into the hands of such unscrupulous people who will play with her future."

Here is the devil quoting the scriptures. This man who cannot tolerate any democratic criticism is talking of saving Kashmir from passing into the hands of unscrupulous people. This poor State needs to be saved today from those hands in which it happens to be at the moment. This man also talks of principles being mightier than personalities but by banning a magazine that criticized him personally he permits his own personality to dominate the principles he flaunts before us. If Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed is emulating India in pursuing secular, non-communal and non-sectarian democracy in his State, how can he forget that one of the fundamental principles on which a democracy is built is freedom of expression? If Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed accepts this great principle as one of the bed-rocks of democracy, then how does he allow his own personality to overwhelm this principle by banning a paper that criticized him?

His other henchman, G. M. Sadiq, President of Kashmir's Constituent Assembly, said on October 8, "Pakistan is a political desert where the plant of Kashmir progress can never take root or thrive."

What are these Muslim adventurers talking of principles and progress when they themselves ape Pakistan in taking an Arab action and following desert tactics by banning the papers that criticize them?

Anyway, Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed's quick ban on Filmindia proves precisely what Baburao Patel has written in his article, "But if Nehru decides to continue the old muddle of secular democracy under the aegis of Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed, we must warn him in the interest of our people that the new lease to his old experiment will once again fail." The ban proves that it has begun to fail because Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed does not even seem to know the basic definition of a secular democracy.

Filmindia is not worried about the ban, because these bans of popular papers never operate successfully. Pakistan banned Filmindia in March 1952 when over

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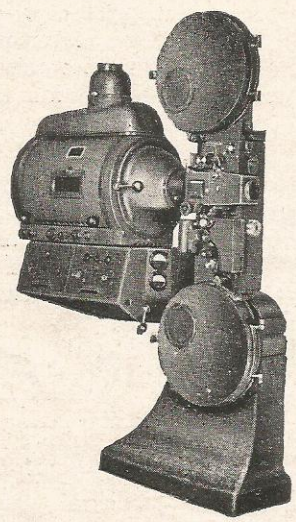
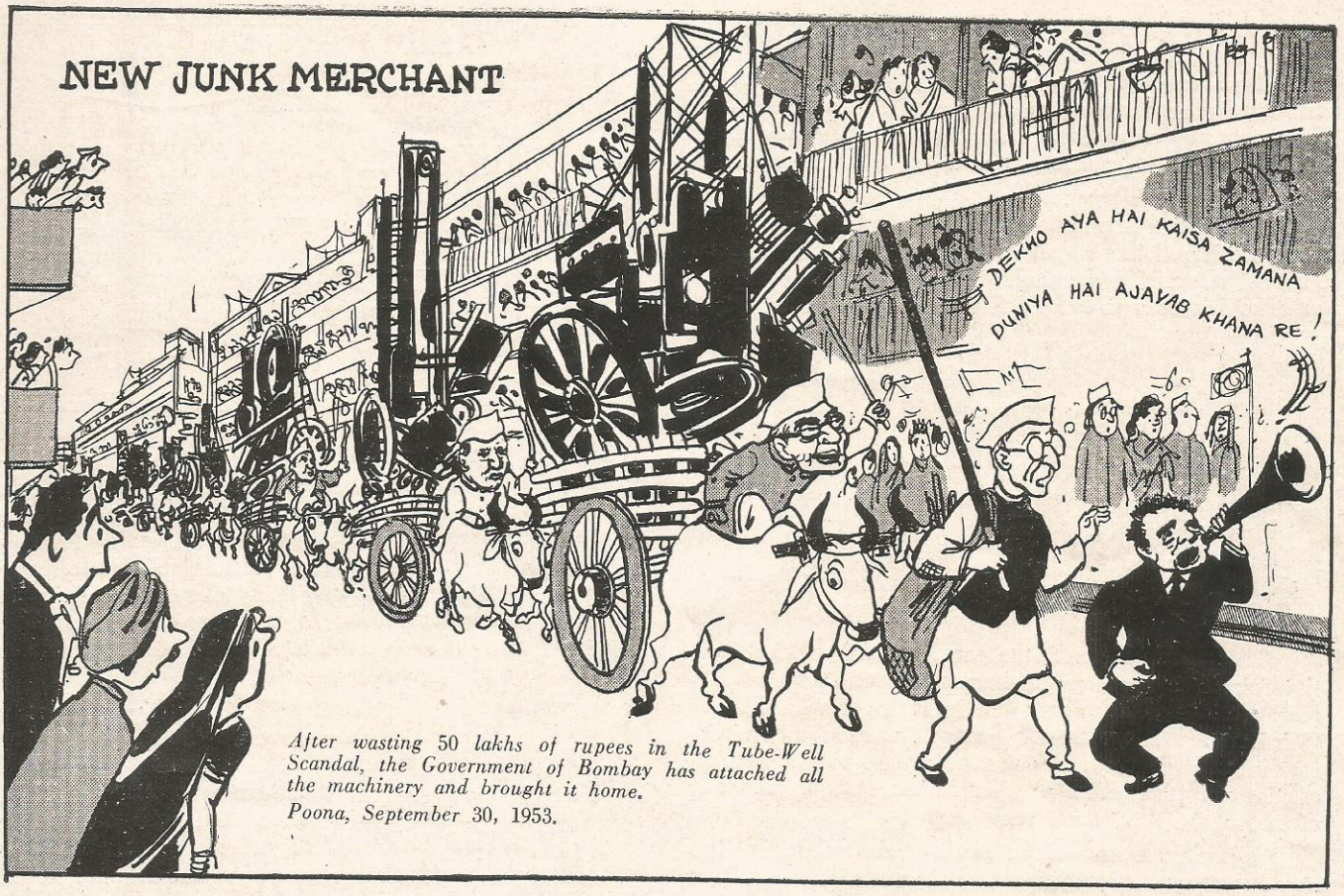


CONTACT
THE CINE AGENCY (INDIA)
18, NEW QUEEN'S ROAD, BOMBAY 4.
9, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS-2



After wasting 50 lakhs of rupees in the Tube-Well Scandal, the Government of Bombay has attached all the machinery and brought it home.
Poona, September 30, 1953.

870 copies of the magazine were sold there at normal prices. Two months after the ban copies of Filmindia began to be smuggled into Pakistan and now over 1400 copies are sold at blackmarket prices through agents who buy in India. An official ban always makes an article more popular and desirable. That is human nature. Before Prohibition we never had distilleries in Bombay and Madras. But now we have more distilleries of illicit liquor than milk shops. Very much same will be the case with Filmindia in Kashmir. We shall sell more copies in Kashmir even if Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed himself watches the roads and bridges that connect Kashmir with India. But this stupid ban deprives our Army jawans of the only magazine they loved so much to read. Our Army boys will now have to join the band of smugglers to get their favourite magazine and in doing so be branded as criminals. This is how Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed, the new Sultan of Kashmir, is paying back our Army boys for their valiant defence of Kashmir and her people in their dire hour of need. This is something again to remember.

Well, as citizens of Gandhian India, these few scratches in the pursuit of truth for the sake of our motherland don't worry us, for we know that truth forever has been on the scaffold and wrong forever on the throne in this man-made world of greed and hatred.

But let us again repeat that Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed will prove the truth of Baburao Patel's prophecy to the hilt, for though he now utters the vows of a god, he still has to fulfil the destiny of man.

YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE—

That in India, the land of holy humbugs where God gives children and men look after them, even film actress Meena Kumari's recent gas attack seems to have been misunderstood as pregnancy. And though Meena Kumari has lost a little weight now, the gas attack has completely disappeared. Thank heaven, we have not lost our little favourite. These gas attacks are very dangerous.

That loneliness shortens human life and Master Ali Bux, the 53-year old father of Meena Kumari realized this fact within a week of his daughters leaving him alone. He therefore gave himself a fresh lease of life by marrying his 26-year old housemaid Firdaus. What else can we expect an old man to do with Meena Kumari marrying Kamal Amrohi and "Baby" Madhuri marrying dancer Mumtaz Ali's son and both leaving the home within a week ?

That Vankudre S., the oathman of the movies, seems to have discovered the fourth road for his "teen-batti"

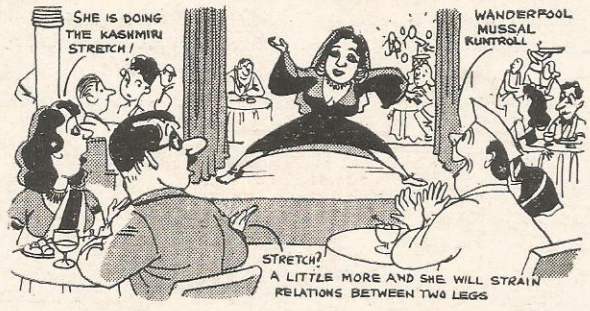
work these days. They say he is fast learning Sindhi, lying in bed, a language which neither Sandhya nor Jayashree seems to like very much. But Vankudre S. has always been a linguist—all his life. Men from Kolhapur usually are. Even when they are born they speak two languages—the mother's and the father's—both being basically different.

That some Hindi-babbling boys of Central India have conferred the degree of "Acharya" on film actress Kamini Kaushal. We didn't know that Hindi degrees were so frivolous as to be stuck with grease paint.

YOU LOOK FUNNY, DEAR !
FUNNY ? I AM 'ACHARYA' NOW AND THEY GAVE ME HINDI TELEPHONE DIRECTORY TO READ
YOU MUST NOW LIVE WITH KISHORE SAHU MUMMY ! HE IS ALSO ACHARYA !

That Sheila Ramani, the new film actress who reads the Telephone Directory in her spare moments, seems to have established her Fort office in the Bombelli's Cafe at Churchgate. The eye-rolling actress attracts many visitors including several new producers who plan their productions sipping Bombelli's coffee these days. Mother, of course, sits at the other end.

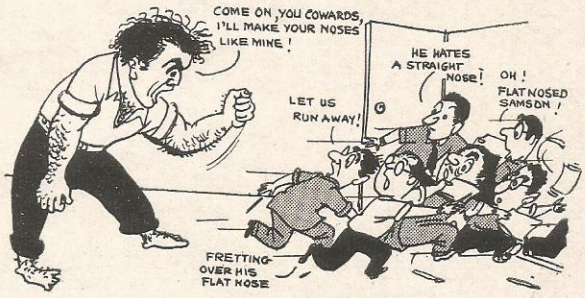
That film actress Asha Mathur, the Sahu girl, has now become a cabaret dancer. She recently gave a floor show at the Taj on the "Visit Kashmir Night" and did some prancing which Jialal Vasant, the impresario, insists on describing as Kasbmir dancing. Poor girl!


SHE IS DOING THE KASHMIRI STRETCH !
WANDERFOOL MUSSAL KUNTROLL
STRETCH? A LITTLE MORE AND SHE WILL STRAIN RELATIONS BETWEEN TWO LEGS

That to consume the food surplus recently announced by Rafi Kidwai, film actor Karan Dewan has conspired with his charming wife, Manju, to introduce into the family a fifth rice-and-wheat eater immediately after the Divali. Let us hope it is a he-Dewan because we are badly short of heroes these days.

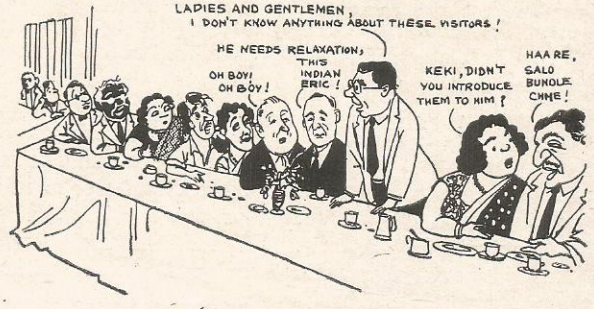
That Raj Kapoor, the most self-important producer in the industry, wants film papers and magazines "devoid of the filth of scandal". Indeed a noble desire! But then why does Raj himself create a scandal with his leading lady? There can't be any smoke without fire even in newspaper reporting.

That film actor Prem Nath, the man who has a nose without character, recently held a press conference in Delhi to abuse film critics and newspaper journalists and threatened to beat those gathered there one by one. The Delhi newsboys, of course, ran away, not being used to this Samson-show.


COME ON, YOU COWARDS, I'LL MAKE YOUR NOSES LIKE MINE !
HE HATES A STRAIGHT NOSE !
OH ! FLAT NOSED SAMSON !
LET US RUN AWAY !
FRETTING OVER HIS FLAT NOSE

That Jaimini Dewan, who was seeing dreams of building his own film empire as the President of I.M.P.P.A., got a rude shock when several big producers like Kardar and Mehboob suddenly formed the Producers' Guild to look after the interests of studio owners and began sending telephones and giving lunches to Minister B. V. Keskar. Now Keskar, who was already annoyed by Jaimini's almost daily telegrams, throws all I.M.P.P.A. telegrams into the waste-paper basket. The film empire is now presided over by a little Rajpramukh without any privy purse.

That as if to get even with these big producers, Jaimini Dewan refused to recognize the President and the Vice-President of Universal Pictures of Hollywood when he was invited to meet them at a party given in their honour at the Taj by Keki Modi, one of our big boys. Daff and Rackmill, of course, got a rare view of India's Eric Johnston. Jaimini seems to have heard the names as Raff and Blackmill.

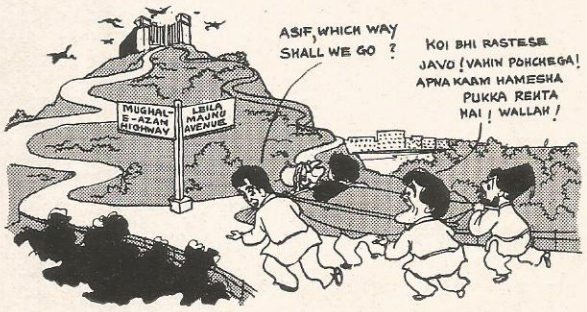

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THESE VISITORS !
HE NEEDS RELAXATION, OH BOY! OH BOY!
THIS INDIAN ERIC !
KEKI, DIDN'T YOU INTRODUCE THEM TO HIM ?
HAA RE, GALO BUNDLE CHHE !

That an interesting episode with six sleeping 'Babas' and eight prowling thieves was enacted at film actor Dilip Kumar's house where a theft took place recently. While six thieves with handy iron rods stood guard over the six sleeping Khan Brothers, two thieves ransacked the whole house. The thieves walked away with the booty without the boys even turning on their sides.

WATCH DILIP ! HE IS USED TO SLEEP-WALKING !
DON'T WORRY ! ONE RAP ON THE HEAD AND HE'LL HAVE TO MEET KAMINI IN HEAVEN !
NASIR IS SMELLING
DEVOUT MUSLIMS ! SLEEPING IN A CRESCENT FORMATION !
ILLICIT FROM NAGPADA !

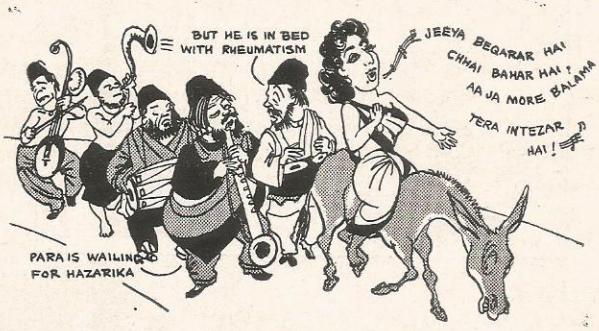
That badly shaken by the danger from which Dilip Kumar luckily escaped, he shifted next day to his new house on Pali Hill, purchased for Rs. 1,60,000/-. And we thought Dilip had no money, the way he avoids paying us some of Asif's debts for which he has taken personal responsibility!

That to compete with Producer Arora, Asif has not only started the shooting of "Leila Majnu" in full swing but has also revived the shooting of "Mughal-e-Azam". The poor old Parsi! If he misses the bullet he is bound to be knocked down with the butt. That way Asif is a very thorough man.


ASIF, WHICH WAY SHALL WE GO ?
KOI BHI RASTESE JAYO ! VAHIN POHCHEGA! APNA KAAM HAMESHA PUKKA REHTA HAI ! WALLAH !
MUGHAL-E-AZAM HIGHWAY
LEILA MAJNU AVENUE

That with people saying that Nargis has become old and with producers turning aside from this once-popular film actress, Raj Kapoor is reported to be grooming Vijayalakshmi, the bedroom-eyed belle of Bengal, for stardom in his new productions. And to avoid hurting the old dame, rehearsals are taken in the cottage behind the studio after Nargis returns to the waiting crowd of her nephews and nieces generously provided by brothers Akhtar and Anwar. But can't Nargis play old roles? Old roles also need talent.

That Begum Para went Assamese for a week when she visited Kurseong where she tried to sell the only house she has been able to buy and keep in so many years. House or no house, Para's visit made Hazarika, the rich old man of Kurseong, feel young again. And what a reception the tea-planters gave to Para? Oh, boy! Oh, boy!


BUT HE IS IN BED WITH RHEUMATISM
JEEYA BEQARAR HAI
CHHAI BAHAR HAI !
AA JA MORE BALAMA
TERA INTEZAR HAI !
PARA IS WAILING FOR HAZARIKA

That Shri Kamal Nirupa Roy alias Kishore Chandra Nirupa Roy, star-husband, talks only Portuguese these days. Wife Nirupa Roy is reported to have traced the symptoms of this new disease to Portugal where Kamal, her lotus-sized husband, is said to have met Hanita

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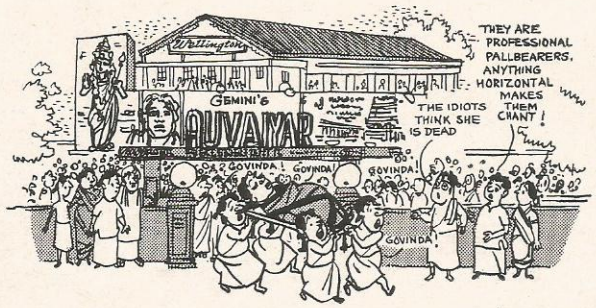
Hallan, Portugal's glamorous female star, and taken a cup of coffee from her hand. Wonder what would have happened if glamorous Hanita had poured in some real Portuguese port wine. The "lotus" would not have probably returned to the home pond.

That Amiya Chakravarty's "Patita" made a Calcutta girl, Namita, go up to the great director and say: "I am a "patita" too but I have not yet met my Nirmal." That was enough for the sentimental Bengali. He told the press next day: "The man who did the mischief is lost to the world and to his God. God will never forgive him and I'll never forgive him. I'll shoot him like a dog." And poor Amiya is still searching for the Bengali Babu who gave Namita a baby without giving her his nameplate.

ANY DAMN BENGALI WILL DO. I MUST MURDER ONE TODAY!
OMIYA, DO YOU LIKE THIS BENGALI?
OH NO, OMIYADA, THAT MAN IS MY BROTHER— MY MOTHER'S SON!

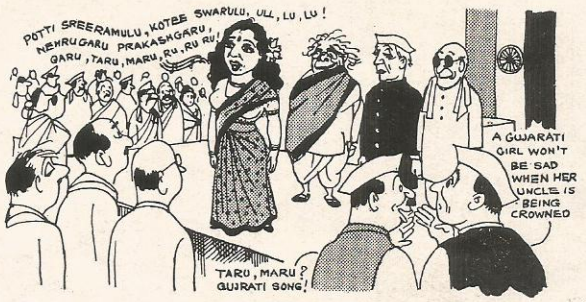
That the South Indian actress Bhanumati, producer, director, writer and what not of "Chandirani" also rushed to Calcutta to see the effect of the marriage of two cats in her picture on the Calcutta cats. But she found the Calcutta cats too busy with the local dogs to worry about Bhanumati's Junagadh-inspired scene of pets being wedded.

That pictures do have great effect on people. As soon as Producer Vasan woke up from his five-year trance into which his "Auvaiyar" had sent him, the picture put to sleep one Rajlaxmi Ammal, a woman spectator, for eight hours and she had to be carried out of the theatre, bench and all. That is the picture which Bombay producers should show to their creditors.



That the Khan of Khans, Khan Attaullah Khan, "abbajan" of Madhubala, is very upset these days and seems to have decided not only to leave the Arabian Villa where he lives but also cross the Arabian Sea and reach Karachi. We can't blame the old Pathan with every storywriter and director taking away thousands from him for nothing. We, however, hope that the Khan of Khans will at least leave behind the Indian revolver which the Bombay Police have given for Madhubala's protection.

That Suryakumari, the South Indian beauty queen with the gummy smile, knows how to get into news without stardom. She seems to have arrived in time in Kurnool to sing a song to inaugurate the new Andhra State. A Bombay producer, who had also gone all the way to Kurnool, made the song sound rather funny when he repeated it in Bombay.


POTTI SREERAMULU, KOTEE SWARULU, ULL, LU, LU!
NEHRUGARU PRAKASHGARU, GARU, TARU, MARU, RU, RU RU!
A GUJARATI GIRL WON'T BE SAD WHEN HER UNCLE IS BEING CROWNED
TARU, MARU? GUJRATI SONG!

That Arti, the Nagpada Jewish actress, has once again changed her screen name to Bimla Kumari. From Kitty Kelly to Bimla Kumari is a far cry but artistes who continue to fail have to keep changing their names to remain in the news. Besides adding "Kumari" to a name does suggest interesting possibilities however late in the day.

That film actor Dilip Kumar is overworked. Overexercised would be more correct. Says Dilip, "I want to run away somewhere. May be if I go to Tokyo, it'll take them some time to find me." We disagree because everyone knows where to find our popular glamour boy in the evenings and Tokyo has so many places that open in the evening and close in the morning.

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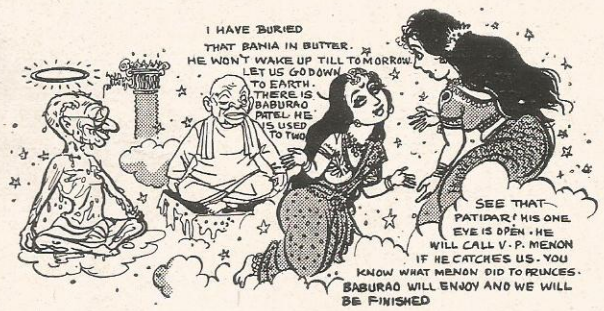
Editor's Mail

(In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.)

ARJAN D. BHARWANI (Bangalore)

What is the favourite hobby of the "apsaras" in heaven?

Massaging Mahatma Gandhi with butter! With the Congressmen there things have changed in heaven too. Formerly the "apsaras" used to drink and dance and go to bed with the gods. And once in a while an "apsara" would come down to earth for a change in bed. Now they get so tired massaging Congressmen that they don't need even a song to lull them to sleep.


I HAVE BURIED THAT BANIA IN BUTTER. HE WON'T WAKE UP TILL TOMORROW. LET US GO DOWN TO EARTH. THERE IS BABURAO PATEL. HE IS USED TO TWO
SEE THAT PATIDAR? HIS ONE EYE IS OPEN. HE WILL CALL V. P. MENON IF HE CATCHES US. YOU KNOW WHAT MENON DID TO PRINCES. BABURAO WILL ENJOY AND WE WILL BE FINISHED

What is flirting to an air hostess?

Low flying with the skids and undercarriage ready!

What do you think of Mr. Cabot Lodge's tribute to Mr. Krishna Menon at the United Nations General Assembly that: "Menon's desire in his own words not to add to the heat of battle has come from a man whom we consider to be a great representative of a great leader of a great nation?"

Too many 'greats' make us look small and feel suspicious. Lodge wants to dislodge us, I think.

What is the tragedy of 'I'?

The funeral in which every 'I' becomes a hyphen between heaven and earth.

What is the weight of your pen?

Some Marwari producer of Calcutta once lent age to the immortal romance of "Laila Majnu" by making the dowager-looking Kajjan play the juvenile role of Laila. There might have been a personal purpose in bringing to the screen an old Laila who looked like the mother of many young lovers. Then Producer Nazir took an experienced woman to bed and fancying himself as Majnu and Suwarnalata as his Laila flashed on the screen to give us a glimpse of their own antics in the bedroom. Romance has youth and never the wrinkles of age nor the knowing look of experience. Producer P. N. Arora brings the glorious, all-consuming passion of youth on the screen by giving to romance its rightful adolescence of blind emotions by casting Nutan to play the classic role of Laila in the famous Persian love-tale "Laila Majnu", directed by Amarnath for All India Pictures.

The tall and hefty Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed could not bear it.

What are the highlights of a women's club?

Low talk in low voice!

What was Gandhiji's real miracle?

He gave us Nehru, the world's greatest speaking athlete. That is an evergreen miracle.

What do you think of the 'blank cheque' theory?

The theory proves that there is nothing much in the bank to take.

Have you ever seen Attaullah Khan weeping?

Many women like raw passion and rough men supply it. Ramsingh toys with Smriti Biswas in "Sailaab", a social theme produced by Mukul Roy and directed by Guru Dutt for Emar Films.

★

Women are rarely surprised but when they are, they look like this. Watch Geeta Bali at her best in "Sailaab", a moving romantic tale.

★

These big-eyed women know lot of tricks to keep the men guessing. Watch Smriti Biswas confusing poor Abhi Bhattacharya in "Sailaab", a love tale produced by Mukul Roy and directed by Guru Dutt.

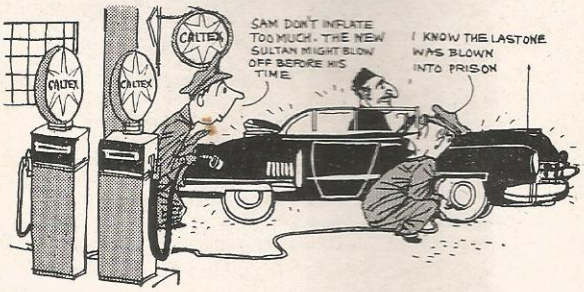
I have seen the tears of many Khans and Sultans. They are mortal tears which you and I shed.

What is stomach?

Stomach is the grave of character.

What are these Yankee 'Huzurs' doing in Kashmir?

They are now re-fuelling the 82000-rupee Cadillac.


CALTEX
CALTEX
SAM DON'T INFLATE TOO MUCH. THE NEW SULTAN MIGHT BLOW OFF BEFORE HIS TIME.
I KNOW THE LASTONE WAS BLOWN INTO PRISON

If Maulana Azad fasts?

Food and drinks will become cheap.

What is the favourite pastime of Miss Fatima Jinnah?

Keeping the ghost of her fanatic brother alive and kicking.

What is the latest hobby of J. C. Jain?

Jain has many hobbies. To drape them the New Era Mills will have to work in three shifts. Jain follows his "God" Dalmia in everything.

What do you call those Hindus who eat beef?

Food and poison have neither race nor religion. They have only taste and necessity.

What is Estate Duty Bill?

An extension of mourning for the heirs.

Say something interesting about Maulana Azad?

He is the Custodian General of Muslims in India.

What is your sincere advice to husband-hunting girls?

That is a legitimate pursuit. I wish them all luck.

How did you make B. K. Karanjia parade "Hands up"?

I never hurt Burjor Karanjia even once though he heaped abuse and slander on me and swore to wipe me off. I didn't even file a defamation suit against him though I had a winning case. I defended myself and kept quiet because I have no heart for hatred and no time for vengeance. The producers sent Burjor Karanjia into wilderness. I wish I could be as lucky as Burjor to get some other work.

How to see rainbow in tears?

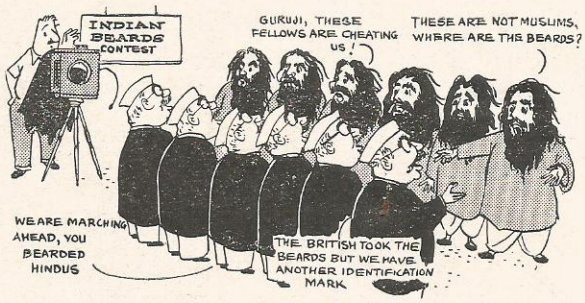
Bring your mind out to bask in the sunlight of hope and watch the rainbow appear on the horizon of tears.

"Cobalt Bomb!" What's this terrible thing again?

Don't worry, death has only one face whatever make-up you apply.

What is your latest opinion about the Rashtriya Swayam Sewak Sangh?

It has become an organization for growing beards. The members are preparing for a photographic competition with the Muslims.


INDIAN BEARDS CONTEST
GURUJI, THESE FELLOWS ARE CHEATING US!
THESE ARE NOT MUSLIMS, WHERE ARE THE BEARDS?
WE ARE MARCHING AHEAD, YOU BEARDED HINDUS
THE BRITISH TOOK THE BEARDS BUT WE HAVE ANOTHER IDENTIFICATION MARK

What happened to the Muslim who was working as a cook in "Azad"?

He still cooks for me in "Girnar". My Abdullah has a better character than Sheikh Abdullah.

What is the latest sample of American diplomacy?

Drowning the Indian Ganpati in the Korean Peace Conference and crowning the Indian Gouri in the U.N.O. Assembly.

What does Sheikh Abdullah see in his shadow?

Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed!

What is the use of temple bells in Pakistan?

You can call the faithful to slaughter.

Tell us something about Roopa Verman?

She has a nice little husband with a readymade smile.

What will be the most suitable memorial to Gandhiji?

Rescuing the people from his haunting memory!

What is there in the arms of a woman?

She has tools that make both beds and cradles.

What does Rajkumari Amrit Kaur remind you of?

Tuberculosis! Every time I see her photograph, I spit and see whether there is any blood going out.

What have you to say about the recent utterances and writings in Pakistan?

Repetitions and reprints! Pakistanis lack variety.

How many times have you been let down?

I have never been let down because I have never expected anyone to give me a lift.

Is Morarjibhai proud of his fads?

What we call fads he flaunts as virtues and virtues do make a man feel proud.

What do you think of Betty Calamusa, the American man-eater who has had twelve husbands and is looking forward to her thirteenth marriage ?

In India she would have been called "Beti Kala muhn-sa", seeing the number of men she has thrown out of her bed.

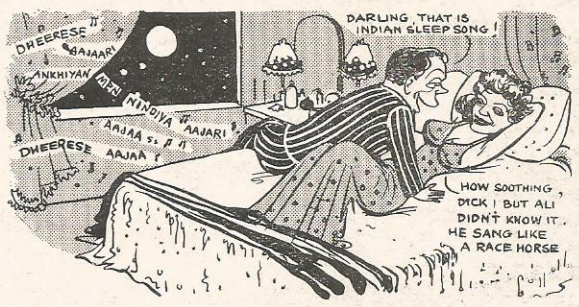
Are there any Maulanas in Kashmir also?

Motherhood makes women pale and colourless and takes away from their eyes the glint of youth that fascinates people. Bina Rai, a mother today, tries her best but doesn't succeed in "Gauhar", a social story produced by All India Pictures.

Wherever there are two Muslims, one of them must be a Maulana.

What did Rita ultimately gain from her divorce from Ali Khan?

She got a 'noo' one in bed. And the 'noo' one can sing a sentimental song of sleep in bed.



How many worlds are there?

Only two: the one we have and the one we would like to have.

What happened to the ban over "filmindia" in Pakistan?

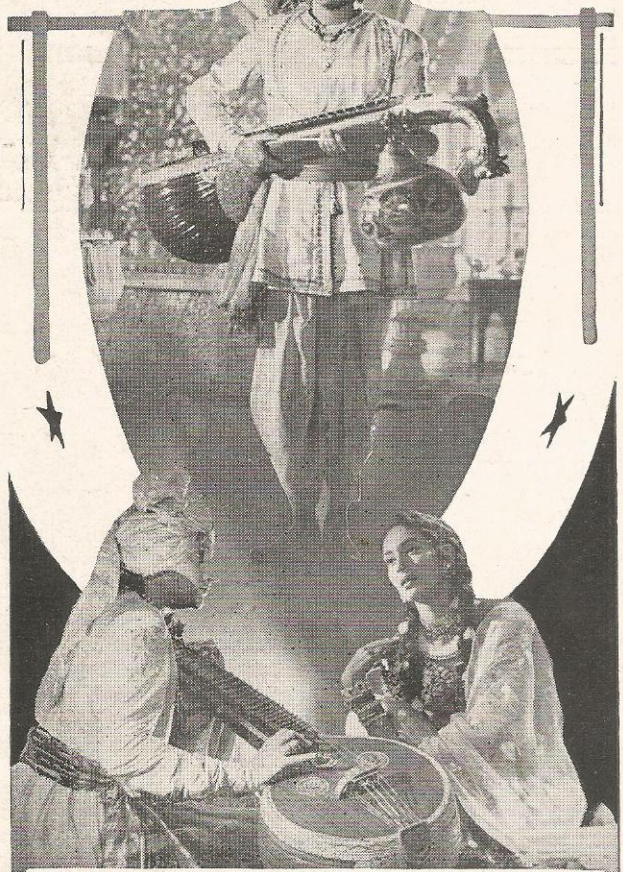
It travelled to Kashmir riding on the Crescent. Kashmir seems to be in a hurry to follow in the footsteps of Pakistan.

What is meant by "two-point sales tax"?

Can a little flame scorch youth in its heat? Nutan, the darling of millions, tries to answer this question in "Shabab", the romantic story of youth directed by M. Sadiq.

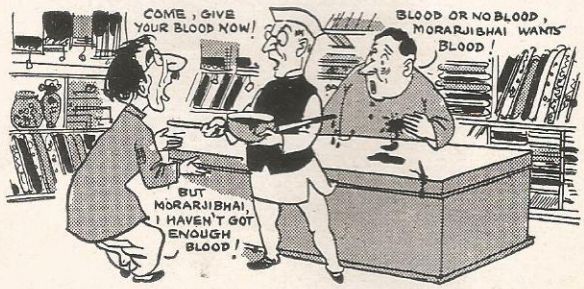
As handsome as music Bharat Bhushan comes to the screen in "Shabab", a musical romance.

Bharat Bhushan sings a song of love and sends the nation searching for its heart in "Shabab".



Women have loved beautiful music and ugly musicians through ages. But when a beautiful woman meets a handsome musician, the heart sings a celestial song of love. Watch Bharat Bhushan & Nutan in "Shabab", a musical tale.

That is the tax that stabs both the seller and the buyer and fills the Government's bowl with blood.



R. N. TIKKU (Mandi)

How will a sadhu moving about in loin cloth be treated in Western countries?

He will be put either in a mad-house or in a zoo. But if the loin cloth is fashioned like a one-piece swim suit and if the sadhu has a white skin then he will be rushed to the sea beach.

KAMAL KUMAR (Ajmer)

What is Bharat Sevak Samaj?

That is a birth-control organization where women are invited to work whole day so that they get too tired to like their husbands.

Why not train-hostesses?

The trains have sleeping-cars.

WILFRED DODWELL (Singapore)

I want to live like a king !

That's easy! Strip yourself and live in the Malayan jungles. They will soon call you King Kong.

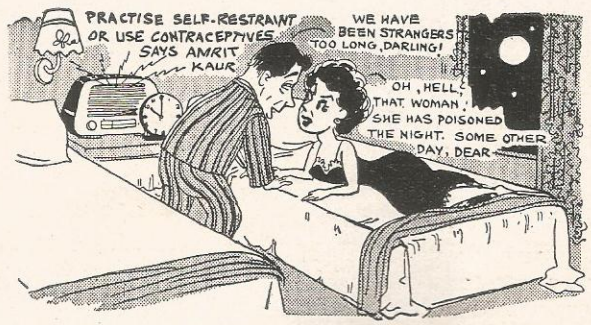
"India's food problem has ended", said Mr. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai in a recent press interview. Any comments?

Yes, millions in Bengal and the South are ready for the grand sacrifice.

P. M. MAHTANI (Ootacamund)

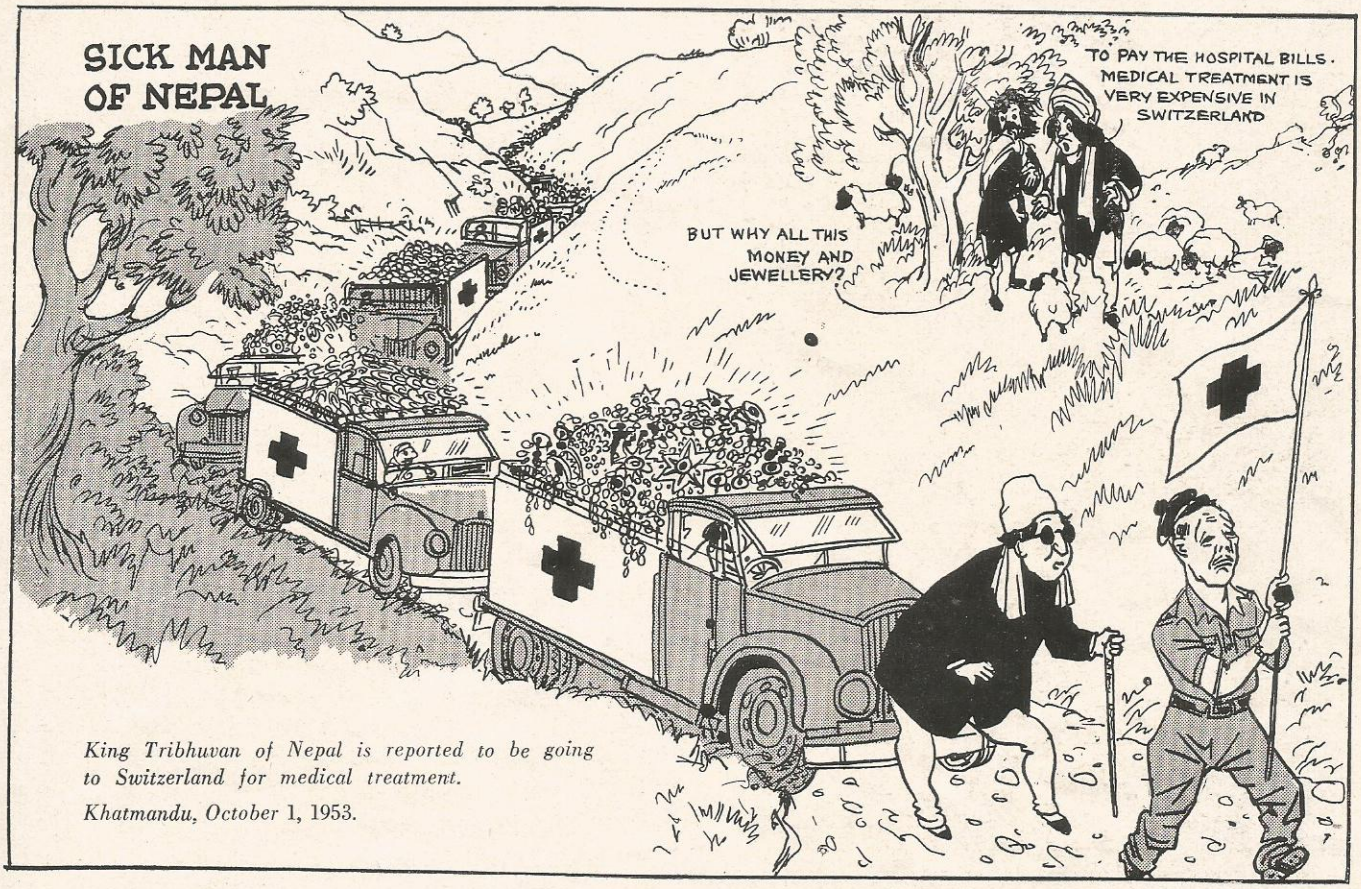
Do you like the idea of commercial broadcasting?

No! How would you like a soap slide in the midst of a picture? Aggressive salesmanship is an insult to the buyer.


PRACTISE SELF-RESTRAINT OR USE CONTRACEPTIVES SAYS AMRIT KAUR
WE HAVE BEEN STRANGERS TOO LONG, DARLING!
OH, HELL, THAT WOMAN. SHE HAS POISONED THE NIGHT. SOME OTHER DAY, DEAR

MISS K. P. RAJAMANY (Cannanore)

Was there any real necessity for Kishore Sahu to import a girl all the way from France for his "Mayurpankh"?


SICK MAN OF NEPAL
TO PAY THE HOSPITAL BILLS. MEDICAL TREATMENT IS VERY EXPENSIVE IN SWITZERLAND
BUT WHY ALL THIS MONEY AND JEWELLERY?

King Tribhuvan of Nepal is reported to be going to Switzerland for medical treatment.

Khatmandu, October 1, 1953.

Kishore Sahu didn't waste any Indian money by paying any import duty because many French, English and Canadian girls are born in India. Miss Henderson was also "English" though her seven ancestors drove railway engines in India.

E. R. SRINIVASAN (Hyderabad-Dn.)

Does Suryakumari's sophistication make you spell-bound?

I don't think Suryakumari is at all sophisticated. She dresses like a village girl on her first city visit and talks like a country cousin with mama's don'ts in mind. All I remember is her gummy smile. It is gruesome.

What kind of a 'kala' is Shashikala?

That "kala" refers to skin colour and not to acting talent.

What is 'burqa'?

A Muslim device for transporting kidnapped women from one place to another.

Is the going for Gopalan still good?

It is improving every day. The brakes will be put on when the Communists come into power. The sappers and miners of Communism are never allowed to dine with the marshals and generals in power. Gopalan has a fine neck for a noose.

Is Rajaji firmly in the saddle?

The earth below him is shaking now. Why bother about the saddle?

I wonder if I can find a respectable home in India without a copy of "filmindia"?

Don't wonder! I bet you can't.

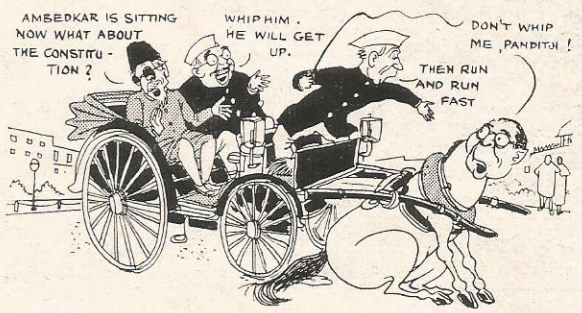
What do you think of Pakistan's Fourth Estate?

That is Pakistan's Crescent Colony for beating the war drums.

S. CHAKRAPANI (Bombay)

The modern Manu calls himself a hack !

Who stopped him from squatting on the road and holding up the traffic? Even hacks have a temper.



Education is free up to M.A. in Kashmir?

Everything is free in Kashmir with Indians as the godfathers.

Portuguese troops are being landed in Goa. What is Nehru's reaction ?

Krishna Kumari seems to be a mischievous newcomer. Meet her in "Dhoop Chhaon", a social theme of Suhail Art Productions.

When men love, they think and look wonderingly at their luck. Bharat Bhushan is checking up on his prize in "Dhoop Chhaon", a domestic drama directed by S. M. Raza. Shyama is not a bad prize.

When a man hands over his pay-packet to a woman, he loses his first battle in life. See how Shyama likes Bharat Bhushan's submissive gesture in "Dhoop Chhaon". Shamim Akhtar is, of course, interested.

Isn't that more work for United Nations at India's cost?

JAIKISHAN BHAGAT (Bombay)

If David gets married!

We'll find accommodation for one more Param Veer Chakra.

S. A. HASNATH (Madras)

Nargis clings to Raj's children. Why ?

She can fondle them without having to feed them. That is the advantage of artificial motherhood.

MISS UMA SIKAND (New Delhi)

An orphan seeks . . . . . .?

—a mother's lap, a father's protection, a friend's guidance, and a people's understanding but gets nothing except God's silent blessings.

MISS SARAS DORAISWAMY (Butterworth, P.W., Malaya)

Where lies the greatness in you Babs?

If working hard is greatness, I have the disease in a chronic form. But the other symptoms of greatness are missing.

A. AYYAPPAN (Kasaragod)

Rajaji says that sons should follow their fathers' professions. If the father happens to be a thief ?

The son should become a Congress politician to escape the law.

D. S. AGARWAL (Tumsar)

Kamini Kaushal says: "Every girl should make herself attractive." What's your advice ?

I agree with her but why doesn't Kamini follow her own advice?

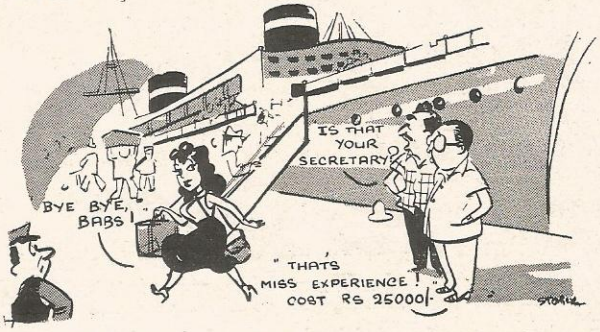
Is it true to say that virginity is sacrificed at the altar of marriage?

No! Virginity has become an impatient virtue these days. In very rare cases does it care to wait till marriage.

MOHAMMAD ZAFAR (Allahabad)

Have you anything to declare?

Experience ! I have already paid a heavy duty on it.



MRS. P. MALATHY (Bombay)

Have you made any great sacrifice in your life?

With a little dishonesty and some hypocrisy I could have become a Congress Minister. Now I have to work hard for my living.

B. L. SRINIVASA MURTHY (Bangalore)

Do you want to know something about me?

Yes! Are you a buyer or a freebooter?

Have you any vices?

I can always count my virtues.

Will you please publish my address so that those who wish to correspond with me may do so ?

B. L. Srinivasa Murthy, 55 Lalbagh Fort Road, Bangalore 2. I hope you get married soon.

S. N. KHOSLA (Simla)

Do the tides of life become calmer and cognizant with advancing age?

The storms become shorter and less frequent. Age never changes character completely.

MISS LATIKA MITRA (Lucknow)

What is Nargis without Raj?

A woman without a design !

How to choose a real gentleman as a life partner?

Men often cease to be gentlemen immediately they become husbands. But you can risk a man, ten years older than yourself, someone with a natural smile and a steadily increasing bank balance. Don't marry a handsome man of your own age.

MISS UMA PRASAD (Suva, Fiji)

Define Communism?

Communism is Harijan imperialism.

Your face always looks tired and worried. Why not come to Fiji for two or three months and dump your worries here?

Send me a photograph of the dump you have in mind. If she is attractive, I might be tempted.

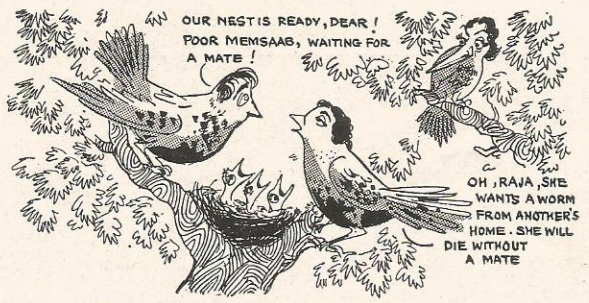
It is said that education can lead men away from God?

God is the ultimate in education. Till you reach Him you will only be groping in ignorance.

DINESH J. RAVAL (Baroda)

What advice will you give to a newly wedded couple who desire to build a happy home?

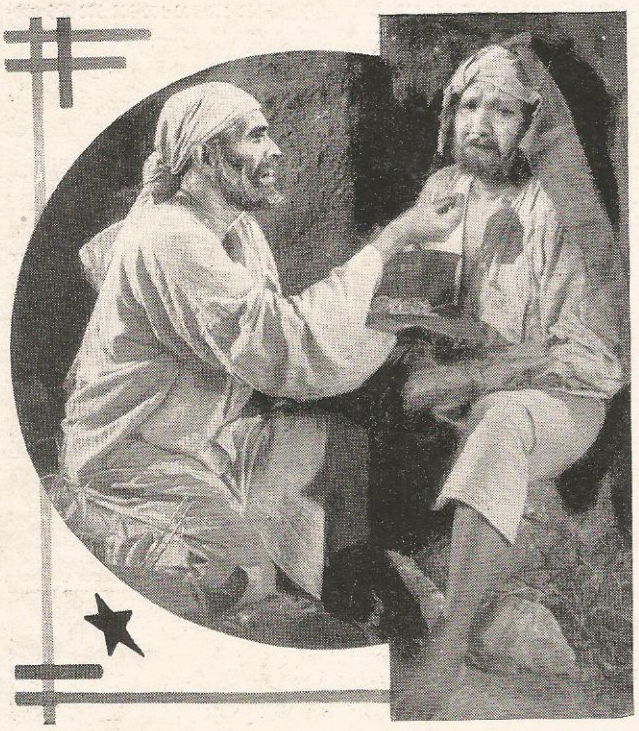
Watch the birds and see how lovingly both, the male and the female, bring the straws to make a nest. If birds can do that why not human beings?


OUR NEST IS READY, DEAR ! POOR MEMSAAB, WAITING FOR A MATE !
OH, RAJA, SHE WANTS A WORM FROM ANOTHER'S HOME. SHE WILL DIE WITHOUT A MATE

MISS SHAKUNTALA MALHOTRA (New Delhi)

Oh, gipsy, what are you thinking now?

Trying to visualize your face from your handwriting.



Saints leave immortal footprints of virtue on the sands of time and thus provide an unflickering beacon-light of guidance to humanity. Sai Baba of Shirdi was one such saint whose noble life is now coming to the screen in "Shri Sai Baba" produced and directed by Roy Kinikar and D. D. Dalal for Triveni Films.

M. M. SREE PARAMANANDH (Kuala Lumpur)

What is Nehru up to?

Busy laying the foundation of a Communist State!

M. G. SRIRAMAN (Secunderabad)

How many wives has the Nizam of Hyderabad?

Forty are in the bedroom, a hundred are in the kitchen. These Nizam's bed bugs still live on our people's blood.

What will happen after Nehru's death and who will succeed him?

Don't worry, there are plenty of people to succeed Nehru. The soil that threw up Gandhiji, Sardar Patel and Nehru won't suddenly become barren when Nehru returns to the soil. When the great die, the soil becomes more fertile as every great soul sows with his ashes the seed of another great one. You can't make cuttings and grafts from the great. The great have to return to the soil and their seed has to sprout up again.

You are an Indian and you criticize Indian leaders. Why?

Because I want to remain an Indian and not become a Chinaman.

V. R. DEGAONKAR (Bombay)

Why does not Nargis retire now? She has lost all her charm.

She has no new pictures in hand. Nargis seems to have become a studio manager these days.

P. S. SABNIS (Bombay)

What does S. K. Patil do for a living?

That is a state mystery. Never ask such inconvenient questions.

C. L. JESWANI (Ahmedabad)

I heard someone saying that India House in London is like a fish market?

That is because B. G. Kher, our High Commissioner, comes from Danda, a fishing village near Bombay.

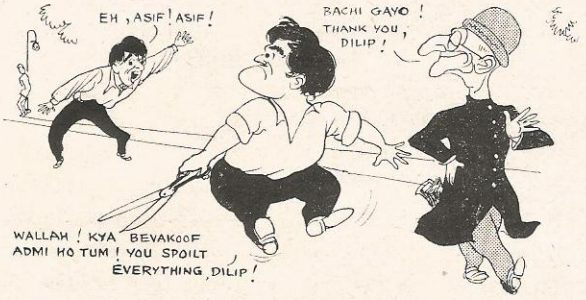
JIWAT MOORJANI (Poona)

Can you guess the intention behind my asking you questions?

Moorjani? A Sindhi! Intention: money! Necessity makes people more inquisitive.

How to spot K. Asif?

Spot a rich Parsi and if you see an evil-looking Muslim with a protruding chin walking behind, call him Asif.



KRISHNA IYENGAR (Madras)

The Statue of Liberty in America is the tallest statue in the world?

They do need a big shadow to accommodate 13 million Negroes. Don't they?

How is Mohsin useful to Veera?

He helps her to finish the frugal meals.

MRS. ANNAPOORNA RAO (Delhi)

What is actually 'mixed' in our Mixed Economy?

Wheat and chaff, rice and stone, projects and profits, plans and designs, service and scandals and politics and patriotism. It is a rare, a very rare mixture.

PLANTS FOR SALE

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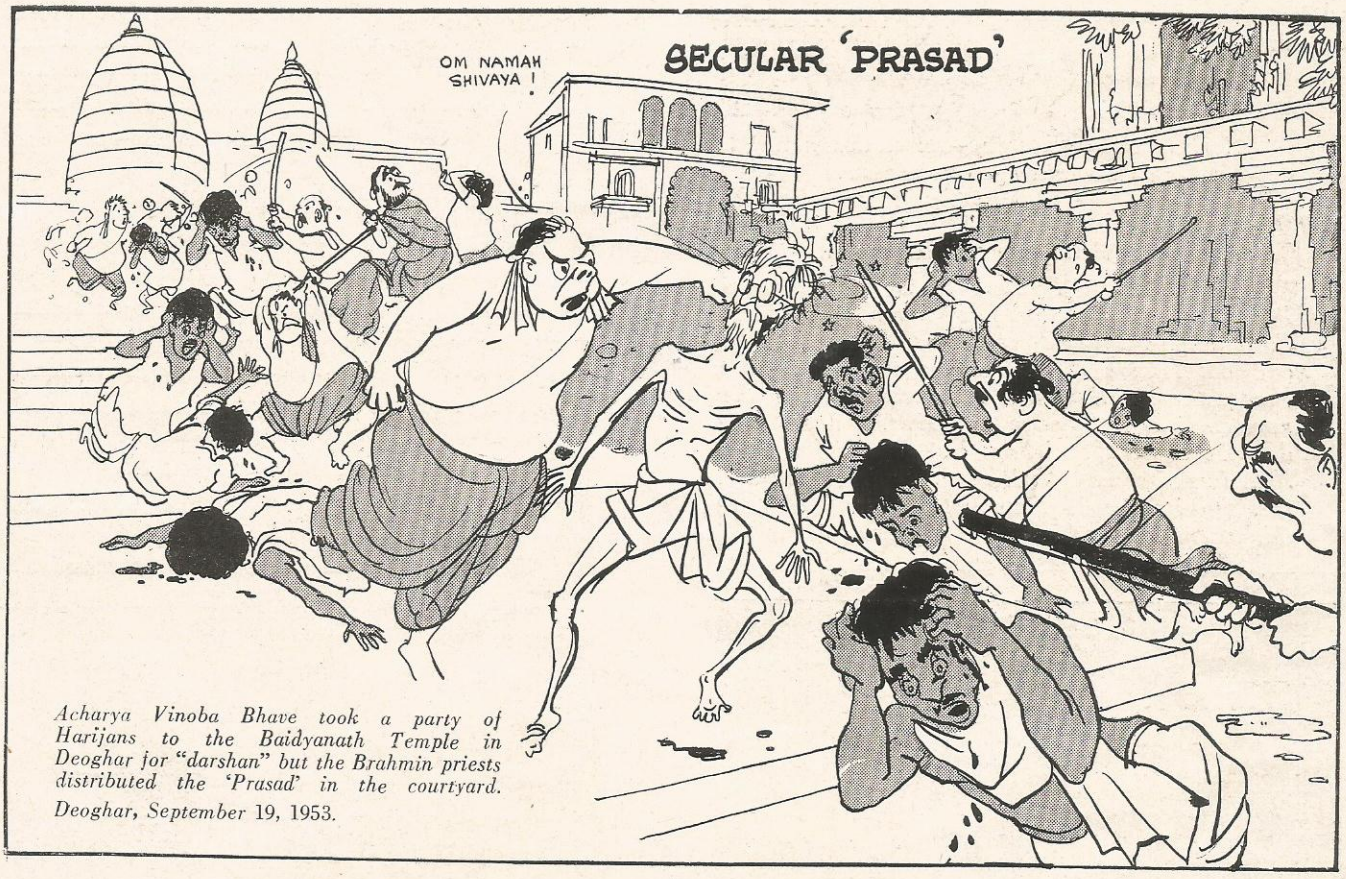


Acharya Vinoba Bhave took a party of Harijans to the Baidyanath Temple in Deoghar for "darshan" but the Brahmin priests distributed the 'Prasad' in the courtyard. Deoghar, September 19, 1953.

P. NANOO (Selangor, Malaya)

Will you please publish in the next issue of "film-india" a picture of yourself with a smile on your face?

Lend me your smile for a photograph. Mine I gave to my step-mother during my childhood.

S. L. BAILUR (Bombay)

Dr. Radhakrishnan, our Vice President, says that austerity, determination and hard work are bound to give success in life. As a self-made man what is your recipe for success in life?

The learned philosopher forgot luck, the most important element of success in life. We need all the virtues prescribed by the philosopher and luck too to be successful.

K. V. GOPAL (Secunderabad)

How do you like Skipper Nehru?

He should captain a women's team.

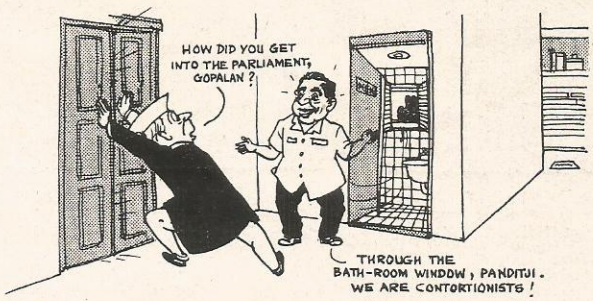
If you have only a rupee left, how will you spend it?

I'll buy match-boxes and sell them. If I do that six times a day, I can use the rupee for my dinner and yet carry over some capital to the next day. The last rupee should never be spent. It should be invested.

PREM CHANDRA SINHA (Arrah)

Do you hold that the door to agreement with the Communist bloc is almost slammed?

The Communists don't need a door. A crevice is enough. You can't therefore slam anything in their face.



Peace Kanwal is a funny name?

But the girl is interesting.

No water in our valley projects?

There is money in them for some.

K. S. CHARI (Kaveripetai)

Why has 'yo-yo' disappeared completely?

The "ai-yai-yos" of the South didn't like the 'yo-yo'!

What is your opinion about the Travancore Sisters?

They have rhythm resources.

Raj Kapoor is a millionaire! Nargis?

A millionaire's relaxation!

Pakistan's first Prime Minister was assassinated,

while the second was summarily dismissed! How about the third?

He will resign.

Who is Balraj Sahni?

A Communist yesterday—an ex-Communist today—and a Communist again tomorrow.

MANU G. BHAGAT (Bombay)

What are your views on Pardi satyagraha?

Like Morarji I think it is a 'duragraha'. People's grievances must find their remedies in the Constitution which the people have given themselves and not outside it. People have every right to change the Constitution to suit their needs but they have no right to defy one that exists. I have always described the Socialists as mischief-mongers. Nehru's pendulous affection for them has encouraged them to indulge in these lawless acts. All good things must be achieved by righteous methods if ever our people are to attain any character as a nation. In the so-called Pardi "satyagraha" I see the seeds of a future bloody and violent revolution.

Are you impressed by Dilip Kumar's work so far?

Yes, Dilip is a very fine artiste—the best amongst the younger brigade.

I have a nausea for Raj-Nargis pictures!

See Dilip-Madhubala pictures for relief.

Is Miss Henderson a bit squint-eyed?

Just enough to make it look like a suspicious wink! That girl can roll hearts with her eyes.

Why doesn't Jane Russell have her own children?

She has got the full equipment but no demand. There is a slump in Hollywood also.

If Badshah Begum comes in your dream?

I expect Suraiya to follow. All is well that ends well.

Dr. Ambedkar threatens to burn the Constitution?

There is arson in that man's blood. He had once burnt even the Manu Smriti.

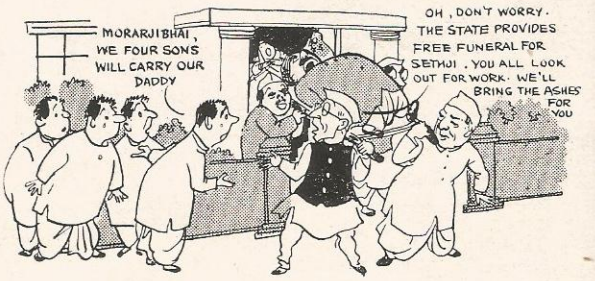
MRS. BHATIA M. D. (Bombay)

Can the dead rise from their grave?

Karl Marx refuses to lie buried.

What do you think about death duty?

It will make the boobies from rich cradles seriously think of work and career.


MORARJI BHAI, WE FOUR SONS WILL CARRY OUR DADDY
OH, DON'T WORRY. THE STATE PROVIDES FREE FUNERAL FOR SETHJI, YOU ALL LOOK OUT FOR WORK. WE'LL BRING THE ASHES FOR YOU

JAGDISH CHANDER KAPOOR (Kasauli)

What is henpecking?

That is a subtle process of emasculating a husband and seeking satisfaction from his friend.

MATA DIN AGRAWAL (Kanpur)

What is the utility of Employment Exchanges in India?

To count the lazy ones! Those who want to work don't have to go to the Employment Exchanges. I know a graduate who earns Rs. 150/- a month washing motor cars of rich people in Bombay.

T. K. KESWANI (Bombay)

When does an air hostess become the pilot?

When the pilot wants to do a belly-landing.

MISS N. G. JOHN (Bangalore)

One look at Rajkumari Amrit Kaur and—?

And you wonder what Eve has left behind?

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ISHWAR V. MAHBUBANI (Bombay)

Are you still a good Congressman?

Yes! Every man who loves democracy is a Congressman.

What is the difference between the beards of Maulana Azad and Ashok Mehta?

The Maulana's beard has the challenge of Islam in it. Ashok's beard is merely an evidence of the barber's neglect.

How do you feel without a woman secretary?

Work has lost its rainbow. A pretty secretary messing up things makes work exciting.

Do you know that my questions are the product of your answers? To me each reply poses a new query.

Isn't life one long sequence of questions? Those which are answered become science, those that cannot be answered slide into the realm of magic and mystery.

What is the loss of husband to an Indian film actress?

It is re-take of the marriage scene.

Why is it that Mr. Frank Moraes is appreciated more in foreign countries than in India?

India is a dry country. Our leaders do not like articles with a smell.

Supposing you mention somebody else's name as the editor of "filmindia" though the actual writing is done by you, do you think the sales would be affected?

Yes ! Those who are used to buying quality always remember the name of the manufacturer.

N. K. JOSHI (Chanda)

Has Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee's death anything to do with Sheikh Abdullah's dismissal ?

No! In politics stabbing a friend in the back is a more serious offence than causing the death of an opponent.

MISS DOREEN FRITCHLEY (Bhusawal)

Why don't the film stars reply to their fan-mail?

Most of the Indian film stars are crude and uncultured persons. They lack even pedestrian courtesy though they have earned millions.

JAGDISH G. SAMBRANI (Dharwar)

Are you one of those Rotarians of Bombay ?

Oh, no! Rotarians are mostly lunch and gossip experts. I have no time for both.

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KISHU N. P. (Bombay)

"Municipalities should be the monopoly for women", said Durgabai Deshmukh. Care to comment?

You mustn't take a rejuvenated widow seriously.

GEORGE K. JOHN (Trivandrum)

How much importance do you give to love in your life?

I work sixteen hours a day to keep it alive. Love also lives on bread and butter.

There is a smile on my face only for a week every month when I get my copy of "filmindia". Rest of the month I remain a gloomy guy.

You are better off than me, George. I remain gloomy all the time thinking of how to give you all a good time, be it even for a week.

Whenever I tell lies my wife loves me all the more?

Your wife likes politics. Ask her to join the Congress. That is the institution in which lies bring home glory.

MULCHAND C. BHAVSAR (Ahmedabad)

What should a man understand when one, two and three girls smile at him simultaneously?

He should write himself off. Romance is neither chorus nor clowning.

AJMAL KHAN ALLY (Corentyne, Berbice, Br. Guiana)

What is Bombay famous for?

Bombay is the original home of the Tube-Well Scandal.

R. ATMARAMAN (Madras)

Mohammed Ali wants to meet again and again, eh?

He likes Delhi rice.

MISS LEELA U. SALELKAR (Bombay)

When will Yashodhara Katju marry?

Only after her elder sister Manorama is married. That is an ancient Hindu system which all Kashmiris follow.

GOTU RELE (Bombay)

Mention the differences between mother's milk and ration milk?

Ration milk has worms, mother's milk has germs. Both come from rickety sources.

What is the secret of Begum Para's everlasting pin-up youth?

Para is a staunch follower of Gandhian celibacy. And that is why Morarji Desai calls her his sister.

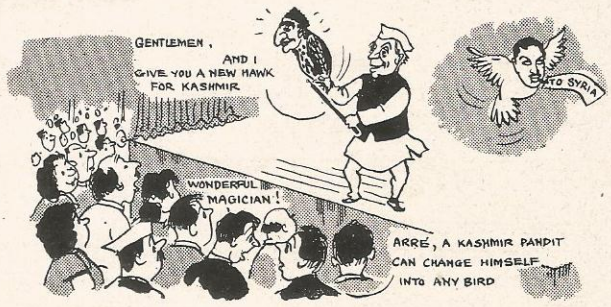
How many make a family?

Man and his mirror, man and his dog, man and his man Friday, man and his mate and man, mate and litter.

ARJAN D. BHARWANI (Bangalore)

What is the use of the Nehru Jacket these days?

You can bring out new pigeons and hawks from it.


GENTLEMEN, AND I GIVE YOU A NEW HAWK FOR KASHMIR
WONDERFUL MAGICIAN!
INTO SYRIA
ARRE, A KASHMIR PANDIT CAN CHANGE HIMSELF INTO ANY BIRD

A. M. AIYANNA (Mercara)

What has happened to Shrimati Devika Rani?

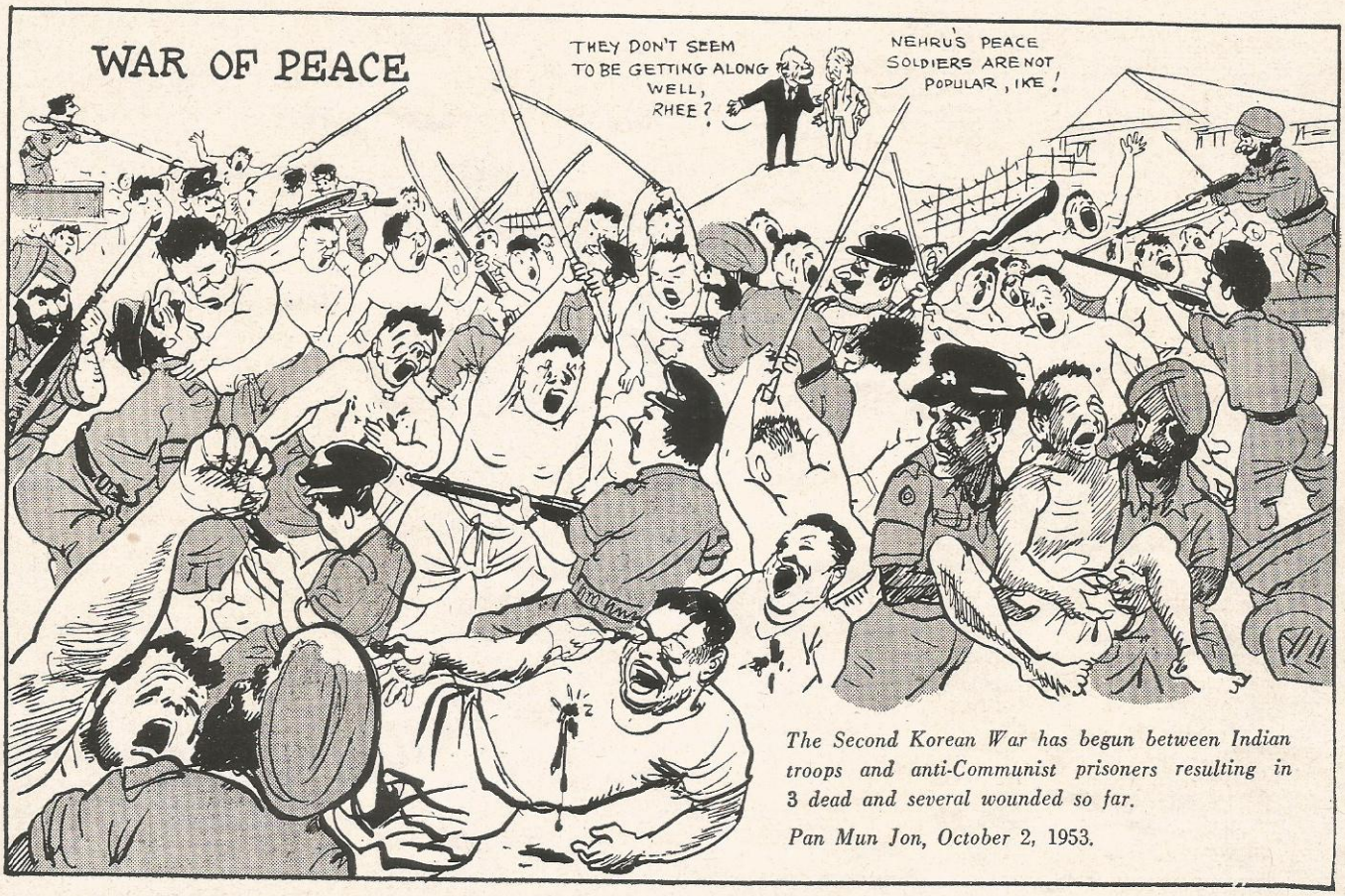
She met a Russian bear and lost track of civilization.

RAJINDER SINGH DABOOJA (Bangkok, Thailand)

Bangkok's "Post" reported that the youth of Asia is in danger?

Yes, their elders are leaving behind a legacy of blood and hatred.

They all go singing in the hope that men will hear their song. Kammo, however, looks attractive enough to catch the bird with the first song in "Khoj", a social theme produced by C. C. Dogra and directed by Balwant Bhatt for Dogra Films.



The Second Korean War has begun between Indian troops and anti-Communist prisoners resulting in 3 dead and several wounded so far.

Pan Mun Jon, October 2, 1953.

M. M. MADDIN (Dharwar)

What lesson has Sheikh Abdullah taught Nehru?

Not to trust Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed.

SURESH CHANDRA BHARGAVA (Ajmer)

In July we had a few film stars from Bombay. Practically all of them behaved in a very indecent manner except Nutan who was really the best in grace and costume and behaved decently and left behind a very nice impression on us. What do you think of her?

Nutan is a very nice girl and knows how to behave correctly in public. So do many Maharashtrian film actresses. Girls who come from the North, however, have more bluster than brains.

Address of Nutan, please?

Miss Nutan Samarth, 10th Road, Chembur, Bombay. Mention "filmindia" if you want a photograph.

A. RASHID BUTT (Karachi)

How high is the standard of the editor of "filmindia"?

It must be pretty high to make you a smuggler.

H. NARENDRA DEV (Dehra Dun)

Do you know Mr. Patel that in Jaunsar Bawar in U. P., all the brothers in a family jointly marry a girl and the most lucky combination is considered the one in which a bride gets seven husbands, all real brothers?

Mixed economy and joint responsibility, eh?

CHITTARANJAN GHOSH (Calcutta)

Do you support Communism?

No, but I admire some of its ideals.

What is the real name of Dilip Kumar?

Khan Yusuf Khan Vald Ghulam Sarwar Khan of Peshwar.

Why should you not open a branch office at Calcutta?

I don't need an office in Calcutta. My agent, Mulchand of Makhuram & Co., is my friend. He sits under a tree on the Esplanade and talks of football, Baburao Patel, "filmindia" etc. with full authority from all.

P. ATHIMOOLAM (Madras)

When young men stare at me should I resent or just laugh?

Don't do either! A stare is a silent compliment. Thank heaven that someone stares at you. There are millions who pass out of this world without even being noticed.

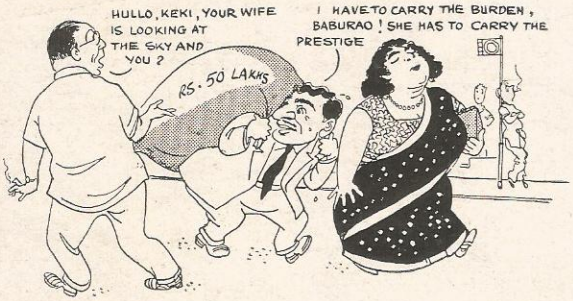
What do you think the future of Germany will be?

The country will soon throw up another Hitler because the German people love dictators. Besides, no one likes American friendship for long.

C. V. VASUDEV (Bombay)

Between Keki Modi and yourself, who is more humble?

Keki, of course! He is bent down with the weight of millions.


HULLO, KEKI, YOUR WIFE IS LOOKING AT THE SKY AND YOU ?
I HAVE TO CARRY THE BURDEN, BABURAO ! SHE HAS TO CARRY THE PRESTIGE
RS. 50 LAKHS

For whom are street lamps waiting?

They wait for the night to bring life into their upright existence in the vain hope of lighting up what nature has decreed to be dark.

Is Papa Attaullah Khan easily influenced?

Yes, but only by himself! The man makes a plan and within an hour himself discovers a plot in it and within another hour he makes another plan and so on. It is a never-ending cycle.

A Punjabi has a 'pedigree'. What has a Madrasi?

A degree! Sometimes several degrees!

May Communism die an early death!

Don't wish for the wrong things, son! Communism is the conscience of democracy. A bit of Communism is good for all.

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Why is the Maharaja of Baroda never sure of himself?

With the Congressmen fast becoming Communists, how can any Maharaja be sure of anything?

Where do Anglo-Indian girls hide their tears?

Don't they need salt when they have to eat their hearts out?

If J. C. Jain is thrown before a lion?

Lions don't eat bamboo.

Is "filmindia" being read by Cabinet Ministers?

Yes, read and discussed.

Can the wife of a film producer pray?

That is all she does between meals and the prayers are answered once in a blue moon at midday.

Is Sheikh Abdullah a staunch Muslim?

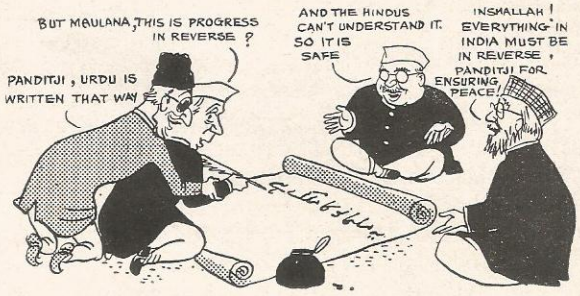
He used to recite the Qoran before every public speech. And he has a musical voice.

How do you judge your popularity?

By the sales of "filmindia"! I have never counted friends or foes but the copies of "filmindia".

Name the big three in India?

The two Maulanas: Azad and Hifzur Rehman and of course Rafi Ahmed Kidwai! They control the "qatib" who writes the destiny of 360 million people.


BUT MAULANA, THIS IS PROGRESS IN REVERSE ?
PANDITJI, URDU IS WRITTEN THAT WAY
AND THE HINDUS CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. SO IT IS SAFE
INSHALLAH ! EVERYTHING IN INDIA MUST BE IN REVERSE, PANDITJI FOR ENSURING PEACE!

MISS CHANDRAPRABHA SAXENA (Gwalior)

What is your honest opinion about Vinoba's Bhoodan Mission?

The mission is noble but its commission is not practicable. You can't change a national pattern by voluntary sacrifices.

Is Nehru too old to fall in love?

One who loves fame has no time for a flame.

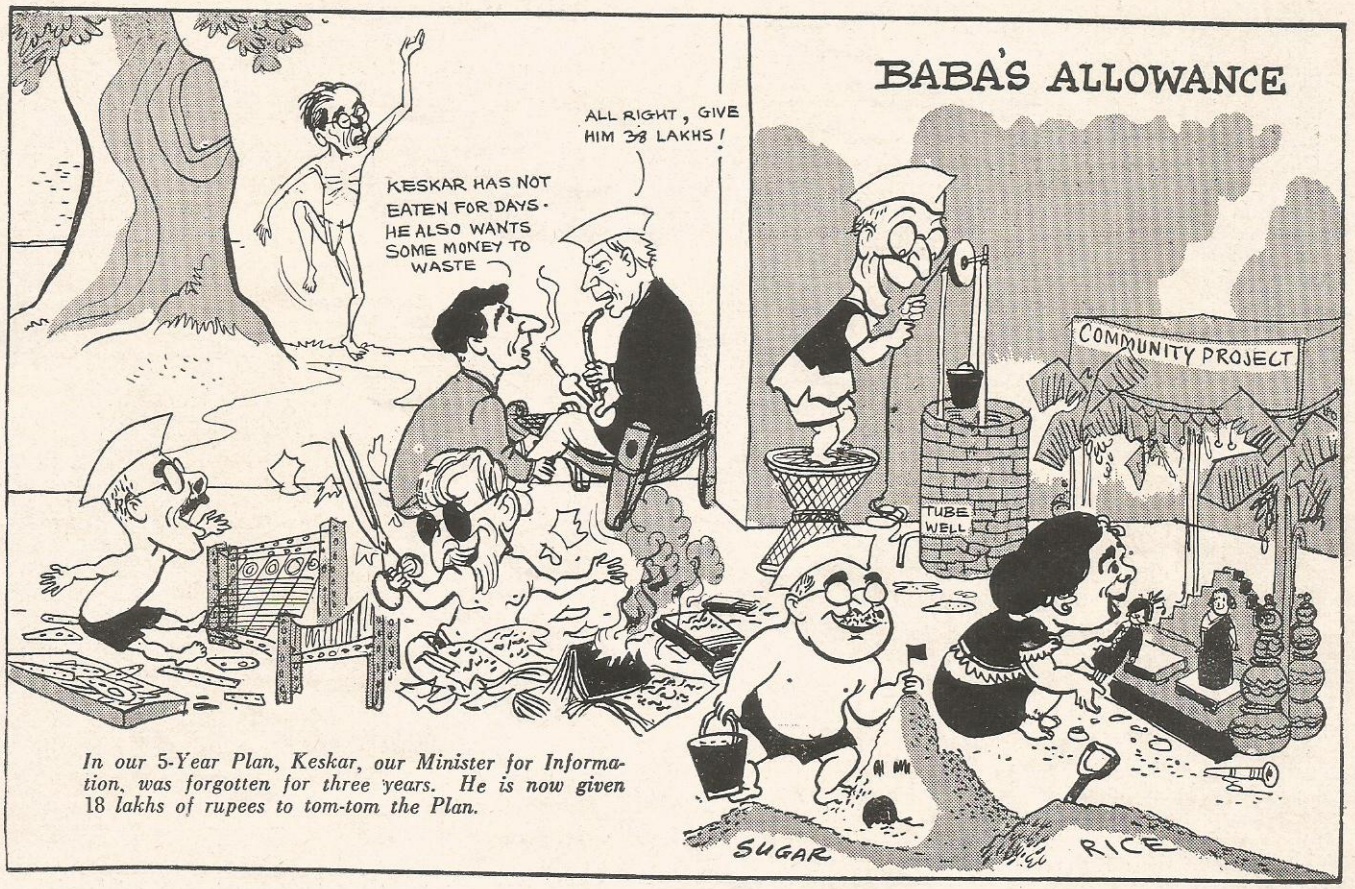
HARIRAM G. JUGAT (Bombay)

Many men have faces that make women go mad and modern women strangely enough prefer soft smiling faces. What about your face?

I have the tense face of a sculptor who carves warm and beautiful images out of cold hard marble. Those who like art love the sculptor while those who love marble like the statue.

K. L. SEHGAL (Delhi)

I dreamt one night that I had grown fabulously rich and purchased your "Girnar" at the highest price?



In our 5-Year Plan, Keskar, our Minister for Information, was forgotten for three years. He is now given 18 lakhs of rupees to tom-tom the Plan.

May your dream come true and save me from the taxes! Amen!

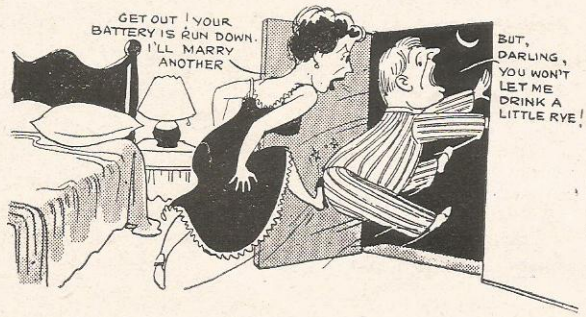
I go to the pictures, I visit coffee houses and restaurants, I drink and gamble. I do all these things with a good grace and in order to get a taste of life. But my guardians consider these to be bad qualities.

There can't be any grace in taking a bad taste of life. By the way who is paying for this wonderful experiment of yours?

M. S. KRISHNAN (Sailu)

How many times is a woman permitted to divorce her husband in America?

Till she keeps getting new replacements! In America marriage has become a mechanical device requiring constant overhaul.



MISS GIRIJA G. SAMBRANI (Dharwar)

I am stepping into your shoes, Mr. Patel?

Don't waste your youth, my shoes are old and mouldy.

A bud has no fragrance, why?

Nor has dawn any heat.

RAM N. GURSAHANI (Bombay)

Are there no Harijans in the Parsi community?

There are Harijans of poverty living on the charity of the rich.

G. V. THEKEDAR (Poona)

Is marriage the cheapest enjoyment in life?

It is the cleanest.

S. JAYALAKSHMI (Mysore)

There is a war in my bedroom on all nights. I cannot describe it, sir?

Ask your partner to read Nehru's speech on Korean Peace. It is guaranteed to soothe his nerves if not make him completely impotent.

Why do people decorate the dead?

Human beings become generous in the presence of death. They shower more attention on a dead body than on a living one because the dead don't ask again.

My friend loves money more than anything else, even more than God. What is your comment?

He is a wise man. God doesn't demand much love but money does otherwise it runs out.

Why is Nehru so fond of children?

She is in a black mood of despondency and a woman is often like that because she won't speak what she wants and doesn't know what she is missing. Beautiful women take their mood from the moon and the mirror, both useless items of furniture in a man's life. And that is why the wars of love begin and wound the rubber hearts of human beings. It is said to see Madhubala in this mood in "Bade Log", a social story directed by Nitin Bose for Ramesh Mungrey Productions.

All political leaders play with children and then proceed to bomb and blast their homes.

Can the womb of a prostitute ever be holy?

It is in the womb that Divinity lights the little flame of human life and in doing so sanctifies even sin.

V. M. RADHAKRISHNAN (Bombay)

How is a film muhurt ceremony performed?

Usually with a bogus producer and a bogus Brahmin priest but with a stupid distributor!

HOW MANY TRICK SCENES IN THIS PICTURE ?
THREE, SETHJI ! THIS IS THE FIRST. HALF WAY I'LL START ANOTHER PICTURE. THAT WILL BE THE SECOND.
AND HE WON'T COMPLETE THIS ONE. THAT WILL BE THE THIRD, SETHJI

We have to pay three rupees for "filmindia" through our nose!

Isn't it cheaper than the useless education you get in our colleges?

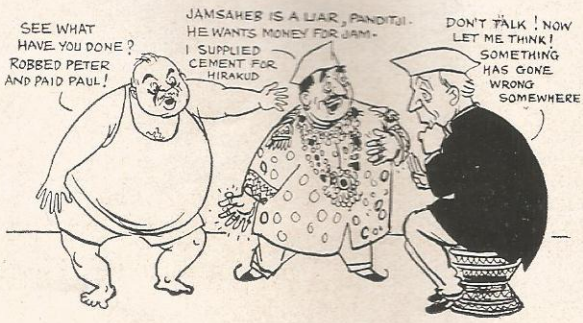
Are you considered to be a good judge of feminine beauty?

That is what men say when they look at my collection.

THAKUR T. ADWANI (Bombay)

If privy purses are stopped?

What we take from the princes will go to the profiteers. We must learn how to use money before we deprive others of it.


SEE WHAT HAVE YOU DONE ? ROBBED PETER AND PAID PAUL !
JAMSAHEB IS A LIAR, PANDITJI. HE WANTS MONEY FOR JAM-I SUPPLIED CEMENT FOR HIRAKUD
DON'T TALK ! NOW LET ME THINK ! SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG SOMEWHERE

What is journalism to J. C. Jain?

An excuse to meet film stars and flirt with intellectuals!

Tell me, Baburao, how was life 25 years ago?

The struggle was the same but the audience was small.

Is "Dalda Vanaspati" really harmful to health as some Congressmen say?

The opinion is divided but in an article of food never risk anything that is doubtful.

If the statues start walking?

Most of them will return home to London.

How is it that Prince Ali Khan is still without a wife?

He is in severe training at the moment. The last knockout was disgraceful.

A neighbour of mine cannot digest his food until he sees Madhubala's photo. What is your suggestion to him?

Ask him to see Madhubala. He won't want food.

Why can't Editor Patel weep?

I have no one to count the tears and treasure them! An orphan has to swallow his tears and turn them into blood again.

How do you feel in the company of Nadira?

She is never alone. She always has her court poet with her. And Nakshab is not an easy man to get rid of.

What is the fate of the Rs. 82000/- gun-proof Cadillac which Sheikh Saheb of Kashmir purchased a few weeks before his dismissal and arrest?

The new Sultan uses it.

MISS ASHA SAPRU (Dehra Dun)

If human beings had a mating season?

Crime would be less and sex would have some meaning.

R. LALL NAKRA (Jullundur)

I have heard that in order to stop people from drinking, the bodies of the citizens of Bombay are searched, their breath smelt and even their skin punctured to test their blood. Is it all true, sir, or mere gossip?

It is all true but Bombay's drunkards have no skins. So the police raid their homes to see whether there is anything hidden under their hide.

S. NARAYAN (Calcutta)

Why doesn't the University of Bombay confer a D.Litt. on you?

With Morarji still undecorated?

K. R. VENKATASUBRAMANIAN (Madras)

Are you aware of the great demand for I. A. S. officers in the matrimonial market here?

South Indian girls rarely chase anything except glorified clerks.

MISS SUSHMA (Mainpuri)

What will happen if Kishore Sahu ceases to act as the hero in his pictures?

His pictures will run better.

K. T. CHARI (Madras)

Are Indians the laziest people in the world?

Only people from the Persian Gulf beat them.

P. S. SIDHU (Lilongwe, Nyasaland)

I like the Communists because they fight for their freedom. Even the Americans had to run away from Korea.

I also like them but our Communists don't fight. They only rob banks, derail trains and sabotage industries.

MISS LEELA U. SALELKAR (Bombay)

What has Devdas Gandhi inherited from Mahatma Gandhi?

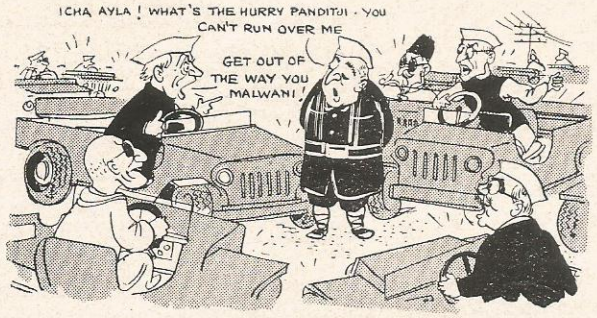
A life-time sinecure in "Hindustan Times".

Do you hate R. K. Karanjia?

Poor Russi, he is the most loveable Communist on this planet. Even the Americans love him.

What do you admire in S. K. Patil?

He shows the patience of a Malwan policeman in the midst of Nehru's traffic jam.



Estate Duty Bill has been passed. What next?

Poisoning the rich! A general order to family physicians will bring in the revenue sooner.

KANTI LAL SHAH (Aligarh)

Who is the richest man of the world?

Vinoba Bhave at the moment! He is our Robin Hood who takes land from one man and gives it to another.

ESMOND JOSEPH (Atale)

If Nehru is India's biggest living hero, who is India's biggest living heroine?

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur! Millions of people die for her every year.

HARBANS SINGH (Simla)

Suppose some day our University students demand: "Hang Mr. Baburao Patel's portrait in our class room." What will you say?

I'll say, "Hang him!"

M. A. KRISHNAMURTHY (Howrah)

I understand from an advertisement that there are 'Egg Cup', 'Tea Cup', 'Coffee Cup' and 'Challenge Cup' in brassieres too. What cup do the Bombay producers use for their heroines?

The way they roll it all over, it must be a Cricket Ball Cup.

My wife knows dancing and singing. She can play violin and veena. She is good at tennis too. The only drawback is that she does not know cooking. What should I do to make her learn cooking?

Take a holiday for three months and go hiking in the mountains. She will automatically learn cooking.

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The date and time of answering these questions, please?

Gandhi Jayanti, 5-30 P.M.

ROOP RANI (Simla)

Are Punjabis an asset to Bombay?

Oh, yes! We can't however, risk them in the Silence Zones.

Is not Bimal Roy the director of the year?

No! The noise which weak-kneed "Progressives" unnecessarily made over him will give the man a swollen head and spoil his future work.

I avoid most of the things advertised on Radio Ceylon?

Wise girl! A good thing doesn't need so much shouting.

JIWAT MOORJANI (Poona)

Name an actress who doesn't require any help from Maganlal Dresswalla?

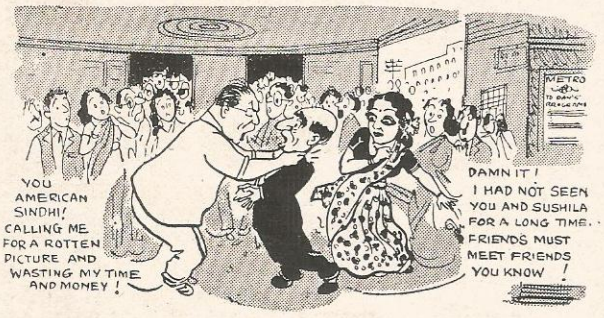
Mohana! She needs a surgeon.

Majority of the letters published in "Woes And Echoes" section of your magazine merely praise your editorial?

That is right! They are echoes of my writings. People must know whether I am shouting alone or there are others in chorus with me.

Isn't Mr. Butani of Metro Cinema a very enthusiastic showman?

Butani is easily the best showman we have in the country. He has turned his patrons into his friends so that when a dull picture comes his way he phones up his friends and turns them into his patrons.


METRO
YOU AMERICAN SINDHI! CALLING ME FOR A ROTTEN PICTURE AND WASTING MY TIME AND MONEY!
DAMN IT! I HAD NOT SEEN YOU AND SUSHILA FOR A LONG TIME. FRIENDS MUST MEET FRIENDS YOU KNOW!

Even old issues of "filmindia" maintain their fragrance and freshness intact! Can you account for this?

Every issue of "filmindia" is a different sculpture in itself and age gives antique value to every sculpture.

KRISHNA B. MADAN (Simla)

How if some retired film actress writes her confessions?

Only the first chapter will be interesting, the rest will be repetition.

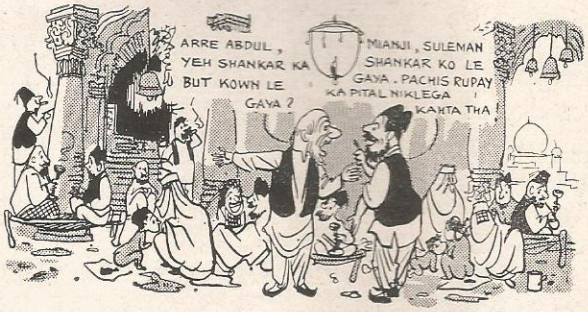
Do you understand Punjabi perfectly well?

Everyone in Bombay understands Punjabi. It is not what they say, it is the way they say it makes the meaning clear.

C. V. VASUDEV (Bombay)

Do Pakistanis go to temples?

Of course! They live in temples these days. Pious people!



H. M. KASKAR (Cape Town, S. Africa)

What is it that you admire in Maulana Azad?

I like the way he chews his food in India—slowly and silently.

Have you seen Nehru personally?

You can't miss him in India. North, South, East or West, turn whichever way you like, there he is before you thinking loudly. If you close your eyes, he catches you by the ear.

MISS CHAMPA I. RANDERI (Bombay)

Don't you think that it would be safe to keep Sheikh Abdullah far away from Kashmir?

How can he then escape when necessary? Even in politics they try to save travelling expenses these days.

What is your opinion about Frank Moraes, the editor of the "Times of India"?

Frank is a nice man who is destined to be the Cardinal Wolsey of journalism and cry out one day: "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs."

K. S. TARANANDI (Khalari)

It is said that only twelve people in the world have so far understood Einstein's Theory of Relativity completely. Is there any Indian to share this honour?

We have two Indians: Sir Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar and his lord and master Pandit Nehru. Between the two science has no mystery left to solve.

NARENDRA JAGGI (Bareilly)

A Communist friend of mine keeps a well-trimmed beard and says that in India one can't afford to shave daily but I wonder how he can afford to spend on a tin of 999 cigarettes daily?

Never try to analyse a Communist. If you do, you will find a synthesis of opportunism and pseudo-intellectualism.

Can two ends never meet?

Aren't they in grips in Kashmir at the moment?

Ah, things have gone wrong and the little woman is in a pouting mood. When women sulk, they need an air-lift to the bedroom. To see how Shashikala's lips were stretched again into a smile, we must see "Chacha Chowdhary", a social theme produced by Kardar Productions.

K. B. LALL (Indore)

What is Mother India's contribution to Islam?

To the first 6000 Arabs that Mahomed Ibn Qassim brought into India in 712 A.D., we have added nearly 10 crores of people in 1241 years.

Is Karl Marx really dead?

He seems to have been the third brother of Ahiravan and Mahiravan from Hindu mythology, seeing the millions of Communists that have sprung from his blood all over the world.

MRS. CHANDRA KANTA (New Delhi)

I wish you make a second home in Delhi?

Do you know the contents of a home?

HINDULAL M. SHAH (Kalandari)

Is there any chance of India and Pakistan uniting again?

No! Amputated parts never join again.

What will be the probable result of a plebiscite in Kashmir?

The result has never been in doubt. The Kashmiri Muslims will vote for Pakistan.

T. DORAIRAJ (Tiruchirapalli)

Who has a more attractive face: Nirupa Roy or Peace Kanwal?

Nirupa has a mother's face while Peace has still a searching look in her eyes.

ANAND S. TALWAR (New Delhi)

If you had been the Prime Minister of India, what would have been your first official act?

I would have named the Five-Year Plan as a war measure and made the Army responsible for it.

BIPIN RAY (Bombay)

Are there women wrestlers?

There are two in Delhi—Amrit Kaur and Sushila Nayyar.

What can we learn from Stalin?

The dead are so polite and peaceful.

Are there virgins in America too?

Yes, in the cradles!

SUSHIL KUMAR (Jodhpur)

Future of 'Reds'?

The future belongs to them.

16 M.M.

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The Gorkha watchman treats them.

J. RAI (New Delhi)

I want to die. Could you please help me?

Have they pulled down the Kutub Minar?

B. B. MAMA (Panchgani)

Do you consider yourself lucky?

Yes and blessed!

SURESH GOVIND POTDAR (Bombay)

Is there any man or woman of the Nehru family unemployed?

Rajiv and Sanjiv—his two grandsons. They are still schooling in England.

My friend describes Morarji as a history-maker?

All men who make mistakes make history.

MISS DOLLY GOTLA (Bombay)

Do you like Marilyn Monroe? Boys seem to be crazy about her?

She is well upholstered but not beautiful.

Do you appreciate long nails?

I dislike them. They make women look like cats.

M. G. CHAUDHARY (Bombay)

How do you like Mr. Feroze Gandhi?

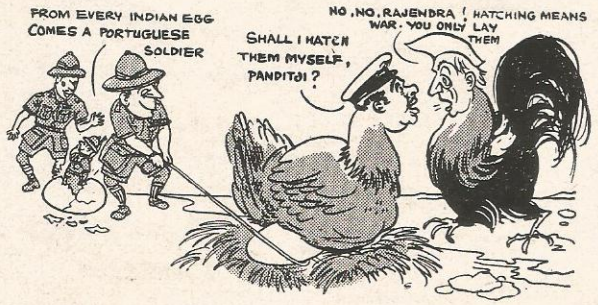
Nice chap! I have not met him yet but he is the least noisy among the Nehrus.

What made Pandit Nehru so popular?

Bluff and bluster! He spoke while others kept modestly silent.

Say something about our army?

It is laying eggs which the Portuguese are hatching.


FROM EVERY INDIAN EGG COMES A PORTUGUESE SOLDIER
SHALL I HATCH THEM MYSELF, PANDITJI?
NO, NO, RAJENDRA! HATCHING MEANS WAR. YOU ONLY LAY THEM

Do you keep poison in your house?

No! I use my tongue when necessary.

Can Kripalani deliver the goods?

But the goods are with Nehru. Kripalani rushes about with an empty truck.

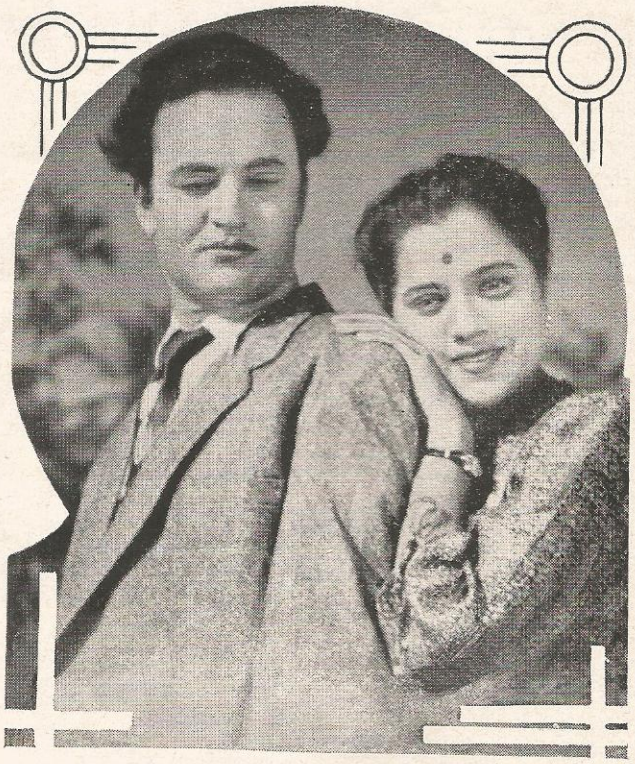
Where is Pushpa Hans nowadays?

She is watching army manoeuvres these days.

Are the Chinese happy in Mao Tse Tung's raj?

Do you hear any complaints? The Chinese have lost their tongue.

Who is Marilyn Monroe?



Mukesh doesn't seem to be very happy with a girl like Usha Kiran resting on his shoulders. But he doesn't know that he is enjoying this privilege which is the prayer of millions in "Anuraag", a musical romance directed by Madhusudan and produced by Mukesh.

That is bodyline device for taking wickets in bed.

MISS OPINDRA ANAND (Bombay)

I like to kill a man but how?

Marry one and let him die in your bed.

J. B. WILLIAM (Bangalore)

Even Nehru plays cricket?

Refusing an enquiry into Dr. Mookerjee's death was not cricket.

S. VITTAL RAO (Madras)

How to overcome the dread of dawn?

Acquire an interest in some daytime work and each sunrise will bring new energy into your lazy nerves.

Is writing poems on beautiful girls bad?

A poem on one girl may be excused on the grounds of love but poems on several girls is mental debauchery.

I have nothing like pay-days. How sad?

Your affliction is tragic enough but you have made it more so by self-pity. Millions of invalids work in their wheel-chairs and lead a useful life. Some write articles for newspapers, some write books, some make paper flowers, some do knitting. There are a thousand little things which an invalid can do with his hands and turn every day into a pay-day. Dr. Coelho, a Bombay specialist in chil-

dren's diseases and himself a victim of poliomyelitis, goes about in a wheel-chair and brings relief to thousands of children every year and in doing so earns thousands of rupees annually. You have no will to work and you want to capitalize on the sympathy of others. That is not manhood. If you respect me, as you often say, write to the editor of the Industry Magazine in Calcutta and ask him what you can do in your invalid state and begin doing it at once. Though my hands and feet are intact, I have no stomach. I am in terrible pain twenty days in a month. I live on a diet at which dogs won't look twice and yet I work 16 hours a day to earn an honest living and look after a number of people dependent on me.

THAKUR DAS (Bombay)

Are there any women politicians in Pakistan?

I don't know whether we can call Fatima Jinnah a woman but she is a dangerous politician.

Can you keep a Punjabi girl under your thumb?

The thumb won't be enough.

P. K. KUNJU MOIDU (Cochin)

Recently at a meeting at Coonoor, Mr. R. K. Karanjia of "Blitz" described himself as "the Chief Bandit of Bombay"?

I knew Russi was an honest man.

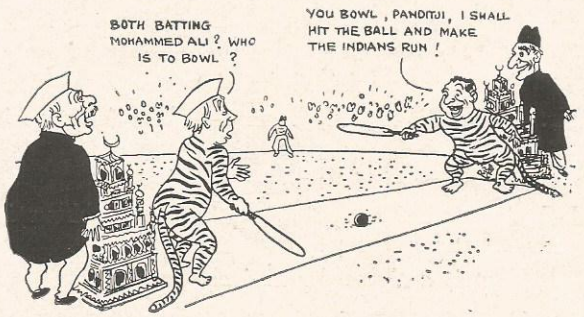
A. V. NARASIMHAN (Secunderabad)

Who is a worse fanatic: a Pakistan Pakistani or an Indian Pakistani?

An Indian Pakistani is a traitor, a Pakistan Pakistani is a patriot. Traitors are always more fanatic.

Indo-Pakistan Film Festival! Is it a practical joke?

It is a secular Muharrum show!



SUBASH J. RELE (Bombay)

What is a whisper to Miss Gohar?

Whisper is a thunderbolt to a chronic virgin.

Are Muslims indispensable to India?

Yes! They are an integral part of our landscape. They add colour and excitement to our life. Without the Muslims India will revert to the Brahmin imperialism of old. And that will be a tragedy.

Have you ever heard Morarji speaking sense?

He has his sick and weak moments.

What happens to film actresses when they lose their curves?

Staring straight into the other's eyes is another technique of attracting attention. It does make the man curious and curiosity often leads to adventure. Nadira Malik provides some interesting fun in "Rang Raliyan", a romantic tale produced by Achha Sahib and directed by Aziz Kashmiri for Film Town.

They lose their producers.

Is Zahur Raja trying to come back to India?

When he came last, he left his wife behind as his lien on India.

What do you expect from Vinoba?

A glorious farewell.

The Pak Premier seems to be a shrewd man?

People who handle explosives have to be careful.

Do you have any regard for our national leaders?

I like those who work and don't pose as heroes.

What do you think of Peace Kanwal's future?

She has no future. She will get old before that.

Do you think Maulana Azad loves Hindus?

A man always builds his home in the midst of the people he loves.

Is Nargis happy?

Shouldn't a woman who has earned over twenty-five lakhs of rupees in films be happy?

Mr. Sood looks martial?

Appearances are often deceptive.

MAHENDER CHOWDHARY (London)

With your sense of humour and biting cynicism, how much do you think you must be losing in advertise-

ment revenue from pan-chewing nitwits and goofs of the film industry?

Filmindia loses a lot of advertisements which it should get every month because of its tremendous circulation and popularity but the magazine is run by a journalist who considers its contents more important than its profits.

G. S. KARVE (Kalyan)

After presidentship of the U. N. O., what next for Mrs. Vijaylakshmi Pandit?

We have the family Cabinet.

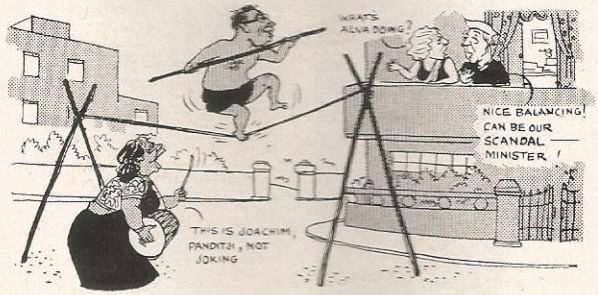
When the Pak Premier landed at Delhi, some ten thousand people greeted him. Who were they?

Muslims! The population of Delhi is 15 lakhs.

MRS. RAJANI DEVI (Bombay)

What is your political forecast about Joachim Alva?

He will start as a deputy minister and end as a minister. He must dance a little more before Nehru's eyes.



K. G. MATHUR (New Delhi)

Would you like to have your samadhi near Bapu's?

What is the use of lying with Bapu on earth when I know that there is no accommodation for me in heaven? I am not a whitecapped hypocrite.

And still Nehru goes on delivering lectures?

He has to entertain the idiots and keep them in good humour for the next elections.

MADHUKAR S. PATIL (Belgaum)

An astrologer has told me that I am going to become a great man like Mahatma Gandhi. Shall I believe in his astrology?

Of course, you should believe the astrologer and proceed to work hard to fulfil the prediction. Mahatma Gandhi worked day and night for sixty long years before he was crowned as the Father of our nation.

K. PONNUSWAMY (Poona)

He should be a clever man who sings 'dry' songs and drinks illicit liquor as well!

Most of the Congressmen do that. Hypocrites are usually clever.

Do you fear death?

Fear the only friend I claim to have?

Mr. Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed—whose footsteps is he following?

Footprints of history.

I think we shall soon find a friendly neighbour in Pakistan. What do you say?

That is a theme for national prayers.

OM PRAKASH MAHINDER (New Delhi)

Mr. Kidwai said in Bombay: "There was no charge against Sheikh Abdullah for which he need be tried." Then why all this fuss?

Kidwai being a Muslim naturally thinks that "disruptionism, corruption, nepotism, maladministration and establishment of foreign contacts of a kind dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the State", of which the Sheikh is accused, are not criminal acts. He probably sees virtue in repeating history.

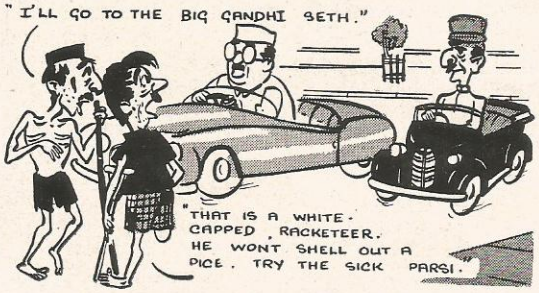
V. S. THAMBY RAJAH (Batticaloa, Ceylon)

In the old days the man who saved money was a miser. What is he today?

A magician!

Can beggars pick and choose?

They do these days.



What is a motto to a newspaper?

A smoke-screen for its readers!

What is the 'new look'?

That is four inches of extra skirt length to cover bow-legs.

B. SUBBA RAO (Bombay)

Meena Kumari looks very simple and innocent. Is she really so?

The innocent look in a woman is a 3-D look.

Most people consider Bina Rai a great beauty. What do you think of her looks?

Bina has a good complexion but a very uninteresting face. She cannot be called beautiful.

I know some people who regard ballroom dancing as the height of civilization?

Then civilization is still at the foot level.

Can a Punjabi gentleman be trusted?

That is a difficult question to answer because a Punjabi is usually a man in constant crisis. But he often gets into hysterics of affection and you can rely upon him then.

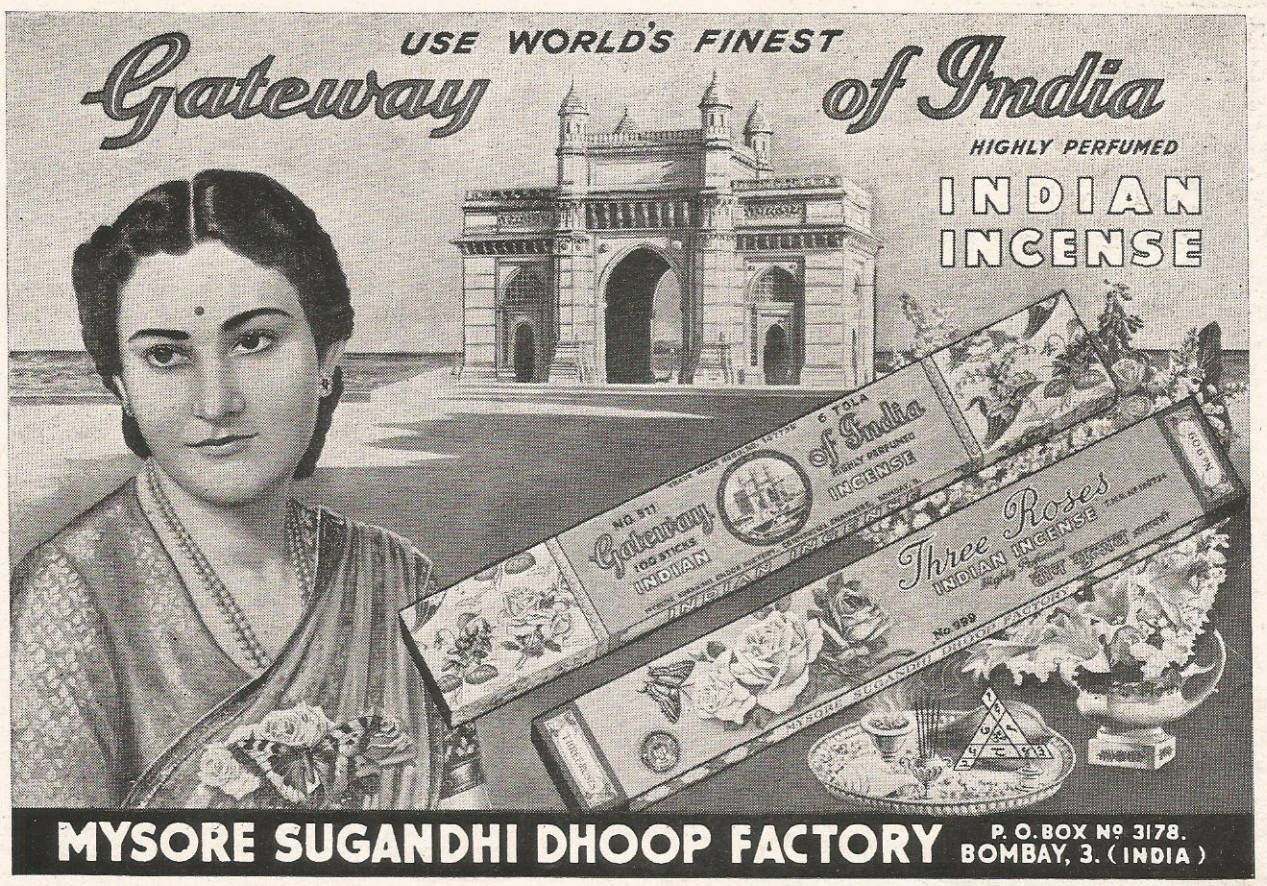
MRS. NALINI N. KATVI (Bombay)

What happened when Miss Henderson sang?

We stopped drinking and marched to the dining table. In Miss Henderson's song we always heard a dinner gong.

I. G. ASHOK (New Delhi)

Previously it was thought that Pandit Nehru after resigning from the Prime Ministership of India, may retire to the beautiful valley of Kashmir as a guest of



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Sheikh Abdullah. But in the changed circumstances, what is the possibility?

Pandit Nehru will have to work as the Prime Minister to feed Abdullah in his retirement.

V. GANESH SHASTRI (New Delhi)

Have the Socialists been able to find a Mahatma?

They have been giving different names to Vinoba Bhave but Vinoba doesn't seem to be anxious to swallow the bait.

MRS. S. N. DANI (Madras)

My husband is in Japan. I don't know how he is enjoying without me?

What is the fun in going to Japan with you? Your husband is clever.

C. R. NATARAJAN (Bombay)

I am seriously thinking of starting a fast unto death against the linguistic disintegration of India?

Do! Heaven will claim you before those on earth realize what you were about.

Keskar's attempt at improving A. I. R. is a total failure?

Are you surprised?

A city never sleeps?

Bombay does! You can't keep awake with illicit liquor inside.

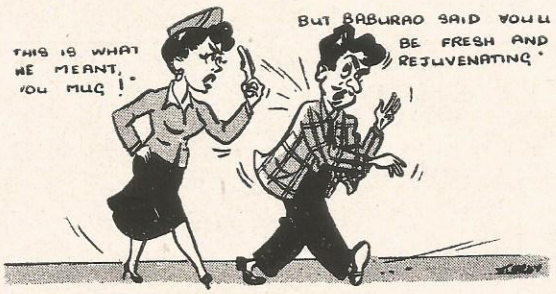
V. SUBBA RAO (Madras)

Is Morarji a kind man?

Yes, but he has rigid principles.

Can an air hostess be as cheap as air?

She can be as fresh as air. And you don't know how rejuvenating she can be.



H. L. SETHI (New Delhi)

Mrs. Roosevelt calls Mrs. Pandit the ablest woman in the world today. Is she really?

It is a compliment from one old widow to another.

Will my questions ever hit the bull's-eye again?

You are asking silly questions these days. Get married and you will be faced with new problems.

K. PARTI (Pilani)

Who is the most punctual and disciplined girl amongst our film stars?

Madhubala!

Do you believe in "Love thy neighbour"?

Christianity cannot be applied to my neighbourhood.

Why don't girls take the initiative in love?

Girls always take the initiative by taking some obvious precautions and yet exposing themselves in a subtle manner.

S. D. SHUKLA (Kanpur)

What happened to the tears of Dr. Mossadeq?

They were used for sticking dollar bills in the Shah's palace.

M. SARANGI (Padampur)

Which biography of Mahatma Gandhi is the best and should be purchased?

D. G. Tendulkar's "Mahatma" in eight volumes is easily the best book in the world on Gandhiji.

K. D. MUKHERJEE (Lucknow)

Why do you not write your educational qualifications?

I have none. The Universities have not yet conferred a degree on failed matriculates.

Why is Communism spreading everywhere?

Because Congress promises are bursting like soap bubbles. People want immediate relief from their present distress and they have no patience either for Nehru's long-winded lectures or for the bungling of his white-capped ministers!

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G. C. AMARENDRA NAIDU (Bellary)

Are Anglo-Indian girls good motorists?

With enterprising company they can turn a car into a helicopter of heaven.

MRS. SUNANDA BAI (Bombay)

Does S. K. Patil wish to die a martyr?

A man from Malwan never believes in throwing away his life.

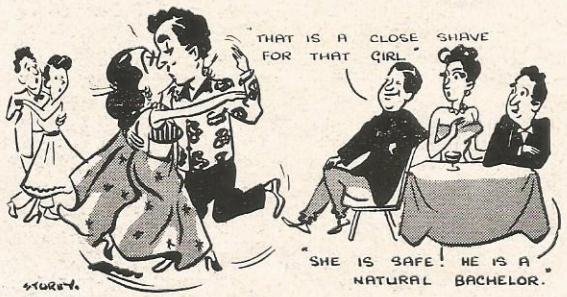
What is S. S. Vasan doing these days?

He is counting the blessings of Auvaiyar, the Mira of the South.

K. K. IYENGAR (Madras)

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot?

That is what they do in modern ballrooms and call it romance. In olden days they used these things for vengeance.



K. R. RAJAN (Bombay)

The way many Sindhis gad about in Bombay, especially the ladies in gay garments and overdone make-up, I can't believe they are refugees in distress. But you seem to think otherwise?

The Sindhis were used to a good and comfortable life while in Sindh. Fortunes disappear quicker than habits and the blush is but a milestone of memory.

A. N. NARAYANA RAO (Mysore)

What is Pakistan's right to Kashmir?

It is a Crescent connection.

Are dimples on cheeks beauty spots?

Many young women who lose their molars also get dimples.

Is it inglorious to die in one's bed?

It is immoral to die in a woman's bed.

S. Y. WASUDEO (Bombay)

Which religion would you choose if the Hindus throw you out?

How can they throw out a man whom the Hindus have never claimed? The Banjaras, though Kshatriyas, were first classified as Criminal Tribes. Later, they were promoted to the Backward Classes. Gandhiji labelled them all as Harijans. And no one calls Harijans Hindus except themselves. I am a Hindu because I claim to be one and a better one than many so-called Brahmins—the ancient defenders of the faith.

Who prays for Morarjibhai's raj for many many more years?

I used to and in spite of Prohibition. But after the filthy Tube-Well Scandal, I have stopped. Morarji seems to lack even primary honesty.

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The names of the prize-winners will be announced in "filmindia" every month and the prize money will be remitted by money order while the copies of "Grey Dust" will be sent by registered post.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR NOVEMBER

1st Prize to Arjan D. Bharwani (Bangalore); 2nd Prize to M. G. Sriraman (Secunderabad); 3rd Prize to E. R. Srinivasan (Hyderabad-Dn.); 4th Prize to Jiwat Moorjani (Poona); 5th Prize to Hariram G. Jugat (Bombay); 6th Prize to M. S. Krishnan (Sailu); 7th Prize to V. Subba Rao (Madras) and 20 consolation prizes to the following:—P. M. Mahtani (Ootacamund); Miss Uma Sikand (New Delhi); Miss Saras Doraiswamy (Butterworth, P.W., Malaya); Mohammad Zafar (Allahabad); Miss Uma Prasad (Suva, Fiji); Dinesh J. Raval (Baroda); Mrs. Annapoorna Rao (Delhi); P. Nanoo (Selangor, Malaya); S. L. Bailur (Bombay); Mrs. Bhatia M. D. (Bombay); Rajinder Singh Dabooja (Bangkok, Thailand); Suresh Chandra Bhargava (Ajmer); Chittaranjan Ghosh (Calcutta); P. Athimoolam (Madras); Miss Chandraprabha Saxena (Gwalior); K. S. Taranandi (Khalari); Narendra Jaggi (Bareilly); Mahender Chowdhary (London); V. S. Thamby Rajah (Batticaloa, Ceylon) and K. Parti (Pilani). Money orders and copies are being sent to all the prize winners.

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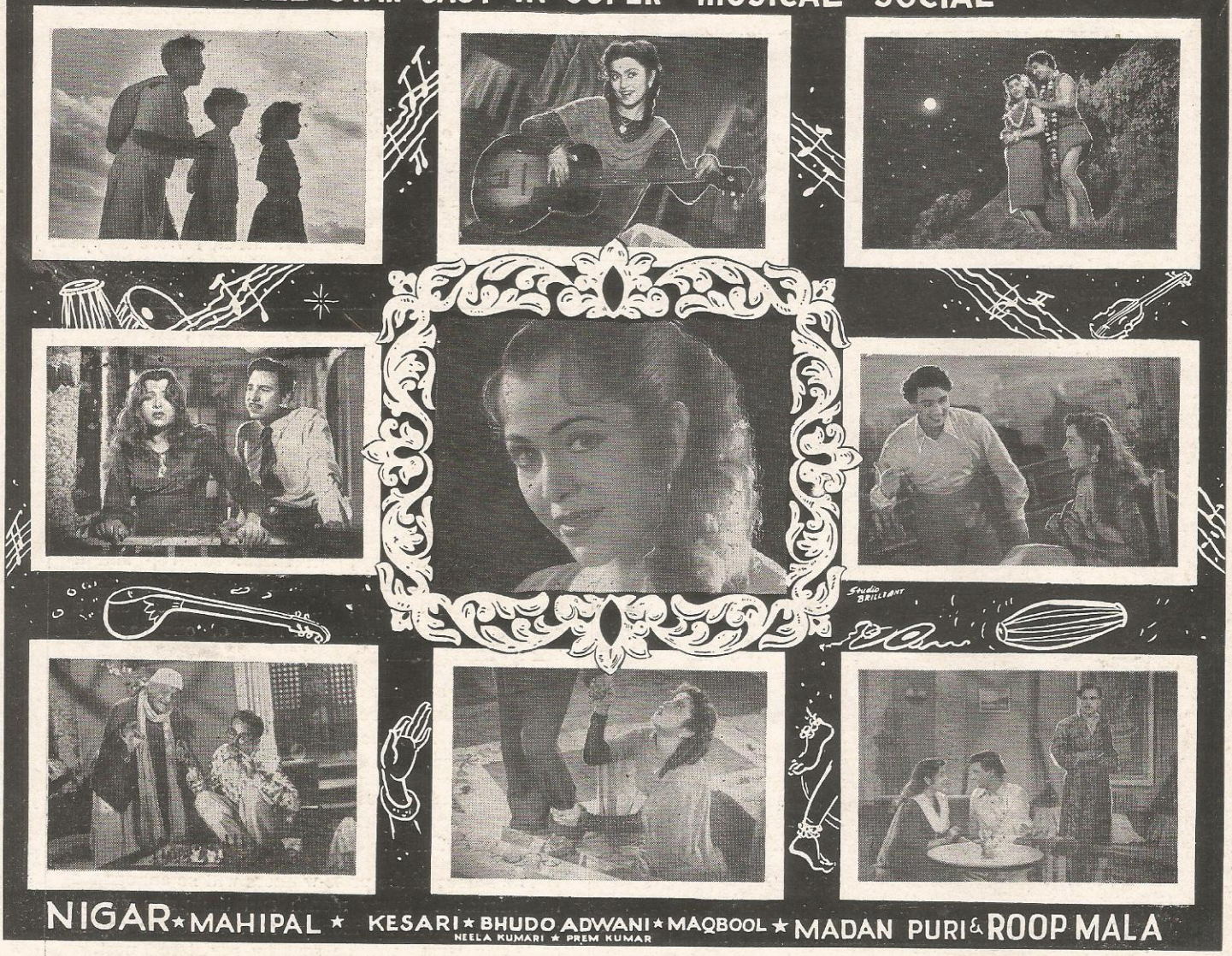

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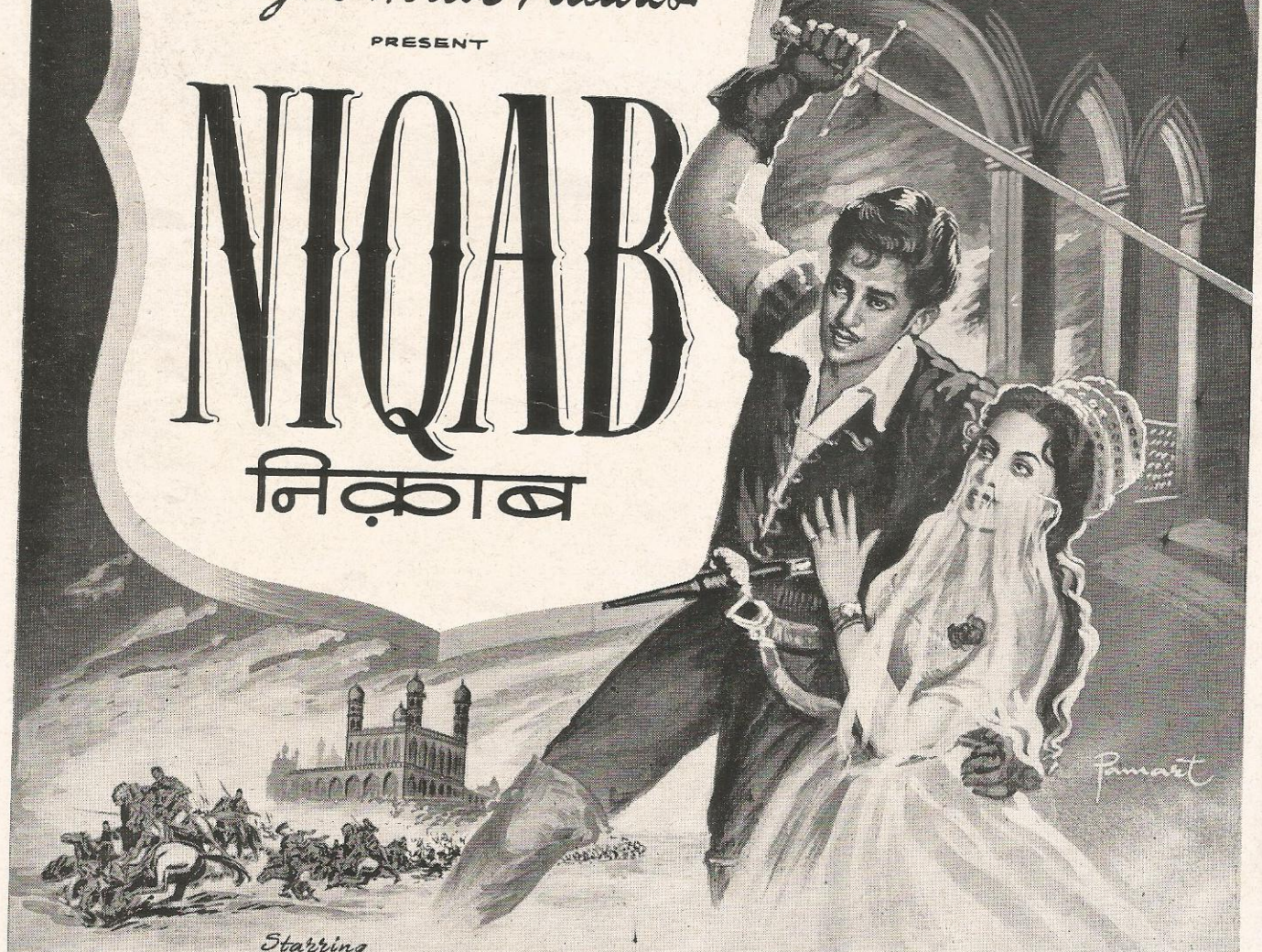

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A. K. Gopalan, A Likely Minister

A Militant, Quarrelsome Chap !

By : PHYRUZ CANTEENWALA

As the scope of the science of astrology is as wide and varied as it is breath-taking in its immensity, no emphasis will be too great for the assertion that one and the only basis, on which the accuracy of horoscopical predictions of individuals cannot be challenged, is the knowing of one's exact birth data viz. place, time, date month and year. Mark the word "exact".

It is in view of this natal information indispensable to individual horoscopy that I have, to the degree, feasible and prudent, made predictions solely with the assumption that the birth data as furnished me by the native himself or acquired through independent sources is correct.

In my previous horoscopical delineations in Filmindia the predictions may have been wide off the mark (of course very rarely) due either to insufficient birth data or to an error of judgment on my part. In the latter case I am ever open to correction, and will readily acknowledge the discrepancies that may have crept in, and, whenever possible I shall either correct, modify or change them altogether, if need be, unhesitatingly, and even explain them beyond any doubt as the advances in modern astrology may necessitate, always placing before me the motto of dealing with nothing but that which measures up to the most exacting standards of interpretation set by the ancient exponents of the art.

It is only through such an inquiring eye, that one can help open up new vistas of investigation with beguiling prospects of enlargement of the knowledge of astrology, brushing aside sceptics, like Nehru, who ever so obsessed with hostile likes and dislikes, miserably fail to grasp the subject.

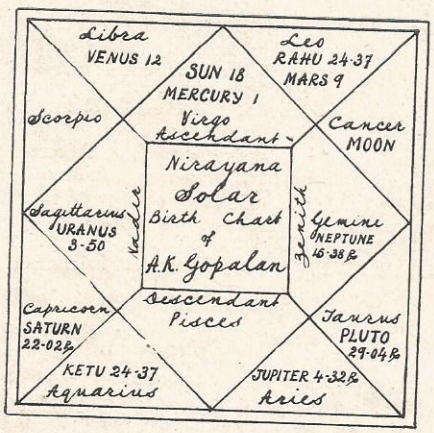
NEHRU'S BIRTHPLACE

I regret to have to draw the attention of my readers and the astrological world in particular, that the place of birth as taken while preparing Nehru's astral reading published in August 1952 issue of Filmindia was Allahabad the latitude of which is 25 degrees 27 minutes North and the longitude 81 degrees 51 minutes East whereas his actual birthplace is Kashmir the latitude of which is 34 degrees 6 minutes North and the longitude 74 degrees 51 minutes East approximately. It must be apparent therefore that these latitudinal and longitudinal discrepancies in his birth data materially vitiate the positions of the zodiacal signs and the longitudes and the locations of the planets in his radical chart, the Dashas and the progressed planetary aspects as a result of which my future predictions will not coincide with the events of his life. I shall, therefore, after thorough investigation, prepare his fresh horoscope at no distant date based on the new information regarding his birthplace and shall publish his reading in one of the coming issues of "filmindia".

One word of explanation from me, before beginning with the legitimate task of reading a life. It will be appropriate to remark that being an ardent devotee of astrology, I have made it my life's mission, as far as publication of my articles is concerned to make a searching probe with double motive into the future of eminent persons in whose hands Fate has placed the destiny of millions. Firstly, that of enlightening the native concerned with what the future holds in store for him. Secondly, of appealing to fellow astrologers to determine and pass any fair but not malicious comment, as to how far I have deviated from the established tenets of the science to render my predictions in any way unscientific, so that I may correct wherever I am wrong or vindicate wherever I am right.

GOPALAN'S MILITANT FUTURE

In this spirit I shall now project my vision into the militant future of Mr. A. K. Gopalan, the leader of the Communist Party and an Opposition Member of Parliament, from the angle of national awakening for the economic emancipa-



tion of those downtrodden souls who living under Nehru's own democracy of the Congress order laid bare by his undemocratic Preventive Detention Act, are simply damned to eternal poverty. It is no wonder therefore that the masses should look askance and may well ask themselves, "Is such a Congress government to be called democratic that can deprive them of their bare daily necessities of life viz. food, clothing and shelter that was accepted as the legitimate foundation of Indian Independence? Will Nehru, who affirms to have cultivated any sense of proportion, deny that the present Raj is but a one man's show aimed at deceiving the illiterate masses (particularly in respect of defeated Morarji in Bombay and non-elected Rajaji in Madras) thus trying to preserve his own gadi and self-importance? Can he deny that he professes non-violence abroad whereas he himself practises violence at home by terrorizing, under the Preventive Detention Act, those who have the constitutional right to agitate for their legitimate demands? Will he dare assert that the Congress rule of six years is but a short period for placing even the bare necessaries of existence within easy

Comrade A. K. Gopalan, M. P.—the Red light to the Congress tyrants.

reach of the masses?" Surely, in no case he can, for is it not an open fact that the Congress has failed to deliver the goods and by its unpardonably unconstitutional acts is now out simply to patch up every inch of the hypocritical cloak of a tottering regime?

In the wake of the tragic administrative shortcomings of the Congress and the coming Saturnian events, I am urged, in an Aquarian spirit of inquiry and reason, to take a Uranian plunge into the horoscope of Mr. A. K. Gopalan with a view to scientifically assess his Martian ways and means of ameliorating the condition of the poverty-stricken millions who have so long been the innocent victims of the authoritarian Congress rule.

Before so doing, however, I must make it quite clear that I hold no political creed, I belong to no political party, nor do I hold brief for any party. My business as an astrologer is simply to investigate the positions of the various planets and interpret their effects on the future of an individual without fear or favour, prejudice or praise, either.

MAN OF STERLING MERITS

Ayilliath Kutteri Gopalan was born on Tuesday, October 4, 1904 in the village of Marilayi in Chirakkal Taluka of Malabar in Madras when the earthy mutable and critical Virgo, symbolised by the Virgin, rules the ascendant of his solar chart. Under the Mercurian sway of this constellation he is endowed with a poignantly critical heart, sharp intellect and an innate craving for human betterment. His outlook on life consists of a gentle balance between intellectual and emotional elements. The most distinctive trait in his character is his impulse for sympathetic consideration. To the timorous he brings hope, and to the brave an inspiration for the fulfilment of ambition.

He is so highly esteemed by his colleagues for his discretion that simply for this one reason he is entrusted with important secrets, thus paving his way to spring from a position of obscurity to one of prominence in a very short time.

When a comedian becomes a policeman, crime becomes fun and law becomes a farce. Om Prakash is, of course, very serious about the case in hand without knowing that a policeman is not supposed to smoke while on duty. But let us see what a mess he makes in "Rang Raliyan", a love tale produced by Achha Sahib and directed by Aziz Kashmiri for Film Town.

Can anyone deny that the swift attainment of such a position is not an effect of his own sterling merits brought about by the fiery planet Mars which rules the natural third mental House of Scorpio in his solar horoscope?

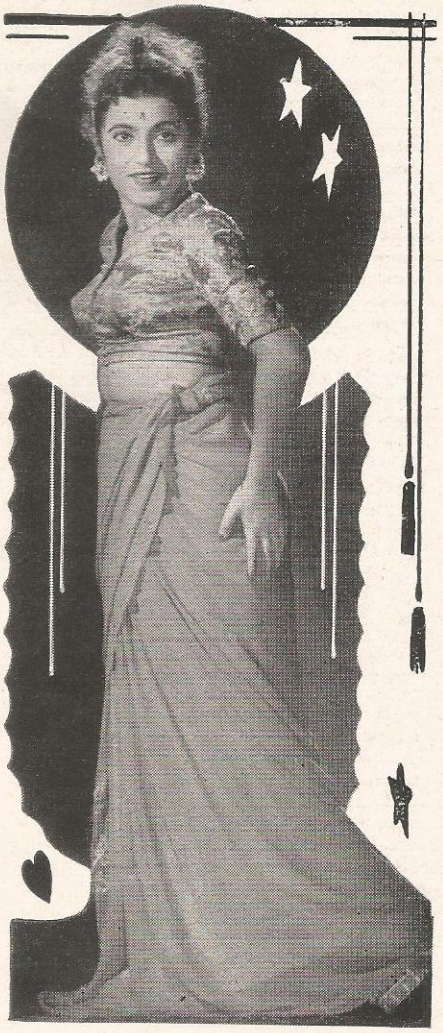
Mars, the red-hot planet of war, is powerfully placed in the twelfth House of the fiery sign Leo which rules antagonism. This planet is in first nonile (i.e. conjoined in Gemini by Navamsa) with the Sun which governs the twelfth House of Leo. It is this dynamic formation at birth that accounts for his agitative and aggressive bent and inculcates in him the conviction to strive for his objective by the violence of his anger, words and efforts. The Martial Mars is in grand trine with Uranus and Jupiter which rule his home and occupation, and association and public affairs respectively. The social devotion of Jupiter and the freedom-loving air of Uranus are in unique harmony with the warlike disposition of Mars distinguishing him as the rare militant socialist of the Uranian type of the people's democracy. This trait is completely borne out by the benefic sextiles of Venus and Neptune with Mars tempering his resistive thoughts with subtle vision and foresight, and love and harmony enabling him to attain his objective unassailed even to the extent of bringing about successfully an economic revolution of a democratic order by wresting power from unwilling hands.

A QUARRELSOME FELLOW

Besides Mars, Pluto rules the third mental House of Scorpio. Pluto, the planet of power and emotions, is in retrograde sextile with Jupiter and in powerful trine with Saturn, the ruler of the fifth House of contest and the sixth House of occupation, which is in trine with the Sun. As a result of this exceptionally benefic double trine of Saturn with Pluto and the Sun, he is imbued with unlimited energy to cope effectively with any public issues that may confront him in his everyday pursuits making for an active, enthusiastic, persevering and successful life. He has that rare-courage of his convictions so that he clearly speaks out his mind and since he is by nature adventurous, combatant and provoking, he loses no opportunity to pick a quarrel and with Saturnian sword of Plutonian power fearlessly lunges forward to meet any challenge of his rivals and opponents.

Nevertheless Neptune is in square with the Sun, and Pluto and Uranus with Mercury, and Rahu with Pluto. These malefic aspects reveal that he will be at loggerheads with his colleagues who may fail to see eye to eye with him on important issues and who may conspire or attempt to tarnish his reputation at times. But will they ever succeed in doing so? They cannot. Since Neptune is in trine with Ketu and in sextile with Rahu, and Mars in double trine with Uranus and Jupiter, he is sure always to come out triumphant over his adversaries.

In the lunar chart (Cancer as the ascendant) Mars, the lord of the meridian Aries, is posited in the natural second House of Leo which rules finance. This planet is in double sextile with Venus and Neptune, in first nonile with the Sun and in mutual trine with Uranus and Jupiter the latter planet being elevated at the zenith and in double quintile with Saturn and Neptune, in first nonile with Ketu and in retrograde sextile with Pluto. The combined influence of these dynamic planetary aspects at birth denotes that the main axis around which the gamut of his intellect and acquisition of experiences necessary for ameliorating the lot of the masses revolves is economic revolution. In the field of such endeavour Mars, posited in the second House of finance, contributes immeasurably to taking independent and constructive deci-



Anything for stardom seems to be the motto of the film artistes these days. Here is Roopmala in full warpaint in "Bazooband", a romantic story produced by Asha Biswas and directed by Ramanand Sagar for Variety Productions.

sions. Though he is seldom credited with any acumen of finance, the fact is that he utilizes his knowledge to right conclusions—a very valuable asset in political economy. To add to this Uranus bestows on him the requisite freedom to vigorously fight against and urge on the government in a fashion that cannot but force its hands to radically change its avowed economic policy. To heighten the magnitude of this aspect, the Sun, the lord of Leo which rules finance, is in trine with Saturn and in first nonile with Mars which is situated in Leo. This aspect clearly depicts in no small degree his natural talents for finance and his capacity for the constructive utility of public money (not to mention Nehru's Comptometer Deshmukh). Moreover, the benefic aspects between Jupiter, Mars and Uranus in particular opine that he is destined to hold responsible positions in life, including even a ministership in the future governments to be.

Nevertheless Mercury and the Sun, posited in the third mental House of Virgo, are in square with Uranus and Pluto, and Neptune respectively. This aspect, besides making him a most powerful critic at times, conclusively goes to show that the key of his success always lies in his differences with the government. However much he may be found to be at cross purposes with his colleagues or the government in bringing them to his point of view it seems assured that in the end he surely wins.

A MAN OF CONSCIENCE

A careful study of his radical solar and lunar horoscopes undoubtedly shows that Mr. Gopalan, although a Communist, will always shirk from selling his conscience to foreign elements even for the sake of his party's gains; if anything, he will use all his intellectual force to attain his goal by independent and honourable means. Though looked down upon by the party in power for the sake of the Communist label, it is sure that he will, in time to come, outshine all his critics and will indisputably leave his mark on everything that he undertakes to the amazement of his deriding opponents.

It may be pointed out here that the native's time of birth not being available I have to omit that part of his future predictions which are based on the Dashas and the progressed aspects of the Moon. Nevertheless I am almost certain that my predictions based as they are on the progression of the Sun, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus Neptune, Pluto, Rahu and Ketu cannot fail to mirror a true picture of Mr. Gopalan's future.

The consideration of the progressed planetary aspects reveals that the next fifteen years from now will be a period when his energy and the mettle he is made of will be put to an acid test and there remains no doubt that he will unequivocally convince the nation that he proceeds on the right lines so that he assuredly triumphs in the end thus disillusioning his critics from looking at him from their present angle.

Though financiers, capitalists and vested interests find a source of strength in the present Congress Raj and are afraid of Communism replacing what the Congress stands for, it may be noted to their advantage that any such belief will be misplaced, and they will in the end realize that Communism, as far as the country's economic outlook is concerned, is no enemy of theirs but on the contrary it will endeavour to foster their attempts to multiply commerce and trade by exploiting the country's natural resources, which the Congress has left untouched, through utilizing national wealth and national labour available from any source and thereby add to their already heavy accumulations for no other purpose than the relief and uplift of the masses from every national point of view.

Should Congressmen persist in their assertion that the Communists are incapable of guiding the nation, Mr. Gopalan will rudely, one day, shake their confidence that his party has men of outstanding administrative ability who can efficiently deliver the goods.

From the above description it should be clear to the readers that Communism is not to be construed with a prejudice but has to be given its due place for economic advance in the governance of the country. Will not the Congress therefore think twice to modify its biassed opinion about Communism and try to mend its ways accordingly before it is too late to enable itself to set its own house in order?

ASP/HC 66

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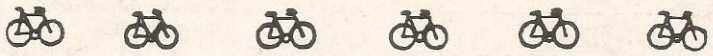

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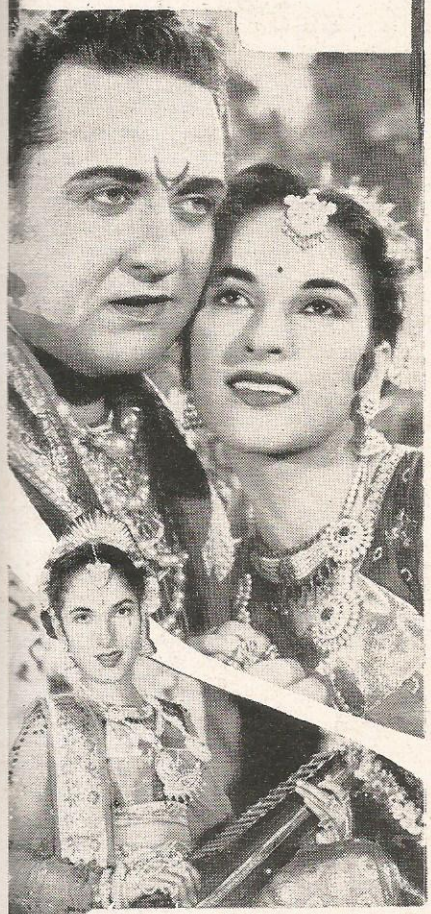
OUR REVIEW

"Surang", A Disgraceful And Disgusting Picture !

Shantaram Insults The Poor Workers !



Sapru and Asha Mathur make a new romantic team in "Raj Yogi", an ancient tale of royal love produced by C. M. Trivedi.

There should be a mile between music and Asha Mathur but playback singers bridge the gulf and help to maintain the illusion.

After seeing Rajkamal Kalamandir's "Surang" one feels that the suceessful and entertaining "Parchhain" and "Teen Batti Char Rasta" were only a flash in Shantaram's tinsel pan during his professional senility and perennial intellectual juvenility. Because in "Surang" Shantaram once again reveals his shocking intellectual imbecility by making a picture which is downright rotten and demented in sense, sentiment and structure.

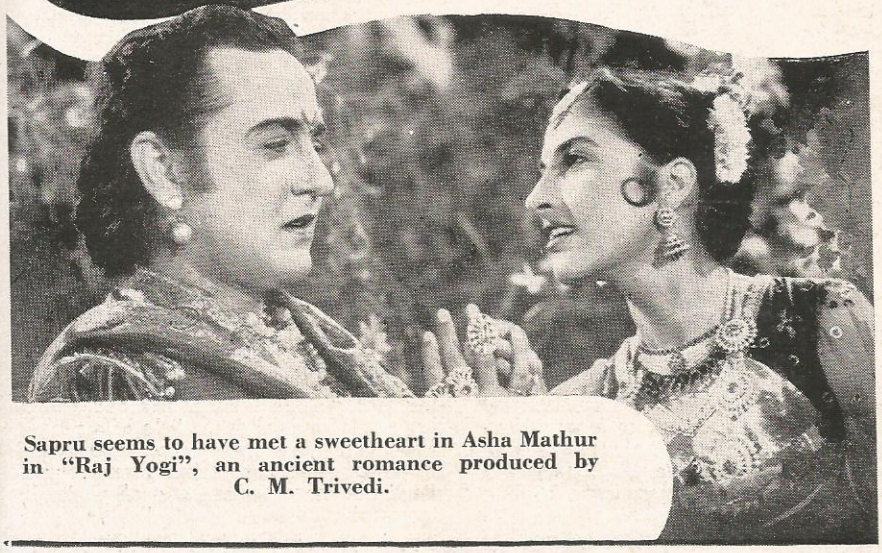
It is difficult to ascribe the creation of "Surang" to a person who has even remote claims to sanity and intelligence. "Surang" is not a motion picture. It is a confounded cacophony, a blistering babel, a sheer stupid and sickening shriek. In this picture Shantaram tries to express his babbling brand of sympathy for the poor and while doing so slaps them in the face, kicks them in the shins and insults and outrages them by painting them as an assemblage of asses, a genotype of grotesque gluttons, a swarm of born idiots who do not know what they want from the world, why they want anything and how to get it and who do not know how to climb the alleys of their legitimate revolt unless a rich, twaddling son-of-a-purse takes the helm and prescribes the path. But had Shantaram seen and observed life without cocking his eye in soporific self-glory, he would have known that the poor are not what he has painted them on the screen. He would have known that the poor have more grace, dignity and self-respect than is shown by many accidental millionaires, characterless upstarts and other chosen proteges of Mammon. Had he read even a few intelligent books in his life he would have also known that though individually the poor may be stupid and slow to comprehend things, as a class they are pretty intelligent and lynx-eyed and in all likelihood, if the Communists keep up their overground spade-work and underground hammer-and-sickle-work, these very poor may one day teach Shantaram how to make motion pictures.

The mere intention of sympathising with the poor is not enough. Before rushing to express some celluloid-sympathy with the poor, one must know them, understand their life, manners and problems and must also possess some burning sincerity. As a matter of fact the poor don't need any such superficial sentiments of sympathy because after all they constitute more than ninety per cent of the population of this globe and are a mighty force and they know this, thanks to Karl Marx and his nibbling Red posterity. All one can do to serve the poor is to champion their cause against ruthless capitalist exploiters by presenting an honest, truthful, realistic and clear-headed picture of their life and problems with sincere and pervading sympathy.

There is however a difference between sympathy and the sentiment of pity. To sympathize with the poor is all right. But to pity them is to insult them. But with Shantaram, of course, it is beyond his ken to be aware of such distinctions between various human sentiments. The result is that though he sets out to sympathize with the poor he only succeeds in pitying them and in spite of being violently concerned with the poor throughout, "Surang" neither appears to be a sincere dedication to the multitude of miserables nor even a reasonably true picture of their life. It not only portrays the poor in a far from realistic manner but also in a misleading and disgusting way. "Surang" is not a realistic portrait throbbing with an innate understanding and an inbred sympathy. On the contrary, it looks like a hybrid hymn of hypocrisy following a vogue rather than serving a purpose. It is not a warm and rebellious sigh in support of the poor. It looks like the silly slobber of a person who seems to mistake pity for sympathy and pours it over the picture generously with a palpable air of condescension.

DUG OUT FROM A QUARRY

The absolutely idiotic story of "Surang" begins in an isolated quarry where workers explode huge rocks with dynamite to extract slabs of stone and hammer huge slabs of stone into pieces to give the modern man material to build his fashionable world. There is some rhythm of life in the clangour emanating from the clash between nature's obstinate material and man's determined hammer because "Surang" has an intelligent recordist. But one does not smell the rich sweat of the workers because the director has little imagination and still less understanding of his theme. Suddenly a huge chunk of rock hurtles over a worker and the man dies at his post. The workers gather



Sapru seems to have met a sweetheart in Asha Mathur in "Raj Yogi", an ancient romance produced by C. M. Trivedi.

round the body of the man who had no boots on to die with. The supervisor, Munshiji, in a synthetic, lifeless frame shouts from the pinnacle of a rock and asks the workers to scatter and resume work. When he is told that a worker had died, he looks nonchalant and remarking that it was an everyday incident insists that they resume work.

Now the accidental death of a worker does not automatically become a fault of the employer and a reason for revolt and indignation on the part of the workers. Such accidents do sadden and demoralise the workers but they do not provoke immediate indignation and slogans of revolt unless the employer fails to provide ample safety or refuses to pay compensation. But for Shantaram, workers' life is essentially melodramatic and so he puts the workers in a temper and instead of taking the body for cremation, they march with it to the quarry-owner Dayaram. Dayaram, of course, is an arch capitalist who himself proclaims his evil nature with his words and gestures. That is the only way the Indian producers can paint an unsympathetic character. Were Dayaram a normal human being talking and behaving like most men do in life, Shantaram and his puny story writer just would not know where and how to find fault with this capitalist and would perhaps garland him. Dayaram has a young daughter Rani and a young son Ashok who has just taken his degree in medicine. Rani sneezes a couple of times and Dayaram becomes worried over her 'illness' and rushes about in the house for medicine. But when workers come with the dead body of their comrade to demand compensation Dayaram looks completely unmoved and asking Munshi to pay them five rupees for the cremation rushes to attend to his daughter. At this the workers raise a hue and cry and Davaram's son comes out to stand sympathetically by the side of the corpse thus defining early in the picture his position among the conflicting forces. Rani stands by her father's side to indicate that she was a chip of the old block and when the workers get too vociferous she even lashes a worker on the face.

Dayaram, however, uses tact and promises to look after the dead worker's orphaned children. After decades of labour battles the workers have learnt to understand the employers well enough not to shout 'long live the employer' and the only persons they hail with slogans are the political and trade union leaders. But Shantaram feels moved at Dayaram's concession and makes the workers shout in a chorus 'Dayaram ki Jai'. Perhaps in that chorus he heard an echo of 'Shantaram ki Jai" and felt thrilled. Suddenly the 'Jai'—shouting crowd hears a hysterical laughter coming from Pagli, a mad girl in the colony, and Dayaram's radical son Ashok heads towards her. Pagli is a sort of the author's projected personality in the picture who in spite of being mad spurts windy coherent dialogue, sings, dances and seems to know enough about romance as well as about the relations between labour and capital. This mad Pagli who speaks most of the thematic dialogue reminds one of a similar mad character Mehboob had shown long ago in "Roti". Pagli does not trust Dayaram and tells so openly. Ashok sees the hysterically laughing and soundly talking Pagli and of course gets attracted to her. He starts visiting the workers' colony and always finds workers' orchestra of about half-a-dozen men entertaining the workers with its music.

As predicted by Pagli, Dayaram does not keep his promise and the dead worker's children are chased to their death by his dogs when they sneak into his house to steal some bread. The workers become more irritated and Ashok also becomes openly rebellious. Once the young medico is so touched to see a group of workers

She is losing her hold on the man and that is a crisis which puzzles all married women. A good woman can face poverty and struggles but she loses her wits when the husband comes home with a frown and decides to take the frown to bed. Sulochana is obviously anxious in "Vahininchya Bangdya", a domestic tale produced by Sadashivrao Kavi and directed by Shantaram Athavale for Chitra Sahakar.

eating some harmful rubbish that he invites them, including Pagli, to his place to eat the dinner which was waiting for Dayaram, Rani and a rich guest. The workers feel awed at the sight of the lavish dinner laid at the big table in the decorated dining room, though one may wonder how the dinner already happened to be on the table in Dayaram's sophisticated house when the diners were away. However, when Ashok earnestly pleads with the shabby workers to dine, they fall upon the dinner like hungry wolves stuffing their mouths and gullets with food. To musical accompaniment Shantaram gives a fast-tempo rhythmical picture of hands moving like pistons between plates heaped with dinner and mouths overflowing with food. At this sight Ashok wipes his tears and convinces us that his feeling of pity had been satisfied. This is one of the most revolting scenes in the picture which robs the poor workers of all dignity and shows them as an ugly pack of hungry beggars ready to devour any free dinner. Toiling workers are not greedy sub-human beggars. They scorn humiliating alms and favours and enjoy their bread only when it is salted with their sweat. But for Shantaram, the owner of Rajkamal Studios, workers are just grovelling gluttons with a constant stream of saliva flowing down their mouths at the thought of food.

Dayaram returns with his guest and daughter to find Ashok feeding the workers in his dining-room and flies into a rage. Ashok receives a few lashes from his irate father and is promptly driven out of the house. Ashok then goes to the workers and starts living with them. Soon Dayaram finds out that workers had given Ashok shelter in spite of his warning and threatens to throw them out of their jobs unless they agree to drive away Ashok. With Pagli, who for no apparent reason is regarded as a sort of spiritual being and called 'Devi' by the workers, firmly pleading Ashok's case to stay, the battle between father and son develops into a major labour crisis. The workers refuse to eject Ashok from their midst and Dayaram retaliates by suspending the work and depriving the workers of employment and sustenance.

WORK OF FILTHY MIND

Ashok begins to teach hygiene to the starving workers and letters to their naked children. But this does not go on for long and the workers soon crack down under hunger. Ashok volunteers to go away and Pagli escorts him to a lonely hut some distance away. Dayaram accepts the workers back on their jobs but seeing the workers in a defeated mood declares that he would pay them only half of what they were getting before. Pagli tells the workers not to accept Dayaram's conditions and the workers immediately turn back. They prepare to leave the quarry and go away to another place. But Dayaram was really in need of workers to finish the work in the quarry and could not afford a deadlock with the workers, so he hurriedly sends Munshi to bring them back on regular wages and even gives them a month's wages in advance. The workers decide to return to work but before doing so compel Dayaram to agree to Ashok living with them.

Everything becomes normal and workers again start hammering away stones. But Dayaram develops an abnormal enmity against Pagli as she was responsible for his defeat. He vows to take revenge on her and quickly kidnaps her and brings her to his house with the help of a ruffian. Now there were numerous ways in which Dayaram could have taken revenge upon Pagli but the one that he employs simply leaves the audience shocked because no one expects this happy, contented man, with a grown-up daughter and a flourish-

This woman can always be relied upon to look innocent. Her eyes do the deer-trick. But if you count the number of pictures in which Nirupa Roy has worked, one more in "Bhagyawan" of Mahiptrai Shah won't make much difference even though the subject is an innocent social theme produced by Rup Kamal Chitra.

ing business to become suddenly perverse especially when there is nothing in the picture throughout to suggest moral perversity in him. In order to take his revenge the author and director make Dayaram rape Pagli. And since Dayaram is not established as a lusty or lecherous man, the entire act amounts to a cold-blooded rape on the poor, helpless and eccentric girl just because he did not like her activities among the workers. Perhaps this is one of the much-boosted 'Shantaram touches'. Or is it the Kolhapuri way of taming and punishing a woman? But to us it looked like one of the most perverse and revolting suggestions. This is not realism. This is obscene dramatization of a vulgar and filthy mind. However, Pagli manages to release herself from Dayaram's custody and rushes to the workers crying hysterically the news of her tragedy. The workers become wild and suspending work hunt for Dayaram. Anticipating trouble, Dayaram begins laying explosive powder in the quarry as a prelude to blow up all the workers. His plan, however, is thwarted but Pagli dies in a minor explosion. Dayaram also meets his death in the explosion. In the end, Rani becomes reformed and standing by the side of her 'revolutionary' brother vows to usher in a golden era in the quarry.

CONGENITALLY IDIOTIC

Shantaram has told this crazy story on the screen in a vulgar, demented and idiotic fashion. There is hardly a single dialogue, character, scene or frame which appears convincing. The workers' world is painted as a foolish and fantastic world in which strikes and lockouts are precipitated over the silly problem whether the employer's son should stay with the workers or not. And the 'revolutionary' doctor who automatically becomes a leader of the workers keeps on staying with the workers even after they are thrown out of employment because of him. Instead of taking his mug away and letting the workers eat peacefully, this idiotic rebel has the cheek to give the naked and starving workers lessons on hygiene. But then what else can one expect from Shantaram who seems intellectually still-born and professionally a fossil? Merely by wearing borrowed plumes one does not become a bird of flight. And by showing some delirious and half-witted 'revolutionaries' and some demented slogan-mongering, one does not make a revolutionary picture. "Surang" is a disgraceful, disgusting picture and evokes only one feeling, that the poor should be left alone by congenital fools.

Technically, however, the picture is not bad. Photography is pleasing and effective while recording is well done. Sets are not so good but not so bad either. Music is absolutely uninteresting while the dialogue is stupid and bombastic.

From the players Shashikala as 'Pagli' gives a fairly crazy performance. She, however, neither looks sympathetic nor attractive even though she once appears in soaked and hugging clothes which outline even her nipples probably to underline the director's mental awareness of such things. Vinod Kumar as Ashok speaks his lines with pedantic conviction because he wrote the story and dialogue. His performance, however, is as stupid as his story. Ulhas as Dayaram is just loud and crude while Sheila Ramani in the role of Rani looks a sophisticated filly all right, but makes only poor faces as an actress. From the rest Chandrashekhar as the worker Veer is not bad.

In fine, Rajkamal's "Surang" is a disgusting and disgraceful picture which bores and taxes the audience and ridicules the workers. It is a prize and pathetic flop and picturegoers will do well not to buy a headache by seeing this picture.

S U R A N G

Producers :	**Rajkamal Kalamandir**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Story & Dialogue :	**Vinod Kumar**
Songs :	**Shewan**
Music :	**Shivram Krishna**
Photography :	**G. Balkrishna**
Sound :	**A. K. Parmar**
Cast :	**Shashikala, Sheela Ramani, Vinod Kumar, Ulhas, K. Date, Chandrashekhar, Vikas, Jogendra etc.**
Released At :	**Naaz, Bombay**
Date of Release :	**18th September 1953.**

Directed By :
V. SHANTARAM

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Bazar	Parwana
Nirala	Namoona
Ankhen	Rangeeli
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OUR REVIEW

Ramesh Saigal, The Bull In Sarat's China Shop

"Shikast", A Boring And Purposeless Picture !

Shashikala, a talented actress of Maharashtra, plays the lead in "Chacha Chowdhary", a domestic theme produced by Kardar Productions.

Asha Deep's "Shikast" tries to tell a village story which is by no means an original one. Originality, of course, is a rare gift and especially with film producers something almost non-existent. So we have stopped looking much for original stories on the screen accustomed as we have become to seeing 'inspired' stories, 'lifted' plots and 'borrowed' ideas. However, we feel we still have a right to demand a good story, well told on the screen irrespective of its ancestry or the history of its origin.

But when even a borrowed story goes haywire on the screen, it becomes doubly irritating. "Shikast" is neither original nor effectively told. Though Ramesh Saigal seems to have tried hard to do something effective with this basically interesting story, it emerges on the screen as a warped and wishy-washy affair. The dominating feature of "Shikast" is its intrinsic story but with the director taking the story through a clumsy catwalk what actually promised to be something intelligent turns out to be stupid because Ramesh Saigal fiddles with the story in a most unintelligent manner, never knowing what he had set out to say.

"Shikast" beats about the bush throughout and fails to come to grips with its theme even once. We do not of course pretend to have located the picture's theme though we can guess what it could have been. Wajahat Mirza says that he wrote the story of "Shikast". We have nothing to prove that he didn't. We can only say that it looks so like Sarat Chatterjee's story 'Palli Samaj' (translated in Hindi as 'Roma') and bears quite a close resemblance to its plot and pivot if not to its pith and pitch.

It is all about a young, noble and virtuous boy who returns to his village after a long time on some short business, is compelled to stay back, helps the unfortunate and miserable villagers and is drawn into a conflict with a young widow with whom he was emotionally in harmony. In spite of all apparent dissimilarities one can still spot Sarat's characters in "Shikast", Ramesh in Ram, Roma in the widow Sushama, Beni Ghoshal in Madho, Beni's mother in Madho's wife, Roma's little brother Yatindra in Sushama's little son, Roma's 'Mausi' in Sushama's 'Mausi' and similarly other characters of Sarat also can be seen flitting about in the picture. But while Sarat knew his mind and had created these characters to serve some definite purpose, Wajahat Mirza's characters have neither logic behind their creation nor purpose before them. Wajahat Mirza, who, of course, picked these characters, doesn't know what to do with them.

Sarat wanted to show in 'Palli Samaj' the pattern of deterioration which had set in the villages of Bengal and there is no doubt that he achieved his purpose. 'Palli Samaj' is a beautiful picture of ugly village life painted in living hues and colours with clarity of vision and consistency of purpose. But Wajahat Mirza, who was evidently on a wild goose chase, did not know whether to paint the village life in his story or to show a tender and frustrated love in which lovers are drawn into a conflict under the pressure of social circumstances. Neither does Ramesh Saigal seem to know what exactly he wants to portray on the screen. Thus with the director and the writer of "Shikast" not sure even about its theme, the picture becomes a puerile and purposeless portrait of an Indian village which conveys nothing except confusion to the spectator and in which though one can see some sort of a village framed, one does not see it breathing with life. Had the writer borrowed more freely and faithfully from Sarat and had Ramesh Saigal asked himself what he was taking all the trouble for, "Shikast" might have become a more tolerable picture. At present "Shikast" is the defeat of both art and artifice in the hands of two erratic minds.

THE SOUR-FACED MEDICO

The glum and gloomy Ram returns to his village Kundangarh after many long years having taken his degree in medicine. His visit to the village is only for the purpose of selling his share of the land in the village which he jointly owns with his cousin Madho and his erstwhile beloved Sushama, who is now a widow with a little son. Strangely, of all the people in the village only Ram's sister-in-law, Madho's wife, comes to take him home from the station and through their conversation in the bullockcart on the way to the village, we learn that Ram and Sushama once loved each other in-

★

Shashikala keeps Kamal Mehra wondering but not for long in "Chacha Chowdhry", a love tale.

★

Modern children wear bizarre costumes to enact love, an emotion for which lovers of Durga Khote's days needed only four walls and a little darkness. The old lady is amused in "Chacha Chowdhary", a social theme produced by Kardar Productions.

When beauty takes a sly look, male life is in terrible danger. Vyjayantimala brings new thrill to the screen in "Miss Mala", a social story directed by Jayant Desai for Jayant Desai Productions.

tensely but because of the usual family feud and opposition of elders were never allowed to marry. We also learn that Ram is a constantly troubled and frustrated person from whose face smile has vanished for ever. When Ram's sister-in-law mentions about his love for Sushama, Ram evidently feels hurt and asks her not to talk about it.

On seeing Ram, Madho gives him a hypocritical smile and learning the purpose of his visit welcomes both Ram and the object of his visit. But shortly after his arrival Ram witnesses the poor villagers and peasants being mercilessly treated by Madho and Sushama and he begins to think. When a poor peasant Mangloo's belongings are taken away by Sushama's men for not paying his 'lagan', Mangloo is beaten and tied up with ropes and his little daughter Sundariya forcibly taken away for forced labour at Sushama's house, Ram decides to intervene in the matter and goes to Sushama to talk about it. He is greeted with a catapulted stone by Sushama's son. Soon the widowed mother also comes out and is surprised to see Ram there.

Ram tries to persuade her to forgive Mangloo and his daughter and to treat peasants more kindly but he finds her adamant and arrogant. Realizing that his presence had upset her emotionally and that his further stay in the village would do so more, Sushama asks Ram to leave the village and goes inside the

S H I K A S T

Producers :	**Asha Deep**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Story & Dialogue :	**Wajahat Mirza**
Lyrics :	**Shailendra & Hasrat Jaipuri**
Music :	**Shankar—Jaikishan**
Photography :	**K. H. Kapadia**
Sound :	**V. N. Chaudhari**
Cast :	**Dilip Kumar, Nalini, Durga Khote, K. N. Singh, Leela Misra, Sham Lall, Hemavati, Master Kapoor, Baby Lakshmi and Om Prakash**
Released At :	**Super, Bombay**
Date of Release :	**25th September 1953.**

Directed By :
RAMESH SAIGAL

house but with her heart still rocking in a furious storm of emotions. Ram decides not to intervene in the village matters much against his intense sympathy for the poor villagers. Madho is only too happy that Ram should dispose of his share in the village and go away. But just when Ram is about to sign away his rights in the village, Sushama realizes that she cannot let him go away and knowing that the only thing which could hold him back in the village was his concern for the tragic plight of the

Bengalis are reputed to be very persistent lovers. They follow the woman from room to room and perfect their technique in the kitchen with fantastic exercises of lies and emotions. Women, however, like this high pressure technique and that is why Bengali boys are popular on the screen. Abhi Bhattacharya reveals his technique in "Bade Log", directed by Nitin Bose and produced by Ramesh Mungrey Productions.

That is not a fowl with a crest. That is Manorama in that funny-named picture, "Fujilama", directed by S. H. Tharani for Forward Pictures.

peasants, she without any provocation starts beating Sundariya brutally. Hearing the little girl's wails, instead of putting the pen to the paper Ram throws it away and declares that he would stay in the village to look after the peasants. Sushama is pleased at his decision even though the flying pen hits her forehead and leaves a blood mark where she must have once put the vermillion 'tilak' — the symbol of a married woman.

Ram stays in the village to fight for the peasants, Madho becomes furious at his decision and Sushama, satisfied with the success of her plan, continues to lead her emotionally jumbled life. She knows that she is a Hindu widow in a village without any expectations from the future and yet Ram's presence in the village consoles her in a strange way. She is a typically greedy and cruel landowner with a more cruel and greedy partner in Madho who sees to it that she retains her greed, cruelty and inhumanity. This leads her to further conflicts with Ram who relentlessly fights on behalf of the victimized villagers. Now Ram and Sushama begin to play a regular hit-and-rebound game with Sushama persisting in persecuting the villagers and Ram rushing to her with dignified protests and sober indignation. Everytime Ram threatens to leave the village Sushama tightens her grip round the villagers' throat and Ram withdraws his threat.

Suddenly one of Sushama's men is seized with plague and Ram insists that she should allow the man to be taken

under his care and not let him remain in her house. Madho, Sushama and her 'Mausi' stubbornly oppose this with the result that the plague soon spreads to the whole village, killing many. Sushama's little son also catches the infection and hearing this Ram takes him to his village hospital which was overcrowded with the victims of the epidemic. When Ram succeeds in saving her son's life, Sushama touches his feet and tones down considerably. She even agrees to let go some tax on the villagers which they were finding hard to pay.

When Madho hears about this, he threatens her with a personal scandal and she soon goes back on her word. But finding her vacillating and no more reliable, Madho starts a whispering campaign in the village to slander Sushama by suggesting that she had illicit relations with Ram. Once he manages to have the villagers catch Sushama at night as she returns after a meeting with Ram. The villagers hurl abuses and accusations at her and when Ram comes out they abuse him too. Ram becomes furious with rage and severely beats a villager Dhiroo. The matter is reported to the police and Ram is brought before the court for trial. Under pressure of Madho, Sushama agrees to give false evidence against Ram who is charged with threatening to kill Dhiroo with a knife.

Madho's wife, however, loses her patience and testifying against her own husband gets Ram acquitted. Dhiroo is arrested for giving false evidence and when Madho hears that the police were after him too he decides to rush the climax and taking a small gang of his supporters with him goes to explode the local dam and drown the whole village. Sushama, who happens to be near the canal for suicide, manages to see Madho laying explosive powder. She tries to stop him but the dam explodes wounding her shoulder and letting the waters run towards the village. Sushama starts floating with the current with Madho behind her to see that she does not survive. But suddenly a tree crashes down and Madho is killed. After fighting a battle of his own with Madho's ruffians, Ram comes around with Sushama's little son to haul Sushama out of the water after some playing-around in the studio-canal. In the end, however, Sushama succumbs to her wounds after the usual apologies and entrusts her son to Ram. In the last fade-out we see Ram going away somewhere with Sushama's little son.

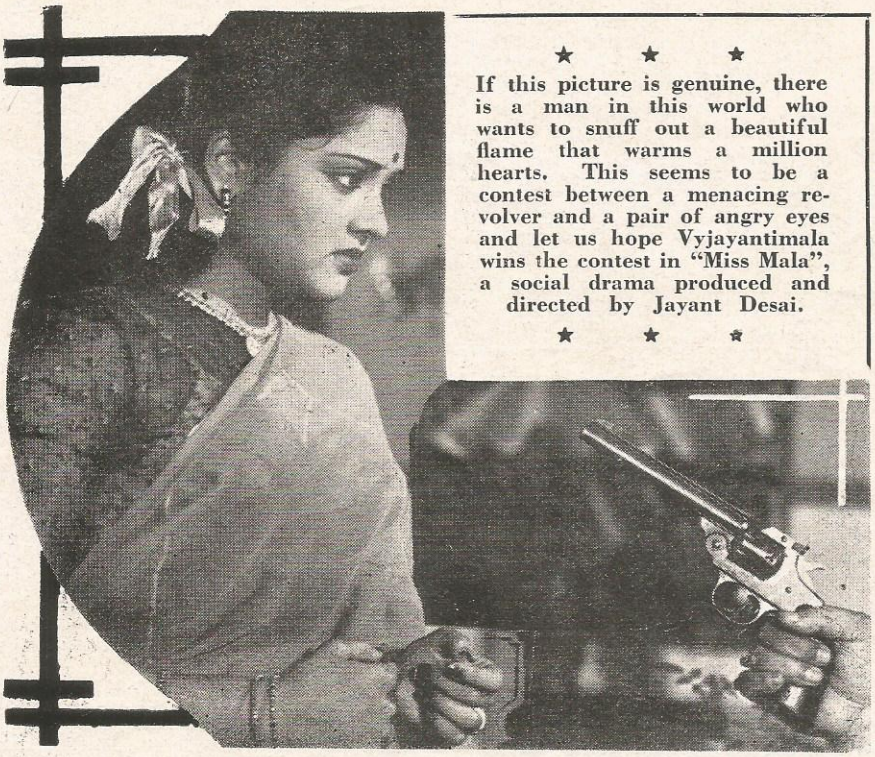
DILIP DISAPPOINTS

Ramesh Saigal begins this story promisingly on the screen and somehow manages to hold the interest of the audience till the interval. But after the interval he begins to repeat the earlier scenes and neither the story nor the characters move an inch ahead. Sushama's character is quite complex but is not such that it could not be defined with clarity. In fact the spectator anticipates that this enigmatic character will at last be revealed in her correct light stripped of all her facade. But Ramesh Saigal makes her play such a hit-and-run game with Ram, that by the time the end is reached her existence becomes completely illogical, incomprehensible and even unsympathetic. Ram also remains a gently indignant supporter of the ill-treated villagers and loses so many opportunities to take the bull by the horns that one refuses to be convinced of his fire and virility even when he beats a dozen ruffians in the end. Madho appears as quite a funny character though he is the villain of the piece. The way he softly creeps through the few early scenes of mild opposition to Ram, nobody expects the final stormy acrobatics from him. In fact, his sudden activity appears to be an after-thought in the picture rather than a logical climax to his character. The scenes between Ram and Sushama also are dull and purposeless, apart from being rather fantastic. It is wrong to show a Hindu widow in a village consumed with such intense love which threatens to take a practical shape any moment. When Ram and she start meeting too often, their love loses its sublimity and seems to become too worldly, even to the point of becoming rather crude. Ramesh Saigal should once again read with what dignity and good taste and realism has Sarat handled the characters of Ramesh and Rama. But then Ramesh Saigal is neither Sarat Chatterjee nor Debaki Bose to be able to portray the love which has only sublime sacrifice in it. Thus Ramesh Saigal succeeds neither in presenting the story of a pure, intense but hopeless love destined to end in tragedy nor a very convincing picture of village life.

The production values however are not bad. Photography is generally good except in some close-ups. The outdoor compositions have fairly idyllic qualities. Recording is also not bad. Sets are appropriate. Dialogue is quite delightful though not always well-spoken by the artistes. The music is average and so are the lyrics. Ramesh Saigal's technical direction of an almost themeless subject cannot be called bad.

From the players Nalini Jaywant looks quite plump and does not do so badly. Dilip Kumar, as Ram, is disappointing. He only shows some dubious varieties of poise but forgets to give a performance. He speaks his dialogue with an irritating monotony and no more changes his expressions than statues do. He is quite convincing in static bits but when one discovers that he has the same voice with the same accent and the same sour face and the same expressions for all moods and situations even the effect created by his convincing bits is destroyed. Apart from this he looks positively ugly in this picture. Leela Misra as 'Mausi' is quite interesting while Durga Khote as Madho's wife has very little to do and does that without making much impression. K. N. Singh as Madho looks as if he hadn't the ghost of an idea what he was supposed to be doing. Om Prakash as Dhiroo is his usual self in an unusual role while Sham Lall as Mangloo is not bad. From the rest Baby Lakshmi as the little Sundariya gives a delightful performance.

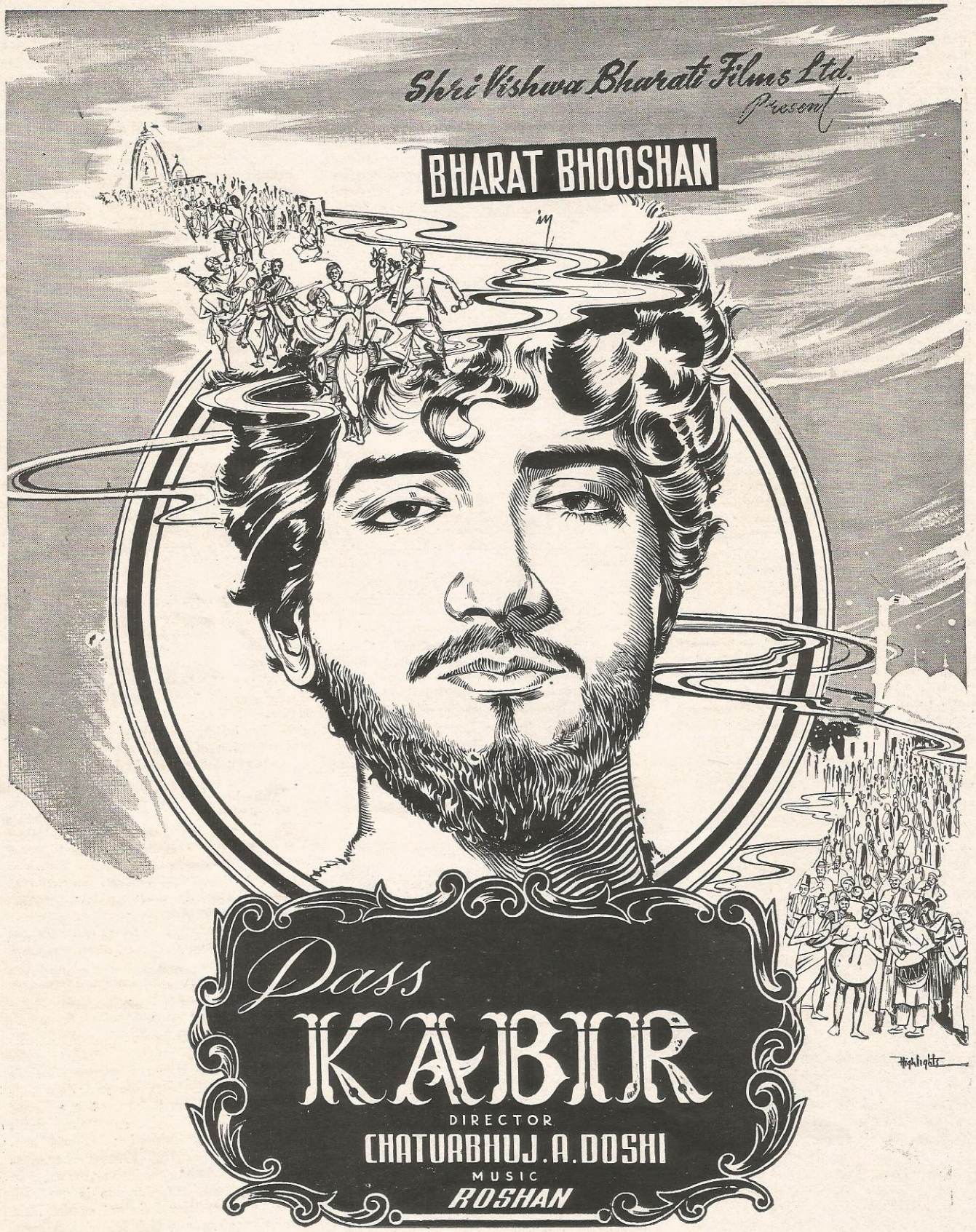
In fine, Asha Deep's "Shikast" fails to be an interesting and effective picture and proves that good seeds don't grow in a bad soil.



★ ★ ★

If this picture is genuine, there is a man in this world who wants to snuff out a beautiful flame that warms a million hearts. This seems to be a contest between a menacing revolver and a pair of angry eyes and let us hope Vyjayantimala wins the contest in "Miss Mala", a social drama produced and directed by Jayant Desai.

★ ★ ★



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OUR REVIEW

Goel's "Aas" Is Hopeless!

Boring And Irritating Picture!

A young man in love always rubs the wrong way with the old ones. Bharat Bhushan is not ready to listen to the old fossils in "Ladki", a love tale produced by AVM.

And when the 'ladki' is as charming and beautiful as Vyjayantimala, it is suicide to listen to people whose love has become bald with age.

Devendra Goel, the young, energetic, stammering producer-director of "Aas", has begun to display a singular lack of ambition. His first picture was quite interesting and merely by virtue of his youthful age he raised hopes of becoming a worthy producer and director. It is only in the products of young producers that the shape of things to come in the film industry can be judged. The old crooks and cronies in the film industry have grown too stiff in bone by now to bend or mend. They can only sip at the old themes and extract old juices from old plots and situations. They can always be relied upon to repeat the tricks picked and gathered in half a life-time of misadventure in the films without anything new or progressive in life giving them even a headache.

But when young producers and directors also rush their fresh mouths to old bottles to suck the same old silly stuff, one begins to wonder whether this industry is destined to die like an old hag with haggard children. Ambition is the pole star in the stormy seas of youth; it is the little twinkling lamp yonder in miles of darkness or the tiny verdant oasis down leagues of scorching and blinding desert which gives a man that extra breath and energy which life constantly demands.

After seeing Devendra Goel's third mediocre production "Aas", one can hardly accuse this shy, young man of ambition. Because a youthful, ambitious producer is not expected to make a creaking, rickety and stale picture with an ancient story having a worn-out theme and sickeningly familiar situations. But that is what "Aas" is, which, in spite of meaning 'hope', is a hopeless picture. It is the same old useless babble about a crude and synthetic strife within a family with a stupid, gullible, soft-boned youth; a scheming, devilish, sharp-tongued aunt; a suffering, sacrificing woman and a crude repulsive accomplice of the wicked aunt.

This is a theme which might have been fresh decades ago but today it is only something for maggots to feed on and is expected from only those who have dim brains and tired limbs and who suffer from chronic intellectual constipation. Apart from its wrinkled plot and withered theme, "Aas" is directed hopelessly by Goel who does not seem anxious to impress us with what he says nor with how he says it. His docile and unenterprising approach to this vapid subject knocks all thrill out of the picture in the early stages and one loses interest in the picture shortly after the first reel. And when the end also becomes apparent in the first few reels, everybody walks out of the theatre except a professional critic who is the public's unofficial poison taster, a voluntary guinea-pig who risks his own health and nerves to save those of the public.

But these old women make a lot of noise if a young man refuses to use their furniture in his bedroom. Here is an exciting scene in which Leela Misra makes her power felt and frightens Vyjayantimala in "Ladki", a romantic story directed by M. V. Raman for AVM Productions.

A CRYING HERO

The story begins in a police station with a castor-oil-faced youth crying before the inspector over his missing little son. Before the youth, Ashok, can actually break into sobs and tears, a wrinkled woman enters the police station escorting Ashok's little son Kishore. Ashok gets back his breath and becomes happy though we have to strain our imagination to believe this because Ashok still looks weepy. After thanking the boy-finder, Asha, and after making a futile attempt to give her some material reward, Ashok returns home with Kishore happily, though as far as his expression goes, still weepily. The clownish, voluble Masterji, little Kishore's lodging-and-boarding-provided teacher, suggests to widower Ashok that he should bring Asha to look after the child.

So Asha, who says she had no relative in the wide world in spite of her wide figure, is soon employed as a governess to motherless Kishore and incidentally as a teaser to wifeless Ashok. Asha begins to teach Kishore to rise early with caresses and to take morning exercise with embraces. Ashok evidently likes this method of child-care and fancies himself as a child. Kishore soon learns from Asha the height of the Empire State Building and Ashok, who also didn't know this, feels impressed by Asha's learning. The director replaces the old tree in our films around which a lot of romantic webs are woven with Kishore and turns him into a little cupid who brings his father and governess quite close to each other.

Now the old, squint-eyed Chanda, a maid servant in the house and a faithful stooge of Ashok's aunt, does not like the governess beginning to govern Ashok also and promptly sends for the fat aunt

who comes down in a hurry along with her ugly niece to whom she wished Ashok to get married. Finding that her squint-eyed stooge's observations were not wrong, the aunt creates the usual, crude noise calling Asha a pedigree-less adventuress and her own ugly niece a fairy from heaven. But the governess' beauty had gone to Ashok's head, which obviously had bad eyes, so he quietly gets married to Asha and returns to show her aunt two garlanded necks. The aunt at first becomes furious but later realizes that Ashok was the master of the house and that direct opposition would lead nowhere.

After a regular conspiratorial conference with Chanda, the fat aunt changes her technique and softly tries to become a snake in Ashok's sleeve. Her ugly niece of course had gone away frustrated to hurt some other eyes. With her changed technique the reptilian aunt succeeds in climbing well up Ashok's sleeve and by the time Asha ushers in a child of her own, Ashok not only respects the aunt but also has faith in her. After the birth of Asha's child, the aunt with narrowed eyes informs her squint-eyed accomplice that her opportunity for revenge upon Asha had come. Both of them give hideous smiles and begin prowling about the house like two little thieves.

With three fantastic manoeuvres the aunt succeeds in provoking the stupid Ashok to turn Asha out of the house. First, she makes Ashok believe that neglecting the hungry and crying Kishore, Asha was feeding her own child. Then she convinces him that Asha had stolen Kishore's mascot, a rosary, to put it on her own child. And lastly with a singularly fantastic plot, she succeeds in portraying Asha as the potential-murderess of Kishore. Convinced that Asha was the proverbial step-mother who considered Kishore a thorn in the path of her own child, the sissy-looking and donkey-brained Ashok kicks Asha out of the house. The triumphant aunt sees to it that she also takes her little luggage along with her.

With the child in her arms and tears in her eyes, Devendra Goel sends Asha into the usual streets of Bombay on a slow march to the rhythm of the usual sad song which holds God responsible for the stupidities of directors and story-writers. Soon the child in her arms ends its short life and Asha continues to walk dreamily over a railway track with the Indian Railways obligingly rushing a threatening train behind her. At this moment little Kishore and Masterji crop up from somewhere and rush to save Asha. Though the train actually takes a different route, it appears that Asha was saved in the nick of time. This scene brings applause to Goel, just as it did in "Yukiwarisoo". Masterji now does some counter-conspiracy and persuades her to return to Ashok's house disguised as Masterji's, aged, ugly, reedy-voiced sister.

Asha returns to the house with a wig, shawl and dark-glasses and is accepted by all as Masterji's sister. Masterji and Asha begin some counter-espionage and plotting and at last through a self-implicating letter written by the aunt to her niece, reveal to Ashok the true character of the different players. Intelligence dawns at last on that pendulum of a human being but he is saved from taking any action as the self-exposed aunt commits suicide and her squint-eyed stooge rolls down the stairs with fright to groan over her broken bones. In the end everybody surviving becomes happy though Ashok still looks weepy. That was the face his mother had given him.

A A S

Producers :	**Goel Cine Corporation**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Story :	**Raj Rishi & Darogaji**
Dialogue :	**S. K. Prem**
Songs :	**Shailendra & Hasrat Jaipuri**
Music :	**Shankar, Jaikishan**
Photography :	**Ramchandra & T. N. Shah**
Sound :	**H. Shripad**
Cast :	**Kamini Kaushal, Shekhar, Om Prakash, Gulab, Chandabai etc.**
Released At :	**Lamington, Bombay**
Date of Release :	**2nd October 1953.**

Directed By :
DEVENDRA GOEL

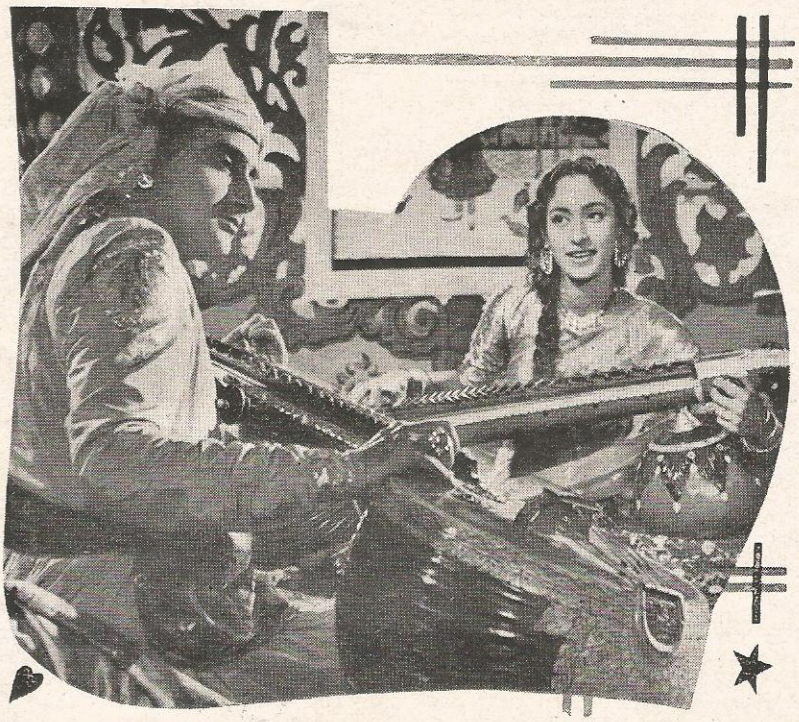
CORNY CONCOCTION

This is an absolutely tasteless, corny story which kills people with its sheer old and stale skeleton and its equally ancient complexion. Extremely mediocre in purpose, which is to blacken some celluloid with a haggard story, the picture achieves it without grace, subtlety or enterprise. The characterizations are crude, overtoned and sickeningly stereotyped while the situations emit a familiar reek of staleness. On the whole it is a boring and uninteresting picture.

The production values are third rate. Sets look like some ugly mouldings, hollow and unconvincing. Photography is rotten with the cameraman unsparingly making an unfortunate victim of everything that comes in front of the lens: sets, outdoors, artistes and all. Recording is also not very happy. Dialogue is some old evaporated stuff while lyrics are strictly usual composition. Music pleases in bits with its surface qualities but is nothing to sing about. Goel's direction is too mediocre, at times even clumsy.

Kamini Kaushal as Asha looks a tired, old woman who neither excites with her acting nor thrills with her looks. She begins to look a suffering specimen of femininity from the very first scene. However, she looks a bit at home in the sequences with the two children. That must be the experienced mother in her. Shekhar, as Ashok, the man with a castor-oil face, wears a weepy expression throughout and looks like a man who remembers in the day his bad dreams of the night. Om Prakash as Masterji displays his type correctly while Chanda Bai and Gulab as the two evil women are too crude and disgusting for words. The little boy Ramesh is not bad in spite of lacking any spontaneous charm.

In short, Goel Cine Corporation's "Aas" is an absolutely indifferent and hasty production, which is boring much of the time, uninteresting most of the time and irritating rest of the time. The picture can be recommended to someone to pay off an old grudge.



When two musical instruments are in tune, hearts rarely miss to be in tune. Nutan is more fascinated by the straight lines of Bharat Bhushan's handsome face than by the lines of the song he wants to teach in "Shabab", a rare love story produced and directed by M. Sadiq.

OUR REVIEW

"Arman", Beautiful Frame Without A Portrait !

An Amateurish And Disappointing Film !

The only feeling with which one goes out after seeing "Arman" is that of pity. Pity at its sincere, energetic, ambitious but evidently slightly soft-topped producers. Fali Mistry, Jal Mistry and the co-conspirator Robin Chatterjee are a good bunch of technicians. The Mistry Brothers are two of our finest lens-wielders. But the trouble with these boys is that they have a very theoretical approach to film-making. They seem to read books and magazines on film-making and then come on the sets to experiment with the ideas acquired after a night's reading. And when the ideas do not show off so well in practice, they again rush to books and magazines. In this shuttling between books and the camera, these boys have lost sight of human emotions and sentiments which constitute drama. They have also forgotten that good and effective drama existed centuries before the first motion picture camera was invented.

Fali Mistry must stop reading the wrong books if he wants to develop into a good director. At present he seems to have some cock-eyed ideas about film direction and picture making and the sooner he gets rid of these the better. He must realize that everything in a picture should be subservient to the story. The telling of a story simply, lucidly and forcefully is a director's first and last job. A film director is not a tailor whose job becomes conclusive after stitching a good-looking garment. He is a creative artist who uses a new medium of expression to tell something. A picture should not seek to elicit praise for its prettiness. It should convey ideas and feelings and generate emotions in the audience. If it fails to do that it is not a motion picture, it is mummery.

Fali should also try to learn who and what Indians are. By spending his days in the studios shut up from reality and nights in a foreign-accented house at Malabar Hill with foreign-written books, he cannot hope to learn much about Indian customs, sentiments and emotions which are so peculiar that one has to live a truly Indian life to understand them. Evidently Fali has not had a background which can lend him that typical Indian outlook. Thus, with his head in the technical clouds of foreign-written books and his heart tuned to superficial Western emotions supplied probably by unnecessarily strident Hollywood pictures and readymade 'true-stories' and 'confession-stories', when Fali tries to paint an Indian village on the screen he looks amusingly innocent. And this innocence takes an absurd and criminal complexion when it is exhibited by a producer-director who fiddles with big money and expensive raw material and resources which should be used with utmost care and wisdom to give our faintly-breathing industry some quick and effective first-aid.

A R M A N

Producers :	**Film Technicians of India**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Story :	**Benoy Chatterjee**
Dialogue :	**Ramprakash Ashk**
Lyrics :	**Sahir Ludhianvi**
Music :	**S. D. Burman**
Photography :	**Jal Mistry**
Sound :	**Robin Chatterjee**
Cast :	**Madhubala, Dev Anand, Jagirdar, K. N. Singh, Gulab etc.**
Released At :	**Super, Bombay**
Date of Release :	**21st August 1953.**

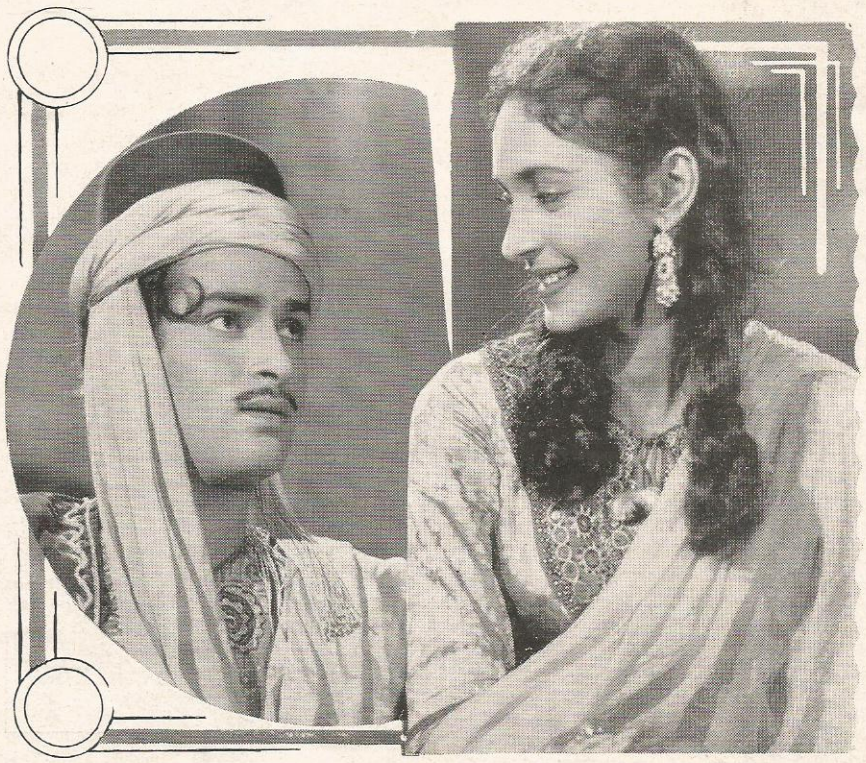
Directed By :
FALI MISTRY

At present, Fali's ambitious "Arman" is just a dandy and dumb show. Directorially, the picture is plainly amateurish and emotionally it is a celluloid-refrigerator. Of course, Benoy Chatterjee, the story-writer, is as much to blame for his silly, incredible story as the director. But Fali Mistry being both the producer and the director should be intelligent enough to judge what is a good story and what is a bad story. The screenplay, whoever wrote it, is jerky, flimsy and stupid and with this screenplay the picture had already stepped into its grave, before Jal started cranking the camera and Fali started shouting 'cuts'.

GODFEARING GROCER

Ramdas is a petty, godfearing grocer in a village. Honest and virtuous to a fault, he sings 'bhajans' when he should be selling groceries. Soon his extreme faith in human honesty and integrity leads him to impoverishment and he is compelled to close his shop. His rather practical wife tells him to go to Colonel Chaudhary for a job and persistently briefs him to demand 30 rupees a month from the Colonel for looking after his only little daughter Radha. Ramdas goes to the Colonel and repeats the words taught to him by his wife but when he looks at the pretty child with a winsome smile, he accepts the job on a less salary. But with a director ready to rush somewhere, the Colonel gets a heart attack hours after Ramdas is employed and knowing what the director intended to do with him he tells Ramdas to go and bring Bahadur Singh, Colonel's relative, whom the Colonel had appointed as his daughter's guardian in the event of his own death.

On reaching Bahadur Singh's house, Ramdas discovers in him the wily, greedy and wicked man, whom he had one night given an undeserved shelter. Ramdas manages to overhear Bahadur Singh expressing his evil designs on the Colonel's property to his wife and saying that he was only waiting for the Colonel to die. The acutely and actively virtuous Ram



Shammi is intense. He is always that when face to face with a young girl. He looks at a woman's face as if there is a whole world in it and nothing outside it. But Nutan seems to like this intense outlook on love in "Laila Majnu", the immortal love story of Persia, directed by K. Amarnath and produced by P. N. Arora for All India Pictures.

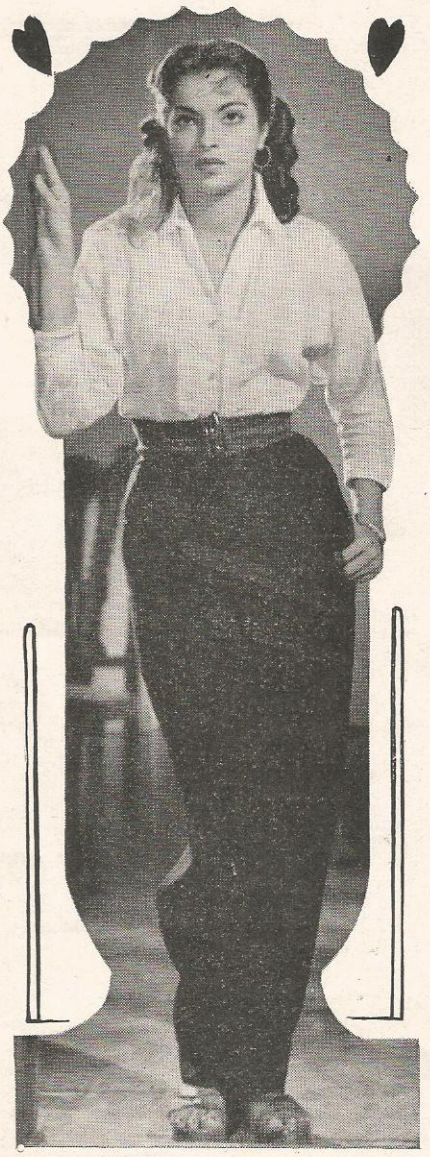
das decides to save the little Radha from the crooked Bahadur Singh and quietly rushes back to the Colonel to see him breathe his last. Determined to save Radha from the evil but legal guardianship of Bahadur Singh, Ramdas picks the little girl and runs away to some distant village along with his wife.

He once again becomes a grocer and little Radha soon becomes a pretty and youthful girl, too glamorous for any Indian village. The youth must have its youthful game and Benoy Chatterjee sends a spick and span young man who believes in literally pitching tents in villages and composing poetry. Madan, the tent-pitching poet, looks at the village girl Radha with Max Factor dancing all over her face and Radha looks at this village-loving Madan with Brylcreemed hair and a double-pocket shirt, probably of Sharkskin, and both fall in love with each other. After just one meeting the village girl Radha goes to Madan's tent to cook his food. The other villagers of course keep quiet over this common phenomenon of a village girl visiting a tent-pitching city poet and Ramdas has to discover for himself the love-brew between Radha and Madan. He gives Madan a good many slaps on the face till blood trickles out of his mouth. This blood, of course, trickles out of every slapped mouth these days since Indian producers saw Gregory Peck spitting blood in "Duel in the Sun". The soft-boned and soft-spoken Madan receives the slaps placidly like the last disciple of Christ and asserts with every slap that he truly loved Radha. At this Ramdas becomes convinced of Madan's noble intentions and regrets his slapping performance.

In the meantime, Madan's wealthy father in town, who artlessly spurts some stupid dialogue thrust in his mouth about rich and poor, insists that his son marry the rich girl selected for him. Madan of course refuses to oblige his father and is consequently disinherited by his father. Ramdas tries to plead with Madan's father to let his son marry Radha and in his enthusiasm reveals the true parentage of Radha, tracing it to Colonel Chaudhary. Wishing to make some capital out of this news Madan's father contacts Bahadur Singh who uses the court to get Radha back under his shadow. Still having one year to become a major Radha is entrusted to the care of Bahadur Singh by the court.

The village is plunged into gloom as Radha tearfully and reluctantly returns to the city with her guardian Bahadur Singh. At first Radha remains too lost in her new world but all of a sudden she enthusiastically decides to please Bahadur Singh by quietly turning into a singing, dancing and party-attending sophisticated city girl. She even refuses to recognise Ramdas, who in the meantime was doing all sorts of jobs, when he once drags her as a rickshawalla. We would like to try the rickshaw on some of our city grocers.

This change in Radha breaks Ramdas' heart and enrages Madan, the poor fellow who flits about here and there in the story like an unrecognized character. Then comes the long-awaited climax on Radha's birthday, which is celebrated with pomp and noise by Bahadur Singh. Feeling too confident, Bahadur Singh makes a speech at the party and announces Radha's engagement to Ramesh, the boy she had been moving about with at Bahadur Singh's wish. Suddenly Radha makes a dramatic announcement that she was on that day a major and therefore mistress of her own life. Somehow Ramdas and Madan are also handy on the scene and as Radha tries to go away with Madan, Bahadur Singh tries to stop them. Seeing the tables suddenly turned on him, Bahadur Singh whips out a gun to threaten Madan and Radha and as he is about to shoot, the long-nonviolent Ramdas snatches a gun from Bahadur Singh's almirah and shoots him down. With Bahadur Singh dead the picture crosses the little hurdle of the usual court scene where Ramdas is not only acquitted but acquitted with honour.



Sheila Ramani, a newcomer to the screen, has already become popular. She will be seen in "Manzil", a social story produced by V. N. Nayyar and directed by B. K. Sagar for Silver Stars.

NO FLESH AND BLOOD

With this stupid story by Benoy Chatterjee and with amateurish direction by Fali, emphasis is laid on wrong things and moments, unimportant events are blown up to ominously significant scenes while a huge row of pertinent things go begging for a little explanation. To point just one instance, the entire scene where Ramdas gives shelter to the fleeing Bahadur Singh is simply superfluous and in fact is completely forgotten later by the audience. Bahadur's character could have been easily established with a little more generous imagination and with much economy of sets. There is hardly a character in the picture with enough of flesh and blood to look human. And even Ramdas over whom the story gloats and Radha over whom the camera gloats, do not emerge as full-blooded characters. The rest of the characters are sketchy and ludicrous and appear as if they were conceived during some joint nightmare by the writer and the director. And the way the story writer and the dialogue writer have tried to give some 'class-struggle' touch to a strictly individual story, leaves one just irritated.

The production values are quite good without being opulent or very striking. Jal's photography is skilful as usual but this little Mistry brother also must read some correct books on cinematography. A photography which distracts attention from the story is not the desirable one in motion pictures. The camera's job is to tell the story. But these camera-crazy Mistry Brothers seem to be under the impression that story is only an excuse to show what tricks and miracles the motion picture camera is capable of. Recording is quite well done. But the music is too poor and least expected from a man like S. D. Burman. Lyrics are commonplace while dialogue is stupid at best.

From the players, Madhubala as Radha looks exceptionally pretty in spite of some well-concealed pimples and even acts as best as she can in that role. Dev Anand as Madan wears his dress well as he does in most other pictures. However it is time that directors should decide what he should wear in a picture instead of letting him wear his usual double-pocket shirt-cum-bushshirt. Jagirdar in the pivotal role of Ramdas does not exactly remind one of Mahatma Gandhi but does quite well. K. N. Singh as Bahadur Singh is at best awkward in a ridiculous role. Murad just shouts while Gulab as Ramdas' wife is not bad. The rest don't attract any attention.

In fine, "Arman", the third film of this team of technicians, shows them just where they had started. The team is good in technical flashes but seems incapable of giving a good, compact picture. On the whole "Arman" is an amateurish and disappointing film.

OUR REVIEW

"Babla", A Tragic Dirge Of Poverty!

A Realistic And Interesting Picture!

A motion picture is a mirror of life or at any rate it should be. One must be able to see the culture, customs and conditions of life in a country in its films. When a film succeeds in portraying these faithfully on the screen, it becomes a realistic picture. And when this realism is employed in a picture for some social purpose and not merely to score some easy sensationalism the picture becomes a ponderable portrait of life and not simply a transient bubble of effervescent entertainment.

M. P. Productions' "Babla" is a cruel mirror of life tenaciously holding before us a distressing image of reality which, to those who have not seen it or experienced in life, perhaps would not be acceptable. It is a story about poor and unfortunate people whose life consists of tears and innumerable daily tragedies till it ends in the big comedy of death which puts an end to their sufferings and provides them with that rest and peace in search of which they rush crazily about all their life and in doing so give this world its mad complexion. "Babla" of course gives shape to the oft-heard expression of disapproval of the existing state of affairs in the world and makes quite a vocal plea to end the present sickly and criminal structure of society. Seeing that the men who rule the destinies of our people are not doing anything particularly remarkable to relieve the distress prevalent in the country, such angry expressions and evocative pleas are not without justification. Those who are kicked about have a right to cry.

There is ample crying in "Babla" but there is also anger and indignation. It does seem to make a forceful appeal for the destruction of existing conditions but it cannot be called nihilistic. "Babla" seeks to destroy the social stupor in which many of us are and leaves the rest to imagination. After seeing this film with his conscience pricked into operation a spectator can prepare any kind of intellectual meal from this food for thought according to his own taste and talents. He can become a Communist, a Socialist, a terrorist, an anarchist, a Buddhist, an honest democrat, a true Christian or even an opium-eater. "Babla" may be accused of being grim with some touches of fanaticism but it is not a false portrait with a synthetic frame and spurious colours. And it pricks the conscience all right, that is of those who have one.

A DREAM OF THE POOR

The simple story concerns a family of three persons: Dilip, a poor press compositor in Calcutta and his wife Manju and their cradled son Babla who live in the village. Having found a sympathetic landlady in Calcutta, Dilip comes down to the village to take his wife and child away to Calcutta to live with him. The wife finds a golden dream come true in this opportunity and is only too eager to go with her husband but the neighbours spoil her pleasant dream by requesting her to stay behind to attend a marriage. Being honest and unsophisticated Manju and Dilip cannot turn down a neighbour's request and Manju sacrifices the thrill of accompanying her husband to Calcutta to perform a social duty.

BABLA

Producers :	**M. P. Productions Ltd.**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Story :	**Souren Mukerjee**
Dialogue :	**Mohan Lal Bajpai**
Lyrics :	**Sahir Ludhianvi**
Music :	**S. D. Burman**
Photography :	**Bibhuti Laha**
Sound :	**Jatin Dutt**
Cast :	**Master Niren, Sova Devi, Molina Devi, Jawahar Ganguli, Ashit Baran, Monju Dey, Master Shakur, Pahari etc.**
Released At :	**Royal Opera House, Bombay**
Date of Release :	**18th September 1953.**

Directed By :
AGRADOOT

Dilip returns to Calcutta alone to disappoint his kind landlady who was expecting his wife and kid also. Soon, however, Manju finishes with her social duties in the village and accompanied by her child and another acquaintance sets out for Calcutta. She is surprised not to find her husband at the station and finds her own way to his dwelling where the landlady is also surprised to learn that Dilip had not been to the station to receive his wife. The landlady, however, gives Manju a cordial reception but even before the young woman can cool her heels, a man rushes in with the news that Dilip had been run over by a motor car and was counting his last moments in a hospital.

Manju cries hysterically on hearing the news and rushes to the hospital only to see her heavily bandaged husband die before her own eyes. With this calamity, Manju's life becomes a tragedy. Knowing that she had nowhere to go, the landlady lets her stay in her building and Manju continues to live a dreary life with little Babla providing the only reason for her continuing to live. She begins to work hard on the millstone and does other odd jobs to make some money.

Time, the great healer, rolls away swiftly without healing any of Manju's wounds except that it turns Babla into a young shorts-clad boy about twelve-years old on whom Manju rests her hopeless eyes for some solace and comfort. With the growing of Babla, Manju begins to worry about his education and after much knocking about gets him admitted to a school on half-fees with the help of a sympathetic headmaster. Manju begins to work harder to meet the new but bare needs of the school-going Babla. At the end of the year Babla stands first in his class and is awarded a gold medal for his outstanding success. He also attracts the attention of the Chief Presidency Magistrate and his daughter Soma who are present at the annual school function.

Take material of rose petal pink shade and embroider the motif shown above in white seed pearls. It is a choli that should fascinate all lovers of music.

But though Babla is awarded a gold medal for his hard work, Manju in return for her own hard work gets illness. She begins to cough and get regular fever till she is declared a consumptive.

All the combined efforts and resources of Manju, the landlady and another tenant, Kedar, prove only a drop in the ocean to fight the dread disease of tuberculosis which not only feeds on human bodies but also on their resources. When Babla learns that the landlady had sold her last trinket to provide medicine for his mother, he throws away his books, deposits his gold medal with a newspaper vendor and starts hawking papers on the streets. Everyday the boy tries to sell as many papers as he can so that he can take some fruit home for his ailing mother. But despite all efforts Manju's condition becomes worse.

POOR BUT HONEST

One day while hawking the papers Babla is forced into a scuffle with another hawker and as he stands looking ruefully over the torn and soiled heap of his papers, Ashok, a young lawyer, offers to buy up his destroyed papers. But Babla declines such charity and Ashok drives away in his car. Just after that Babla discovers that Ashok's purse had fallen on the road. He picks up the purse, finds over eight hundred rupees in it and rushes to Ashok's house to return it. Ashok is too pleased at Babla's honesty and when Babla again refuses to be rewarded for his honesty, Ashok promises that he would take a reliable doctor to see Babla's mother. Babla returns home to tell about the kind, rich lawyer.

Ashok, however, forgets his promise and when one night Babla comes to remind

In Indian motion pictures children make love to each other and in doing so talk adult language. Children, who don't understand what they talk, don't blush nor do the stupid adults who see their own frolics in miniature. Baby Chand and Ratan Kumar have a moment to themselves in "Laila Majnu", a Persian love tale produced by P. N. Arora and directed by K. Amarnath for All India Pictures.

him, he finds the Chief Presidency Magistrate's daughter Soma with him and learns that she is Ashok's fiancee. Soma is distressed to learn that the boy to whom she had once awarded a gold medal for being an outstanding student has been forced by circumstances to discontinue his studies and hawk papers on the streets. Babla quickly goes away before answering all Soma's questions and Ashok tells her that though Babla direly needed money he would not accept any charity. Soma, however, meets Babla once again under totally different circumstances.

Looking for some medicine for her father Soma enters a drug-store and on learning that it wasn't available, goes to see the manager. On entering the manager's room at the back of the drug-store, she finds the manager to be her jilted lover, Madan, who was at the moment busy preparing some spurious drugs including penicillin and streptomycin. Madan already had designs on Soma and on finding that his criminal secret had been discovered he locks her up in the room and proceeds to make advances. But Babla who also walks into the store to buy some medicine for his fast-slipping mother manages to overhear Madan threatening Soma. Babla immediately contacts Ashok who comes down with the police to get Madan arrested. Suddenly after he succeeds in rescuing Soma, Babla realizes that he had left his mother in a grave condition too long and rushes back home. But when he reaches home he finds that death had delivered his mother from all the worries of the world. In the end we see Babla going away towards the rising sun, hand-in-hand with Kedar, a symbolic character who has lost faith in this world and who wants to build a new one on the ashes of the old one. Let us all pray he does it and soon.

A POORLY FRAMED PORTRAIT

"Babla" is not an escapist entertainment. It is a problem picture which stares at social problems full in the face. Consequently it is devoid of that fun and froth which people usually expect from a motion picture. It is a grim realistic story which seems to have been told with such conviction that at times it takes a fanatical complexion. Judging the technique of narration, the picture has many failings. It leans more towards obviousness and evocation than towards subtlety and implication. Crudity in handling emotions is evident at many places. And Kedar's symbolic character is not entirely pleasing because those who can think for themselves do not like a character in the picture providing a running commentary. Kedar is evidently a pet brain-child of the author but he talks too much, too unconvincingly and too inopportunely. The eloquence of silence is lost on this character. This character should have been either left out or toned down. Some other scenes also are handled with similar carelessness. The opening of the picture with Manju bursting into a song on receiving a letter from her husband is ridiculous, while the hospital scene is just stupid, to say the least. That entire sequence should have been re-shot. At present one feels as if the wife sent her husband to death the way she gives affectionate jolts to his fractured skull. However, in spite of all this, the picture is consistently interesting throughout and at places positively touching.

Technically it is a poor production with neither photography nor recording making even an average impression. Sets, however, are not bad. Dialogue is quite good and effective though sometimes spoken by wrong mouths and at the wrong moments. That one dialogue "The only vacancy in the world is in the poor man's stomach" effectively summarizes the theme of the picture. Music is unimpressive while lyrics somehow serve the purpose. Direction is technically mediocre though it succeeds in putting across the theme fairly effectively.

Sova Sen as Manju looks ugly in the beginning but later acquires both dignity and conviction. Niren as Babla is acceptable without being outstanding and does pretty well. Molina as the landlady shows a slight touch of artificiality but otherwise does her usual good work. Ashit Baran as Ashok and Monju Dey as Soma fill the bill adequately while Pahari Sanyal as Soma's father doesn't make a bad impression. In the role of Kedar, Jawahar looks rather quizzical.

Well, "Babla" is not the usual entertainment but it is a realistic and interesting picture which provokes thought and wakes up the conscience. It is a tragic dirge of poverty.

OUR REVIEW

"Chikitsa Sankat" Becomes A Poor Picture !

Amateurish Direction Kills Good Story !

With a single face to wear, Shyama has many pictures to face. The new one is "Majboori", a social theme produced and directed by Ram Daryani for Murli Movietone.

If Shyama would take that harmonium to the Chowpatty sands and sing a song of love, people would get some rare thrill.

This picture is produced on a popular short story "Chikitsa Sankat" written by Parashuram, a well-known humourist of Bengal. It is a rib-tickling satire on self-appointed medical quacks who make a disease more popular than its cure.

However, the intelligence which the producers showed in selecting this delightful comedy for their first film is not so visible in the film itself. The clean and intelligent "Chikitsa Sankat" with sharp wit and rich humour needed an intelligent and expert handling from one with a flair for comedy and finesse. But the picture has neither finesse nor the flavour of Parashuram's original story. In spite of the text supplying enough material to provoke laughter, the picture fails to exploit it effectively on the screen with the result that instead of being funny and amusing it looks forced and amateurish. And that becomes the tragedy of a comedy.

Since Benoy Seyne, a comparatively inexperienced director, has shouldered the double responsibility of writing the script and directing the picture he must take the blame also. And he alone is responsible for turning a richly humorous story into a tame and dull affair.

VICTIM OF QUACKS

Nanda, a feeble, middle-aged man, lacks rational approach to life. Wasting the money left by his rich father and spending his time in idle gossip with sycophants seems to be his only occupation. A widower, he lives with his widowed old aunt and has no relative in the world. Hoping that she would induce Nanda to marry again, his aunt brings Arati, the young daughter of her friend, to live in the house. Nanda however remains uninterested.

While getting down from a tram, Nanda's leg gets entangled in his 'dhotee' and he falls down but without receiving any injury worth the name. His friends, however, insist that he must have fallen down due to giddiness and in spite of his protests that nothing was wrong with him prevail upon him to consult a physician for a medical check-up. The only person who says nothing is Nidhu who quietly watches the fun. Finally, more in order to please his friends than 'cure' himself, Nanda agrees to consult specialists. The question now arises as to whom he should consult. Various suggestions are given by his friends and at last he sets out to consult specialists and that starts all the fun.

Nanda first goes to an allopathic doctor, Dr. Tafadar, who after examining him diagnoses his case as "cerebral tumour" and suggests an immediate brain operation. Nanda gets frightened and runs from there to consult Dr. Nepal Rai, an eminent homeopath and a man of irritable temperament. As soon as Nanda approaches him he starts a tirade against allopathy and finally tells him that he has a "differential calculus" in his stomach. Nanda is puzzled to hear about this strange disease and refuses to be puzzled further and makes a quick exit from there. His friends still insist that he should consult an 'ayurvedist'. Obediently, Nanda visits Kaviraj Tarini who stays in the same locality. As usual the Kaviraj gives him a long lecture on the defects of allopathy and homeopathy and decries both the systems as inadequate. Later he examines him thoroughly and informs him that he has "dropsy" —may be some high "bronchial trouble" too. To satisfy the Kaviraj, Nanda takes some tablets and returns home. As a last resort his friends ask him to consult a Unani doctor also and send him to a renowned Hakim who has just come to the city. After examining him the Hakim tells Nanda that his bones have become soft and suggests that he should use

Old music teachers are tyrants. They look like saints but possess the hearts of sinners. What is Kumar trying to tell Shyama in "Majboori"?

Jeevan, ofcourse, has a more direct method of approach and Shyama feels the approach very much in "Majboori", a social theme of Murli Movietone.

Old fossils often have tender hearts. At least they have green memories. And when Gope tries to wake up old memories Gulab starts a lecture in "Majboori".

"Rogan-i-babbar". No sooner the Hakim prescribes the treatment one of his disciples rushes forward, shaves off a bit of Nanda's skull and applies a stinking ointment which makes Nanda go almost mad and run for his life.

All this makes really a sick and sorry man of Nanda who now refuses to meet his friends in disgust. In desperation he thinks of trying his own method and decides that the next morning he will get into a taxi and when the meter shows the fare of Rs. 1|2, he will get down and enter the nearest dispensary.

The next morning he gets into a taxi and as soon as the meter shows Rs. 1|2 he gets down and finding a dispensary right in front walks into it. Here he meets a lady doctor—Miss Bipula Mullick, a fat pumpkin, as her name suggested. Being a kind-hearted doctor she is sympathetic towards him and finds out the history of his ailments, his financial position and his family condition and declares that the real seat of his suffering was his heart and not his leg. She suggests matrimony as the only cure. At her advice Nanda starts visiting her house everyday and she starts taking more than professional interest in him which leads to mutual attraction.

This treatment makes his old aunt worried as her dream of getting him married to her protege Arati appears to be doomed. But Arati does not love Nanda, she really loves Nidhu. At last to bring the whole comical thing to an end Nidhu goes to Bipula's place accompanied by his friends and the old aunt and addresses Bipula as "Boudi" (sister-in-law) which surprises Nanda. Everyone present understands the whole affair and delightedly the old aunt steps forward to bless her future daughter-in-law but when she sees her shape and form she faints. The story however ends happily with a double marriage uniting Nanda with Bipula and Nidhu with Arati.

Since the direction is amateurish and incompetent and the screenplay crude and clumsy, the picture fails to be a sparkling comedy and all the wit, humour and satire of the story become bogged in a stagey and laborious picture. Even technically the picture is too unsatisfactory. The production values are just poor. Photography is flat and dull with close ups almost completely absent. Recording is only tolerable while music is mediocre.

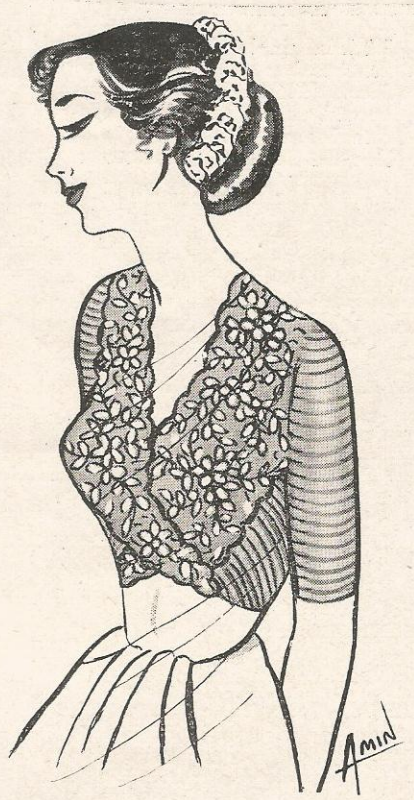
Jayant Choudhury, a new-comer, plays the amusing victim of quacks in this comedy and portrays the role faithfully. Though there is nothing outstanding about his performance he is quite natural with his shrill piping voice rendering him funny enough. Molina, a seasoned artiste, as Bipula, makes her role quite enjoyable in spite of some overacting. She doesn't look much of a doctor and yet something one can laugh at. Dhiraj Bhattacharjee as Nidhu does well but Satadal Ghose, in the role of Arati is very disappointing. She needs a lot of training before she can make the right faces on the screen. From the rest Tulsi Chakraburty as "uncle" Sasthi attracts some attention.

In "Chikitsa Sankat" a good and humorous story has been reduced to a tame and dull film by amateurish direction and a clumsy screenplay. The picture neither amuses nor entertains and perhaps proves that Bengali producers are not at their best when dealing with humour.

CHIKITSA SANKAT

Producers:	**Calcutta Cine Corporation**
Language:	**Bengali**
Story:	**Parashuram**
Music:	**Arun Ghosh**
Photography:	**Santosh Guha Roy**
Recording:	**Anil Talukdar**
Cast:	**Molina, Dhiraj, Tulsi Chakraburty, Jayant Choudhury & others.**
Released At:	**Uttara Cinema**
Date of Release:	**21st August 1953**

Directed By:
BENOY SEYNE



There are only 365 days in a year but milady's patterns run into countless numbers. This lemon georgette choli has Chantilly French lace on it with pleated sleeves to enhance the effect. Match it with an aquamarine sari.

OUR REVIEW

"Raja Krishnachandra", A Dull And Laborious Picture !

An Abortive Attempt To Remember The Dead !

Bengalis are fond of their great dead, be they even monarchs. And it is strange to see that the modern Bengali, who so often expresses his violent love for trams and buses, also remembers Raja Krishnachandra, the good ruler of Nadia, who was fondly called the "Vikramaditya of Bengal". This picture claims to be the biography of this great son of Bengal.

The story, written by Poet Bimal Chandra Ghose, is not unknown to Bengalis. It is based on historical facts and practically revolves round the life of this great man against the background of the tumultuous period in 18th century Bengal from the time of Alivardi Khan to that of Mir Kassim. Though the background provides a bigger canvas, the major part of the story deals with Krishnachandra and his two associates, Gopal Chandra, popularly known as Gopal Bhanr, the jester, and Poet Ramprasad, his spiritual 'guru', both of whom had played a great part in influencing Krishnachandra's life. The various incidents in the story, therefore, are restricted to palaces and forts without going out to embrace the populace of the time. Though the life of Krishnachandra is crowded with many events, only his religious, social and cultural activities including some other important events of his personal life have been dealt with in this picture. The various historical characters that have been introduced are merely there to give some authentic touch to the story. Though a peaceful man, he gets involved in the politics of the time at the instance of his 'guru' but soon repents and finds peace in retiring to the hermitage of Ramprasad. The story stresses this point and practically ends on this note.

Producer Sudhir Bandhu Banerjee has written the screenplay and has also directed the picture besides playing an important role. But except in his acting he doesn't seem to have succeeded in any of the jobs. He has attempted to present so much within so little space that instead of being a dramatic and illuminating biography the picture becomes a drab documentary with a tedious and text-bookish treatment. The various incidents just seem to have been crammed in without being woven into a dramatic pattern. Most of the situations remain either undeveloped or ill-developed and fail to make any impression in spite of being fairly well supported by sets and performances. With a creeping tempo, neglected continuity and a tame and undramatic handling the picture becomes a dull and laborious lump of history and not an exciting motion picture. Before heaping all those responsibilities over his head the producer should have tried to acquaint himself with the requirements of a motion picture which is neither the dull discourse of a data-doting historian nor the soporific sheet of a statistician. But the singularly undramatic manner with which the director has handled the theme knocks most of the interest out of it. And though "Raja Krishnachandra" has something of history about it there is very little of cinema in it.

A GOOD RULER ?

The ruler of Nadia, Raja Krishnachan-

Monotony in hair styles is an evil every girl should try to avoid. A hair style can sometimes be made to look different with the mere use of a gay ribbon or a bright flower. If you want to look oriental, then our traditional Indian silver or gold ornaments are ideal. Note the various styles sketched above.

dra, lives happily doing his duty towards his subjects, encouraging religious, social and cultural activities, helping the needy and the deserving and at the same time pursuing his own hobbies like hunting. Gopal Bhanr, the court jester, is his constant companion through his smiles and sorrows, calamities and coincidences. But soon Providence steps in to cut short this career of peace and happiness.

Petty family feuds and rivalries begin to disturb Krishnachandra's peace and happiness. His house is divided into two opposing camps, one headed by his loving and loyal elder wife and her eldest son Shibchandra and the other headed by the proud and jealous younger wife and her son Shambhuchandra.

The political atmosphere in Bengal about this time also becomes disturbing with the fumes of the Battle of Plassey filling the air. After the death of Alivardi Khan, Sirajudoulla is installed as the Nawab of Bengal but Mir Jaffer starts a mean conspiracy to throw him out. Krishnachandra commits a grave mistake by trusting conspirators like Jagatseth and others and is involved in the politics of the time.

Sirajudoulla is murdered through the machinations of Mir Jaffer and Krishnachandra is shocked to hear the news. Repentance, remorse and family feuds upset Krishnachandra greatly. His only consolation, however, lies in Ramprasad, his spiritual 'guru', whose religious teachings impress him and he finds peace in his 'guru's' company. Krishnachandra and Ramprasad develop such a close association that in the course of time they become inseparables. Ramprasad's influence lends richness to Krishnachandra's spiritual life in the last leg of his life.

Bengal politics in the meantime goes on changing rapidly. After Sirajudoulla comes Mir Jaffer who is followed by Mir Kassim. Mir Kassim at the behest of his father-in-law Mir Jaffer had once arrested Sirajudoulla. When Mir Kassim becomes the Nawab he makes a promise that his first effort would be to drive the British out of the country. Those who stood against Sirajudoulla he orders their capture and interns them in the Fort of Monghyr. Through an unfortunate mistake Raja Krishnachandra is also captured and interned and subsequently ordered to be killed.

By this time the family feuds in Krishnachandra's domestic world reach a climax. Taking advantage of Krishnachandra's internment, his rebellious son Shambhuchandra forcibly usurps the throne of Nadia. In the meantime, when Mir Kassim's men take Krishnachandra for execution, Gopal Bhanr saves his life by his resourcefulness. Krishnachandra returns to his state but after staying there for a few days retreats to Halishahar to spend the rest of his peaceful life in the hermitage of Ramprasad.

DULL AND DOCUMENTARY

Handled in a dull and documentary manner the picture fails to interest. Especially in the first half, the picture travels like a scared bride to her bed on the wedding night. And even though the picture picks up a little speed in the latter half, by the time the audience loses all interest. Some lengthy commentaries without any pictorial support simply bore the audience. Historical incidents have been clumsily and incongruously handled and a number of anachronisms are evident in the picture. The stupid attempt to show the Battle of Plassey by inserting modern-war stock shots is an insult to people's intelligence as well as a declaration of bankruptcy of the producers' own. This is a crude bluff which cannot hood-wink even fools.

The production values are fairly good. Photography though not uniform and hazy in patches is not bad. Sound recording is average. Sets are quite spectacular and look expensive while costumes serve the purpose though not always the period. The music is quite attractive with the "Ramprasadi" songs being particularly well tuned and attractively rendered by the playback singer Dhananjoy Bhattacharjee.

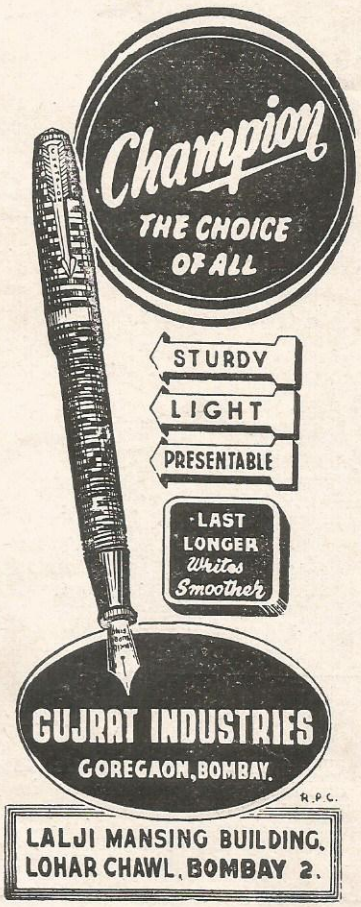
Director Sudhir Bandhu Banerjee who fails miserably in other departments does very well in the role of Ramprasad. Pahari Sanyal in the title role of Raja Krishnachandra somehow manages to fit in the role and act his part. He was capable of better performance but here his bulk attracts more attention than his acting. He seems to lack the fire which is necessary in the portrayal of this illustrious character on the screen. Chhabi Biswas is adequate in his small role of the aged Alivardi Khan. Samir Kumar as Sirajudoulla is disappointing. Bikash Rai as Mir Kassim gives an impressive performance. The elder wife of Krishnachandra is played by Sunanda Devi in her dignified and natural way. Molina Devi, in the role of Rani Bhabani, also gives a suitable performance. Haridhon Mukerjee as Gopal Bhanr, the court jester, supplies the fun in the picture with his familiar wisecracks.

Well, "Raja Krishnachandra" is a lump of laborious biography. It is a dull and boring motion picture. It may have some sentimental appeal for some people but it hasn't much appeal for most of the picturegoers.

RAJA KRISHNACHANDRA

Producers:	**Golden Pictures**
Language:	**Bengali**
Story:	**Poet Bimal Chandra Ghose**
Music:	**Uma Shankar**
Photography:	**Suresh Das**
Recording:	**Gour Das**
Cast:	**Pahari Sanyal, Sunanda, Molina, Chhabi Biswas, Bikash Rai & others.**
Released At:	**Basusree**
Date of Release:	**21st August 1953.**

Directed By:
SUDHIR BANDHU



OUR REVIEW

Tamil "Devdas", A Tragedy Of Production !

Amateurish, Boring And Incompetent !

When in love these Bengalis look away and make the women anxious. Look at the way Abhi is treating love-thirsty Kamini Kaushal.

Love makes them dreamy too. They want to take the woman to heaven too. Abhi sees dreams of his dhobie girl in heaven with him.

★ ★ ★

Ultimately, ofcourse, these Bengali lovers descend to earth and embrace their sweethearts in public with the people staring. But does Abhi Bhattacharya care with Kamini Kaushal in his arms in "Rami Dhoban", a social romance directed by Hiren Bose for Navkala Niketan? He doesn't.

Anxiety to cash on the name of "Devdas", Sarat Chatterjee's immortal story, rather than the competence or skill to present it on the screen seems to be the distinguishing feature of Vinodha Pictures' Tamil screen adaptation of this old but perennially popular tale. Compared with the one made by the New Theatres of Calcutta, this Tamil 'Devdas' is a lame, spineless and colourless film which fails to tell effectively this utterly human and starkly tragic tale of two lovers which has already drawn a huge flood of tears from film audiences and readers. And those who fail to draw tears from the audience even with a story like 'Devdas' cannot be called competent or intelligent film producers.

Uprooted from its original soil and shabbily shoved into the life and terrain of Tamil Nad, the story loses its original glory and the film looks a strange image of some cross-bred culture, customs and life. The culture and customs shown in this picture are not only not germane to Tamil Nad but also seem completely alien to the Tamil firmament. This lessens the force, sensitivity and genuineness of the story. Before transplanting the story from Bengal to Tamil Nad, the producers should have seen that this adaptation was done with intelligence and with due regard to the quality and complexion of the new soil in which the story was supposed to grow. But the producers evidently never gave much thought to this with the result that the place where the story is laid appears to be neither Bengal, nor Tamil Nad nor even North India. What else it is perhaps we are not supposed to ask. Apart from the hybridity of its cultural complexion, the way this story has been adapted to the screen is simply slipshod and perfunctory with very little of the original fire and emotion of the story reaching the audience. The Tamil "Devdas" therefore is the tragedy of a famous tragedy which in indifferent and incompetent hands fails to be an effective tragedy.

The story is too well known to need repetition. Parvathi, coming from a family "which sells its girls", fails to marry Devdas, younger son of the Zamindar of Perur, and is married by her father to an old man, Zamindar of Durgapuram, who has an army of children. Devdas takes to drink, reforms a dancer, Chandramukhi, and finally dies of consumption after sinking to fairly low levels of social degradation. He is given a pauper's funeral and Parvathi, hearing the news of the uncared-for corpse, rolls down the staircase, knocks her head at the great closed doors of her palace and dies shrieking out, "Devdas! Devdas! !"

The producers ought to have known that the married women of Tamil Nad never draw their saris over their heads. The Brahmin widow was compelled to do so once upon a time but that custom is long since dead. They should have known that married women in Tamil Nad never enter the bedroom of a childhood friend at night. After dusk they enter only their own bedrooms. The producers should have also known that after the advent of the motor car, not one Zamindar has used the palanquin as a conveyance, though it still continues to be a symbol of aristocracy in Bengal. And there are numerous other things which the producers should have known.

NOTHING MUCH TO CRY ABOUT !

But apart from all this the picture is not bad technically. Sets are well conceived and executed. Photography is generally good. Sound recording is also satisfactory. The costumes, however, are fantastic at times. Devdas wears a great coat reaching below his knees, a bow far too big for his duck-neck and a bowler hat not to mention a flourishing stick in his hand and then goes to meet Parvathi. But that dress makes him look like a lunatic instead of a lover. Even ten years ago the Zamindars of Tamil Nad were not so Westernized.

The two dance pieces by Lalitha, playing the role of Chandramukhi, are quite good but the presence of a number of men in these scenes in the North Indian fashion,

D E V D A S

Producers:	**Vinodha Pictures**
Language:	**Tamil**
Story:	**Based on Sarat Babu's novel in Bengali**
Dialogue:	**Udhayakumar**
Lyrics:	**Narayana Kavi and another**
Music:	**(Late) C. R. Subbaraman**
Cast:	**Savithri, Lalitha, Nageswara Rao, M. N. Nambiar and others.**
Released At:	**Paragon, Madras**
Date of Release:	**18th September 1953**

Directed By:
VEDANTHAM RAGHAVAIAH

is grotesque. In Tamil Nad no such dances are perceptible where men walk in to offer money to see the dance and wait for the rest. There are eleven songs in the film but not one of them impresses.

Nageswara Rao plays the role of Devdas and although he does better than he has done hitherto he proves unequal to the lofty spirit of this role. The man evokes only sympathy when he dies in the picture. Death should bring tears. Bhagwan, the companion of Devdas, is a well-portrayed role. It suits M. N. Nambiar very well. Savithri, as Parvathi, is very sincere and plays her role with conviction. Particularly in the last scenes her emotional work is very impressive. Lalitha plays the dancer Chandramukhi pretty well. Her face may not be an asset to her but her talent is.

In short, in spite of having a rarely tragic and emotional story by a great author and in spite of having some previous, really worthy screen interpretations of the story to learn from, Vinodha Pictures fail to make any impression with their Tamil "Devdas". The good, old, reliable "Devdas" fails to be effective in Tamil and that only proves that its producers are not reliable artistes.

OUR REVIEW

"Asai Maghan" Is Purely Idiotic Drivel!

Crime Story That Kills Time!

The word "Bhayankaram" is generally used by the people of Malabar to denote anything that is out of the ordinary or incomprehensible, be it a piece of love poetry or a gruesome murder. They have the same word for it. In Tamil, however, it means only one thing—terrible. This word which occurs frequently in this film describes it most appropriately. "Asai Maghan" is a terrible picture. It is a slimy tale about some senseless people told in a sloughy style which may appeal to idiots. For the rest it is just junk and jargon.

The story is an odd jumble of the inanities and indiscretions of a modern prodigal son who exhibits his aberration through crime, theft, murder, alcoholism and other moral and social degradations till at last he is sent to jail for seven years to think better. We wish many others associated with this picture could be prescribed a similar 7-years for better-thinking. The picture shows three cold-blooded murders apart from the murder of art, purpose and entertainment. If the film is to be believed, justice is as cock-eyed in Madras as film-production is because a man who commits two murders within the winking of an eye gets only seven years even in the absence of any extenuating circumstances.

Sekhar, the only son of a rich couple Sadasiva Mudaliar and Mangalam, is the darling of his mother who grants his every caprice with indulgence and who has taken sides with him against his father ever since the boy's childhood. The weak-willed father, so much wax in his wife's hands, is unable to check or correct him. At the age of twelve, the boy writes a love note to a girl class-mate and is suspended from school for this. This monstrous fabrication is an insult to the elementary schools of Madras, where not even one such incident has ever been reported.

Inspired by Vikraman, Sekhar takes to drinking and is cleverly led into the parlour of Jayanthi, a dancer. He falls for her and between Vikraman and Jayanthi, the plucking of the pigeon starts. To eke out the story, Sadasiva Mudaliar has a poor, widowed sister, with a son Chandran and a daughter Santha. The uncle, at his wife's instigation, refuses to help the nephew to take his law degree. But Chandran becomes a lawyer for all that and a flourishing lawyer too. When no man would give his daughter in marriage to Sekhar, Mangalam through a trick gets him married to Santha. The brother arrives a minute too late to stop the marriage and then goes out of the place hastily as one would leave the theatre after seeing this picture. How an orthodox Hindu marriage could be celebrated without some one to give the bride away, does not appear to have occurred to the producer who is probably more familiar with the "Sambandam" type of Malabar marriage, where a man and a woman choose to live as husband and wife with only mutual consent —to part at will.

The drunkard Sekhar continues to live with his wife and rifles his father's safe when the old man is on his death bed. He gets a son but that makes no difference and then his father dies and summonses for debts are served on him. At last the prodigal discovers the perfidiousness of Jayanthi and Vikraman when he catches them making love to each other and forthwith murders them. His mother is murdered by Vikraman's hirelings, for Vikraman wanted to swallow her property also, making use of Sekhar. In the end Sekhar goes to jail for seven years and the audience is released from a two-hour torturous internment.

There is a side story shoved in clumsily to provide Chandran with a wife and that accounts for the appearance of the postmaster and his daughter, Sarala in the film.

STUPID AND OUTLANDISH

Outlandishly written and outlandishly directed the picture neither makes sense nor entertains. For one thing no one knows where this stupid story is supposed to take place. It could be Tibet, Timbuctoo or even the ancient Troy. Alongside the Iron Bridge of Madras one sees the funny rickshaw of Malabar and becomes convinced that not only has the picture no life it has no location also. The picture strikes its singularly improbable note when Sekhar is married to Santha and after that it becomes a long procession of improbabilities, absurdities and stupidities. These days such processions in celluloid are called motion pictures in the South.

Technically, however, the picture is well mounted and sets are quite convincing. Camerawork is uniformly clever while sound has been well recorded. Music and songs in the film are third-rate and not one song is enjoyable or likely to be remembered. The "Jigu, jigu" nonsense in the dance song (Song No. 2) makes one wonder what South Indian dancing has come to, that is if it could be called South Indian dancing at all. One is simply disgusted by it. Dialogue is a disgrace to Tamil. It is mostly jargon spoken in Malabar and the southern areas of Travancore. Foisting a monstrosity like this on a Tamil film is a flagrant folly. Direction is extremely unimaginative and stupid at best. The director fails to create even one effective sequence in the entire picture.

B. S. Saroja, as Santha, looks charming with Grecian features. She acts with sincerity and still if she fails to impress much it is not so much her fault as that of the role and the direction. What can an artiste do with a director who makes a wife wear a new silk sari, adorn her hair with flowers and limbs with ornaments before visiting her husband locked behind bars? Padmini, as Jayanthi, seems to have done away with most of her ugly fat. In the first few close-ups, with diffused lighting, she looks a bit attractive. R. Ganesh, as Sekhar, remains camera conscious throughout. The only place where he looks convincing is when he comes home dead drunk and his father slaps him.

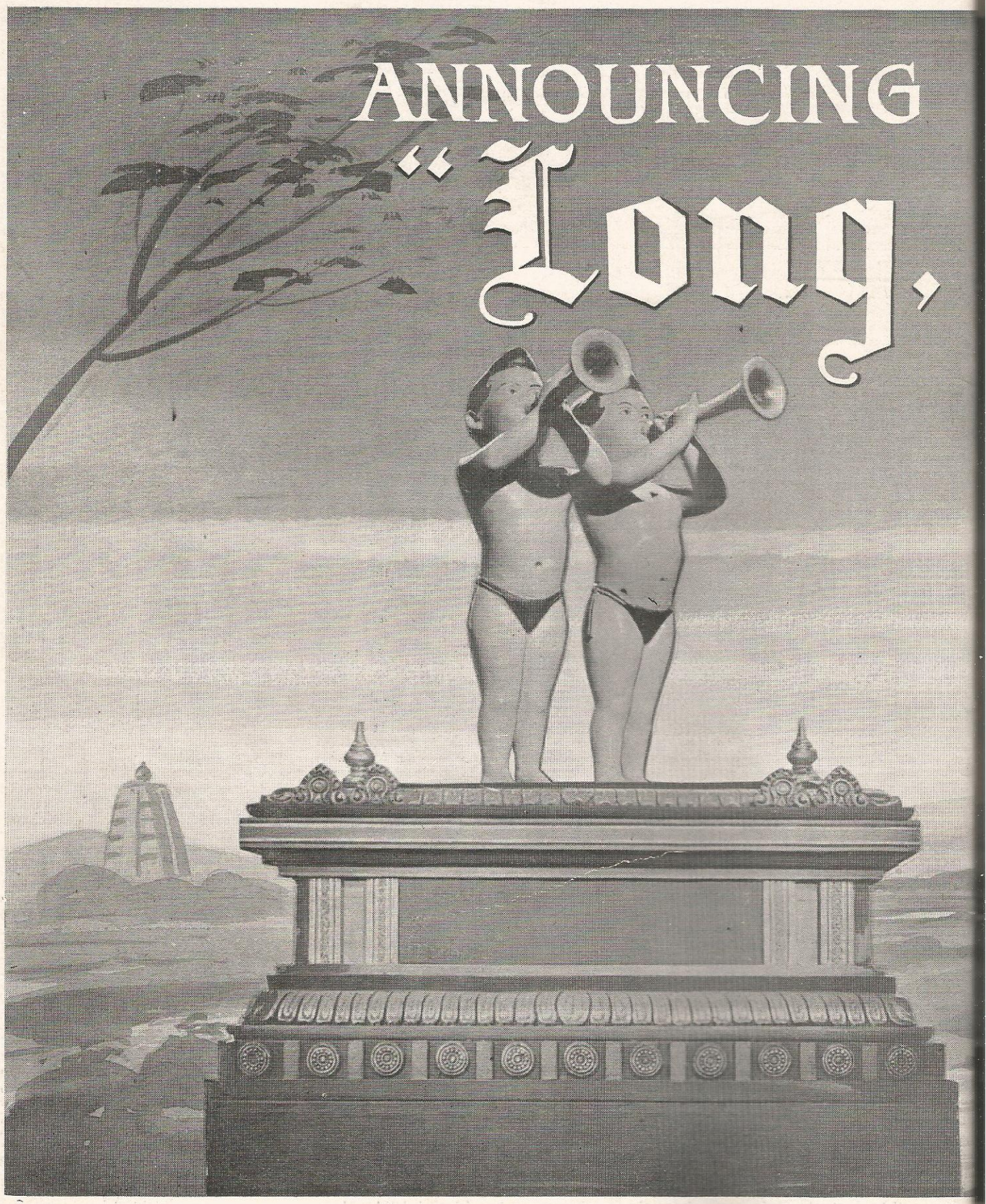
Sathyan, the good boy Chandran in the film, is an utter failure. He looks stolid and when he delivers his long-winded speeches in the peculiar Malayalam manner with nasal intonation one feels like throttling him. He is obviously a misfit in a Tamil film and if he must make acting his career he should learn to act and not strut about like a dummy. B. R. Pantulu as Sadasiva Mudaliar is the only one who plays his role well, with sincerity and success. He excites sympathy. "Friend" Ramaswamy who conspires with Mangalam to bring about Santha's marriage in the absence of her brother, neither looks an accountant nor a domestic servant. He makes a wretched impression.

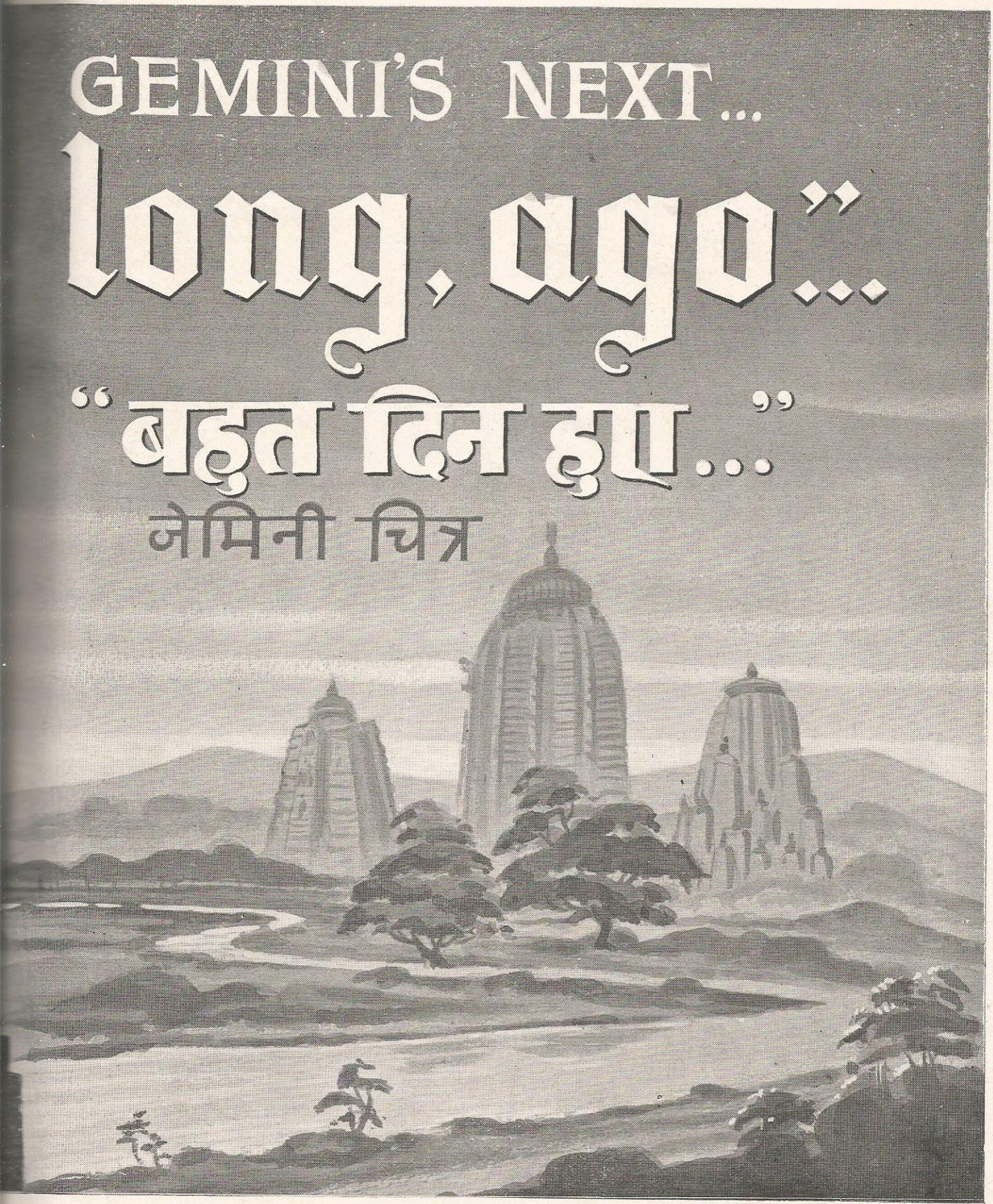
Well, "Asai Maghan" has hardly anything in it to be recommended to picture-goers. It is not an entertaining motion picture. It is a piece of some idiotic drivel which deserves to be scrupulously avoided.

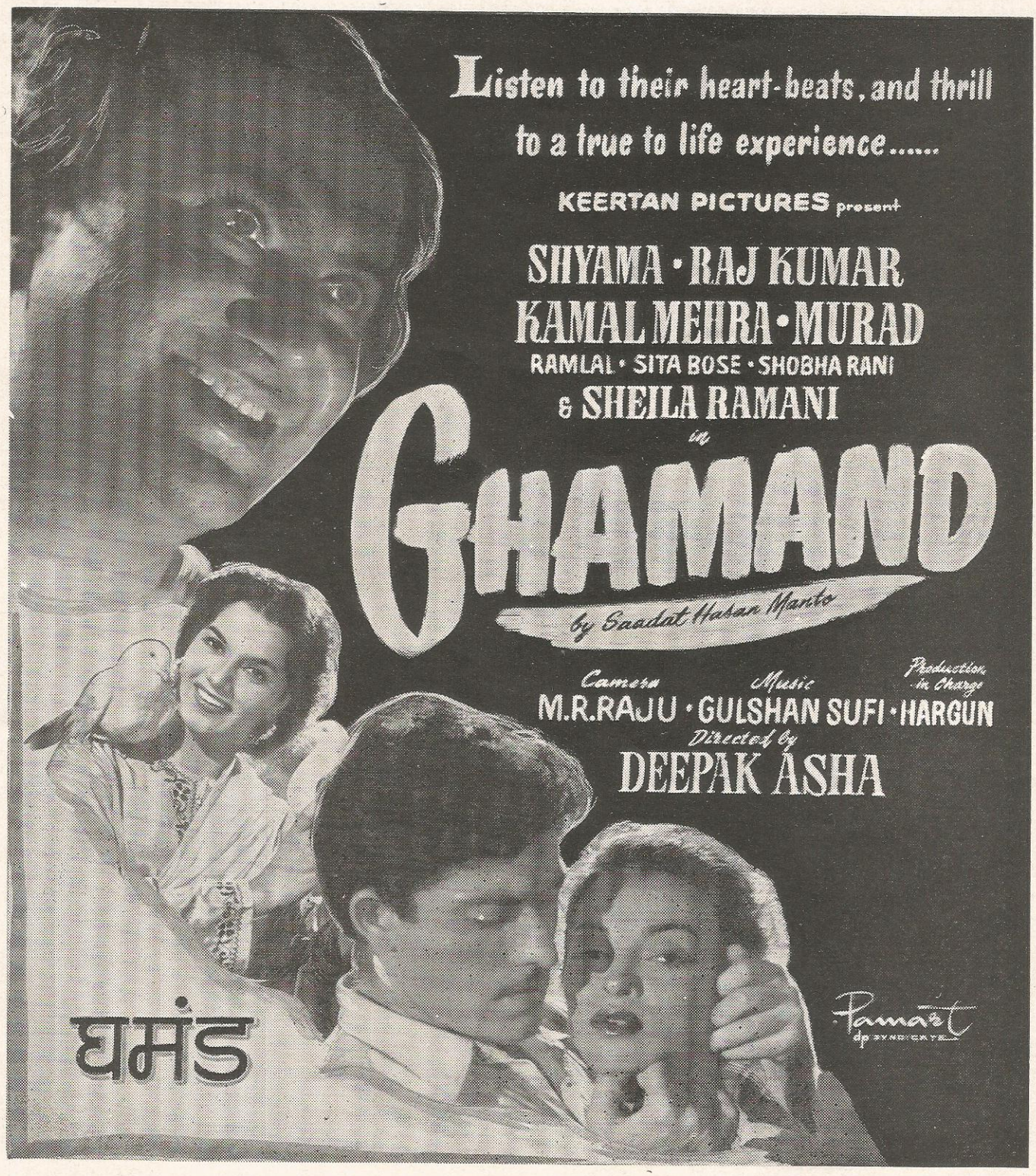
ASAI MAGHAN
(Beloved Son)

Producers:	**Associated Producers**
Language:	**Tamil**
Story:	**Story Department**
Dialogue:	**Nagercoil Padmanabhan**
Lyrics:	**Kuyilan**
Music:	**V. Dakshinamurthy**
Cast:	**B. S. Saroja, Padmini, R. Ganesh, Sathyan and others**
Released At:	**Chitra, Madras**
Date of Release:	**18th September 1953**

Directed By:
G. R. RAO


ANNOUNCING
"Long,


GEMINI'S NEXT...
long, ago...
"बहुत दिन हुए..."
जेमिनी चित्र



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AT HOME AND ABROAD

How coy? And how innocent? But remember she is not a baby. She is a woman with a thousand charms and half of them can change the earth into heaven for any man. But these charm-merchants are misers. They never generously give what men pray for. If you want to know what this smiling charmer is about you must see Vyjayantimala in "Ladki", a romantic tale directed by M. V. Raman for AVM Productions.

WINDFALL

Poona, September 26.

Replying to a question of Mr. S. R. Bhatt, Revenue Minister Mr. B. S. Hiray, said that the Government of Bombay was considering a proposal to set up a central censor board for the purpose of scrutinizing the scripts of dramas and tamashas performed in the State.

Mr. Hiray also revealed that the Government realised Rs. 4,55,35,545 by way of entertainment tax from films during the years 1949-50 to 1951-52. During the same period, the Government collected Rs. 1,90,116 and Rs. 5,64,299 as entertainment tax from amateur and professional dramatic companies respectively.

This is money for jam which the Government has been getting without the Government moving even its little finger to help or even co-operate with the film industry in India.

HER FOURTH ESSAY

Las Vegas, Nevada, September 24.

At a simple ceremony held in Sands Hotel, Rita Hayworth repeated her marriage vows for the fourth time before Judge Frank MacNamee and called Dick Haymes her husband.

There were only ten guests but a large number of newsreel and television cameramen, photographers and reporters craned their necks and rushed to cover the exciting event. Rita, however, was not dressed in the conventional bridal dress. She was content to wear a simple blue linen dress and go through her fourth "I do's". Or was it impatience to call Dick her own?

We admire Rita's guts in trying four marital experiments. Let us hope Crooner Dick Haymes keeps the Hayworth girl busy and interested in him. Dick incidentally inherits two ready-made children, Rebecca and Yasmin, Rita's daughters, from husbands number 2 & 3.

MUDDLING AGAIN

Karachi, October 3.

At a joint meeting of the Karachi Cine Exhibitors' Association, the Sind Baluchistan Film Distributors Syndicate and the Cine Trade Employees Union, it was decided to close down all cinema houses in Karachi exhibiting Indian films as a protest against the Pakistan Government's policy regarding the import of Indian films.

On Monday, September 21, these 22 cinema houses closed down including three houses which exhibit English films. The three English cinemas, however, had closed in sympathy and re-opened on September 22. The remaining cinemas resumed screening on October 2.

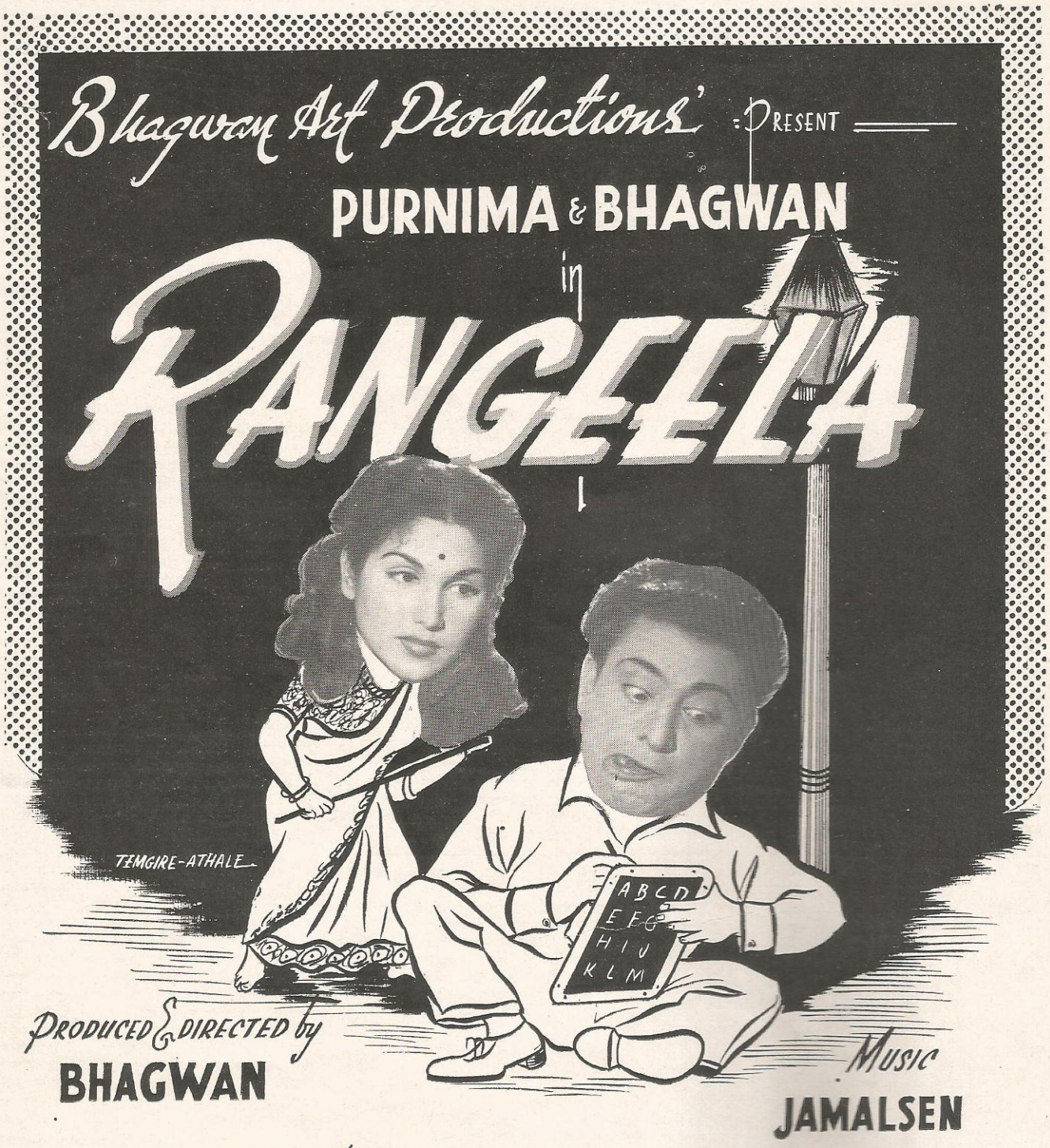
With the closure of these cinemas, the Government of Pakistan announced that they would permit the release of 42 Indian films on a rental basis only. The question of remitting foreign exchange would be taken up later.

The Government's decision to place Indian films on a rental basis had a mixed reaction amongst the members of the different bodies. The Pakistan Motion Pictures Association, the Film Chamber of Pakistan and the Pakistan Motion Picture Producers' Association, welcomed it and passed resolutions urging the reduction of the penalty on Indian films to a nominal minimum, restoration of trade between the two countries on a reciprocal ratio basis etc.

But W. Z. Ahmed, president of the Federation of Pakistan Film Industry, issued a threat at a press conference in Lahore. He said: "If Indian films are allowed to enter Pakistan it will be well nigh impossible for us to go ahead with our production plans." According to W. Z. Ahmed, 24 Pakistani films which were lying incomplete all these years, were completed when the import of Indian films into Pakistan was stopped. 12 others were under production and the Pakistan film industry could easily produce 20 pictures a year.

The Executive Committee of the Pakistan Film Technicians' Association met on September 24 in Lahore and passed resolutions demanding a revival of the ban on import of Indian films, confiscation of Indian prints held by the Customs etc.

There are evidently more film associations in Pakistan than films—all set out for a fray, with W. Z. Ahmed ruling the roost. If the Government of Pakistan are really serious and mean business they should lift the ban on the import of Indian films completely instead of passing some half-hearted measures. The 250 cinema houses in Pakistan contribute over three crores of rupees by way of entertainment tax and the Pakistan Government cannot afford to throw away this revenue. The earlier the tussle ends, the better for



Distributors :

Bombay Circuit : M|s. I. K. FILMS, 136 GIRGAUM ROAD, BOMBAY 4.
Bengal Circuit : M|s. MANSATTA FILM DISTRIBUTORS, CALCUTTA.
C. P. & C. I.: M|s. JANATA FILM EXCHANGE, BHUSAVAL.
East Punjab : M|s. NATIONAL FILMS, JULLUNDUR.
Overseas : M|s. INTERNATIONAL FILM DISTRIBUTORS, BOMBAY 3.

This is a scion of the rich Ram clan of Delhi. His name is Lala Charat Ram and the gentle smiling lady is his wife. This Ram belongs to the family of the Rams who own and control the Delhi Cloth and General Mills. He has just returned from an extensive tour of U. K. and Europe. During his tour he visited numerous factories in different countries and learnt quite a few new things. If his new knowledge brings down the price of the ready-made shirts he sells even by eight annas, this photo will be usefully published.

Mrs. Charat Ram is happy to be home and Charat Ram is looking pleasant and clever and the eight-anna cut seems to be far off.

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both the Pakistan and the Indian film industry.

ONE STONE LESS

Hollywood, September 13.

74-year old veteran American actor, Lewis Stone, died of a heart attack on Saturday, September 12. It seems three teenagers were breaking up his lawn equipment and throwing it into his swimming pool. As he chased them, he collapsed and died immediately.

Born on November 15, 1879, at Worcester, Massachusetts, Lewis Stone first served in the U. S. Army in Philippines as a Sergeant. In World War I, he served as a Major of cavalry and then took to film and stage acting.

He worked in scores of films, some of his important portrayals being in "Mata Hari", "Queen Christina", "Scaramouche", "Prisoner of Zenda", "About a Stranger", "It's A Big Country", and the best of all the Hardy Series. As the understanding father Hardy, he solved many a tricky problem of his "son" Mickey Rooney through a man-to-man talk. Fans will remember the quiet dignity and charm of his grand old man in his different characterizations.

HER STANDARD PAYMENT

Bombay, September 29.

Mr. Justice Desai, Bombay High Court, granted an injunction order on a notice of motion taken out by film actress Kuldip Kaur, restraining Messrs. Globe Pictures' "Aabshar" from exhibition.

According to the plaintiff, Kuldip Kaur, a sum of Rs. 25,000|- was fixed for her role in "Aabshar". If the picture was not completed within six months, she was to be paid extra. As the picture was not completed in the stipulated time, the defendants agreed to pay her Rs. 5000|- more after the picture was ready. This was recorded in a letter to her dated July 14, 1952.

The defendants denied the charges and held that only Rs. 25,000|- had to be paid for the whole picture, whatever the time taken, one month after the date of censor or before the release of the picture. The film was censored on July 23, 1953, and this suit, therefore, filed on July 30, 1953 was premature.

This case determines the standard payment a second-class artiste like Kuldip Kaur gets. It is easier therefore to judge what first-rate stars like Dilip, Nargis, Madhubala, Nimmi, Nalini Jaywant, Bina Rai and others get. Even Kuldip's old income-tax returns are worth examining again in the light of this case.

HIS NEW ESTATE

Hollywood, September 20.

Hollywood actress Gloria DeHaven married Martin S. Kimmel. Martin is a real estate man from New York. Let us hope Gloria DeHaven gives hubby Martin a haven of peace and happiness and justifies a part of her surname.

PAUL'S POCKET MONEY

New York, September 24.

Singer Paul Robeson was awarded the Stalin Peace Prize at a ceremony in New York as he was not able to go to Moscow to receive it personally.

Author Howard Fast, on behalf of the awarding jury in Moscow, presented him with a bound citation and gold medal. Paul Robeson was also given 5000 dollars with the award.

Paul said that he was a friend of the Soviet nation. That is an obvious fact. Otherwise how could he win an award?

BEWARE, INDIAN CENSORS!

New York, September 15.

United Artists' "The Moon Is Blue", starring Maggie McNamara, William Holden and David Niven, has been condemned by quite a few censor bodies in some American states. The Maryland State Board of Motion Picture Censors refused to certify the picture on the grounds that it was "immoral, indecent and obscene." Members of the City Council at St. Paul, Minnesota state, have instructed City Attorney Anthony Quinn to find out what steps can be taken to ban the film in the city. In Detroit, the Police Commissioner will not let the picture be screened unless some civic and church leaders see it.

The Ohio Division of Film Censorship stated: "It might not be objectionable for showing to strictly adult audiences, but it is not suitable for general exhibition in view of the fact that it would be extremely objectionable for adolescent groups." The board decision continued: "By implication, inference, innuendo and double-talk, the picture insidiously and indirectly plays upon the sex motive in behaviour to such an extent that repetitive suggestion of sex dominance becomes repulsive. The dialogue is not in accord with accepted standards of decency and morality."

Our special correspondent has referred to this obnoxious picture in our September issue in the "Reviewed In Hollywood" section. It is a picture that shocks all decent people with its suggestive dialogue and situations and its sex obsession. No wonder, sensible Americans are clamouring for its ban.

AT IT AGAIN

New Delhi, September 18.

Dr. B. V. Keskar, Minister for Infor-

FREE AND CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE TO OUR READERS

The racketeering manner in which a number of life insurance companies are being run these days makes it necessary for every man to be very careful in choosing the right company for placing his life's savings. The layman does not know the remarkable jugglery of figures that goes into the preparation of the Balance Sheets and Valuation Reports of certain insurance companies. Even some old companies which looked stable and respectable once are now in the throes of financial crisis because of the irresponsible transactions by those who were trusted to conduct the business in a legitimate manner.

We have therefore decided to protect the interests of over two million readers of Filmindia by giving them timely advice on the choice of a good insurance company for their personal life insurance. This service will be free and confidential and readers who want to avail themselves of it, are requested to send the following particulars: 1) Name and age 2) Present salary 3) Type of work done 4) The amount of provision intended 5) Family responsibilities 6) And any personal particulars peculiar to the person.

These particulars should be addressed to the "Insurance Department", Filmindia, Fort, Bombay, enclosing a two-anna stamp for reply.

Even those readers who have already got a life-policy can seek our advice about the present status and stability of the company in which they are insured. In case such a company is in financial distress at the moment, the insured can demand a paid-up policy from the company and re-insure himself with another company with better status and stability. The Editor.

mation and Broadcasting, said that the Government proposed to produce 30 documentary films per year on the Five-Year Plan, community projects and basic and social education.

Two such films "River of Hope" and "Road to New India" had already been produced.

That means more torture for the filmgoers, as we have still a year-and-a-half of the Five-Year Plan.

MALWANI BLUFF

Bombay, September 24.

Addressing the members of the Progressive Group on "Bombay's Leadership in Civic Service" at the Green's Hotel, Mr. S. K. Patil, president of the Bombay Pradesh Congress Committee, said that the blue prints for a spacious building housing two auditoria were ready. The structure would be constructed in the next two years at an estimated cost of Rs. 50 lakhs and provide a theatre with accommodation for 2500 persons and a public hall for 5000.

S. K. Patil wanted to give Rs. 10 to Rs. 11 lakhs collected for the Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel Memorial Fund to the Municipal Corporation for this purpose, if it was considered possible, towards the cost of the building. Bombay was really the most progressive city. From a fishing village of about 200 huts, it had become a magnificent city with over 200 cultural institutions.

The Municipal Theatre is a beautiful dream. But we have been chewing the idea for long and spoiling our digestion.

HANG-OVER DAMAGES

Hollywood, September 16.

Mrs. John Wayne has been granted a monthly alimony of $1,100. She had filed an alimony suit for 9000 dollars per month against actor-hubby John Wayne. But the court seems to have thought otherwise.

PRETTY MIX-UP

Bombay, October 2.

Mr. Justice Desai, Bombay High Court, granted interim injunction restraining P. B. Zaveri, Chunilal Chandulal Shroff, Vithaldas Kalidas and V. K. Film Distributors, from taking away any part of the amount of Rs. 50,000|- lying in the Central Bank of India in the name of V. K. Film Distributors, in a suit filed by the Filmistan Distributors (India) Ltd. for the recovery of that amount.

His Lordship ordered the discharge of the Central Bank, one of the defendants, from the suit at the Bank's request and directed the Bank to hand over the amount to the attorneys of the parties.

The Filmistan suit said that Rs. 50,000|- had been taken away by Zaveri from their cashier's table without the cashier's knowledge. It was stated on behalf of Zaveri, Vithaldas and V. K. Film Distributors that they had an agreement with the plaintiffs for the purchase from the V. K. Film Distributors of a film "Sati Sone" for Rs. 1,00,000|- and the cheque for Rs. 50,000|- was in part payment. The plaintiffs, on the other hand, denied any agreement for the purchase of "Sati Sone" as its title was vested in the official assignee of the estate of Zaveri who was an undischarged insolvent.

His Lordship heard the parties and granted interim injunction. The Bank was discharged from the suit, which was fixed for hearing on November 23.

NEW BEGGING FASHION

Bombay, September 25.

The Government of India sent a newsreel on the floods in India to Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, leader of the Indian delegation to the United Nations. The idea is to collect funds for the Prime Minister's Flood Relief Fund in the United States.

The newsreel which runs for 10 minutes contains shots of the flood damage in Bihar, Andhra and Bombay states. It will be shown to the U. N. delegates from the different parts of the world.

Looks as if we have substituted a newsreel in place of a begging bowl!

THE KICK-OFFS

Hollywood, September 20.

After eight years of married life, pretty

Women use any port-hole in a storm to see the rough seas from a safe shelter. It is a pity that a girl with those inviting eyes should be so badly barricaded. But Vijayalaxmi is not the one to remain there too long. Watch her in "Manzil", a love tale produced by V. N. Nayyar for Silver Stars.

Women will take any pose to attract attention. Men don't yet know that women have their bones fixed on ball-bearings. Look at Sheila Ramani inviting trouble in "Manzil".

These studio trees with more flowers than leaves often make our film girls also look synthetic. To prove otherwise Asha Mathur is stretching out for romance in "Manzil".

Ann Rutherford divorced hubby David May. David is a department store heir.

Actress Eleanor Parker will soon divorce her husband, Bert Friedlob. No month in the Hollywood film calendar is free from divorce suits.

GOOD SAMARITAN?

Moga, September 12.

An octogenarian posed as a film producer and the father of Geeta Bali. Then he is alleged to have abducted a Harijan girl from Ferozepore.

K. S. Pandit, the "film producer" saw several other young men and women who wished to act in films. He was remanded to police custody while the girl was restored to her parents.

BULGING SECRET

Hollywood, September 17.

Well-known actress Ethel Merman, admitted her marriage to Robert Six, an airline executive.

It was a secret affair and had kept many people conjecturing.

IT'S WORKING

Colombo, September 22.

The Board of Film Censors in Ceylon has decided to do away with gangster films either by banning them completely or certifying them as suitable for adult exhibition. Many members feel that crime films have a harmful effect on adolescent persons and those with criminal tendencies.

Usually the Ceylon Board of Censors abides by the rulings of the Bombay Board but henceforth the Board will exercise stricter independent control guided by the reviews published in Filmindia.

TELEVISION VS. FILMS

London, September 17.

The popularity of television in Britain is hampering the progress of the British film industry. The Board of Trade has issued two reports, the annual report of the British Broadcasting Corporation and the Statistics of the British Film Industry, in which interesting facts are revealed. There was a drop of more than 17,000,000 in attendance figures for the first quarter of the year. That resulted in a loss of $2,800,000 in box-office takings. The figures showed that during the first three months 328,471,000 went to the movies as compared to 345,596,000 for the same period in 1952. The figures are compiled from 4562 theatres with a seating capacity of 4,195,000. Gross box-office takings for the first quarter amounted to $77,820,000, a drop of 4% on the 1952 takings.

The B.B.C. report said that more money was required to carry on present TV programmes. A yearly licence of a TV set costs $5.60. The B.B.C. estimated that to meet present B.B.C. requirements $8.40 will be the minimum fee required.

A FAIRY TALE

Poona, September 27.

Well-equipped, modern state theatres are likely to be constructed in important cities like Bombay, Poona, Ahmedabad, Surat, Nasik, Belgaum and Dharwar by the Government of Bombay. They will be exclusively for dramatic, musical and other entertainment, and made available to professional and amateur dramatic troupes at a nominal rent. The Government want to revive dramatic art which is not doing well financially owing to the high entertainment tax and the exorbitant rent charges by owners of private theatres.

The Government of Bombay have also decided to set aside three lakhs of rupees annually from the entertainment tax realized from dramatic performances, to promote dramatic art and encourage the writing of plays. Prizes will be awarded to outstanding dramatists, musicians, actors etc. They do not want to reduce the entertainment tax as the artistic quality of the plays might suffer with everyone producing a play. Another lakh of rupees has been provided this year as stipends to artistes in the dramatic, musical and literary spheres who are at present in financial difficulties.

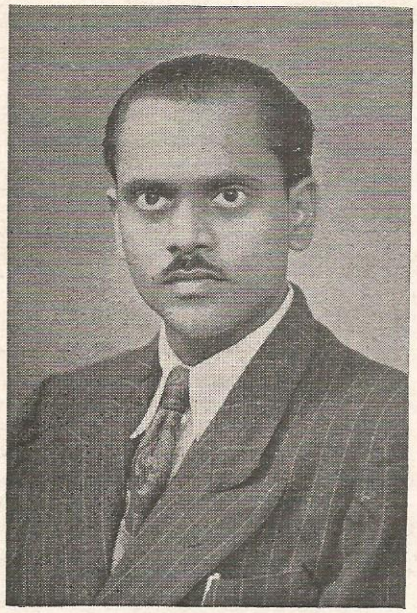
LEARNT HER LESSON

Hollywood, September 20.

Popular actress-singer Doris Day once had a narrow escape from death in a traffic crash. She was a teenage dancer at that time and so badly was she injured that she had to spend fourteen months in a hospital. During her convalescence she took voice lessons that resulted in a singing career and made her the darling of millions.

Now Doris is giving a series of talks on safe driving with an idea to train people to be careful. Says Doris: "If I can be instrumental in saving just one life as a result of my crusade, I shall feel that I have been generously rewarded."

It is a noble mission for sensitive Doris. We wish some of our film stars thought a little more of the pedestrians who are not fortunate enough to own cars and are forced to chase their bread on their feet.



Don't be frightened! Mulchand is not a dangerous man, though he has threatening eyes. The eyes grew big and wide as he saw the price of Filmindia going up from four annas a copy to three rupees a copy and people still buying the magazine in thousands. Mulchand, who is Filmindia's enthusiastic agent in Calcutta, thinks that a magazine that can make a Bengali pay three rupees is the greatest miracle of the 20th Century. Mulchand is the head of Makhuram & Co., the most influential news agents in Bengal. He has two offices in Calcutta but if you want to see him urgently you must go to the football ground. Those eyes of his tell a long football story.

SHELLING OUT

Washington D.C., September 15.

The "Omnibus" tax revision bill was passed by the House of Representatives. This bill includes a provision to end tax exemption for film stars who work overseas for 17 out of 18 months.

The bill has now gone to the Senate. If it is passed by the Senate, it will be effective retroactively from April 14, 1953, the date on which Chairman Reed (R.N.Y.) of the House Ways and Means Committee, introduced the measure.

POPULAR FRANKIE

London, September 25.

Popular singer Frankie Laine, whose voice is reputed to contain "hex-appeal", (that is the opposite of sex-appeal) had a strange incident recently at Liverpool's Empire Theatre. Hundreds of fans wanted to hear him sing, so they shouted: "Sing, Frankie, sing." As Frankie began to sing from his dressing room window, a 24-year old man Christopher Connelly, began mimicking the bobby-soxers' idol. The fans were naturally infuriated and dragged him away. Later he was arrested by the police.

Connelly, a labourer of Liverpool, told the court: "I don't like Frankie Laine—but if I could sing like him I wouldn't be here today." He was fined twenty shillings for behaviour likely to cause a breach of peace.

NEW HOPE

Bombay, September 28.

The newly formed Film Producers' Guild met Dr. Keskar at an informal lunch at the Taj Mahal Hotel on Sunday September 27.

The Guild, which has many big producers like Kardar, Mehboob and Raj Kapoor, is framing its constitution which will be adopted soon. The producers explained to Dr. Keskar the difficulties they meet with in film production.

There is a likelihood of forming a Finance Corporation to assist the members of the Guild to get advances at an interest of six per cent for film production.

Let us hope the Film Producers' Guild does something useful for the film industry and doesn't degenerate into a puerile body like the parent association—the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association.

CRIME COLONY

Washington D.C., September 20.

Crime in U.S.A. has reached a new high according to Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. During the first six months of

1953, 1,047,290 crimes were committed. If this trend continued, 1953 would be a record year for crime.

For the year 1950, there were 2,036,000 major crimes. The F.B.I.'s semi-annual "Uniform Crime Reports" on the first half of the current year listed the following details:—A major crime was committed every 14.9 seconds. There was one murder or negligent homicide every 40.3 minutes, one rape every 29.4 minutes, one robbery every 8.8 minutes, one aggravated assault every 5.71 minutes and a burglary every 1.12 minutes. There was a 7.2% increase in all crimes against the person —murder, negligent man-slaughter, rape and aggravated assault.

Victims of killers in U.S. totalled 6470 while over 54,000 were assaulted by rapists and potential killers. More than 29,000 victims were confronted by robbers using guns, other weapons or force.

In spite of crime soaring high, American film producers continue to produce crime and gangster films and call them entertainment. Is this how the richest country in the world wants to measure its progress?

MIRACLE, INDEED!

Chicago, September 17.

Judge Harry M. Fisher of circuit court gave a ruling in favour of "The Miracle" and said that the picture was neither obscene nor immoral. The decision was based on a ruling by the United States Supreme Court reversing a New York decision that prohibited the exhibition of the film in that state.

The American Civil Liberties Union is, however, going to challenge the constitutionality of precensorship practised by the Chicago Police Board.

MYSORE TYRANNY

Mysore, October 2.

The Mysore Film Chamber of Commerce has protested against the Bangalore Municipal Corporation because it wants to "control and regulate" the cinema trade and levy a new tax on advertisements in the city.

In a letter to the Commissioner, the Chamber explained its point of view. There was a heavy depression and a steady fall in box-office receipts. The proposed tax on advertisements would thus become an additional burden. The rule that no posters should be exhibited either inside or outside a theatre was an encroachment on the fundamental right of an individual to use and enjoy his property. Theatres could announce their programme to their patrons only by means of posters.

Continuing further, the letter said: "The proposal to issue a licence to advertising agencies or individuals and force the business to advertise through these agencies will be detrimental to the interests of the trade. As such agencies are likely to demand exorbitant rates, the trade must not be compelled to go to them."

Tax on advertisement posters by the Municipality is not new to us but some of the bye-laws and conditions mentioned by the Bangalore Municipal Corporation seem unreasonable and high-handed in democratic times.

IN AND UP

Bombay, September 25.

The Central Board of Film Censors has made two new appointments for Regional Officers. They are Mr. Dilip Kothari, member of the Bombay Advisory Panel and Mr. G. T. Shastry, former station director of All India Radio. They will work as Regional Officers in Bombay and Madras respectively.

Mr. S. A. Iyer, former Madras Regional Officer, has become Director of Publicity for the Planning Commission and Community Projects of the Five-Year Plan.

LUCKY EXTRAS

London, September 20.

The Film Artistes Association has arrived at new wage rates after negotiations with the British Film Producers' Association. The "extras" will now get ten shillings a day more on basic pay. The standard daily rate for crowd players thus comes to two pounds and two shillings, for stand-ins to three pounds and for 'doubles' to four pounds. If a film extra is asked to wear a particularly smart dress, he will be given a one-pound bonus. Up till now "extras" provided their wardrobe, except period costumes, from their own pockets.

Last June, the 1400 members of the Film Artistes Association had struck work for five weeks and agitated for an increase of thirty shillings per day. Now the rates for over-time, night work, Sunday and holiday duty have been raised. "Substantial body make-up" entitles an extra to ten shillings more or one pound if it involves oil or dirt.

Since most of their demands have been met, the members should have no cause for complaint.

EXPENSIVE HEAD

Hollywood, September 20.

Actor Steve Cochran paid $16,000 as damages to a man for allegedly injuring his head with a baseball bat during an altercation on last New Year's Eve, as ordered by the court.

This must decidedly be one of the costliest hits scored by Steve.

GAMBLERS ALL ROUND

Las Vegas, September 30.

Las Vegas, known as the "World's marriage capital", in the State of Nevada is a city of thrills and torments but it is a city that has prospered beyond recognition in the last twenty years.

The State was socially and economically bankrupt. So they legalized their betting laws and made it a gambling centre. They scrapped the drinking laws. Today there are hundreds of luxury hotels, department stores etc.

The gambling joints have a turnover of £40,000,000 a year. The State gets its share in taxes. Well, Las Vegas has another gambling game and that is the marriage contract. Most of the churches are open day and night so that romantic couples can be joined in wedlock at any hour. Within an hour of arrival, a couple can get married. For a fee of 25 dollars, one church offers a service complete with organ music, witnesses, exotic flowers for the bride, a photographer who will take your picture and send it to a newspaper in your home town.

Every Hollywood actress who wants to start life anew must make a pilgrimage to Las Vegas, for that matter every discontented couple has only to turn towards this "marriage capital", for a new fling.

MORE BANS

Lahore, September 25.

Film records manufactured at Dum Dum, Calcutta by the Gramophone Company Ltd., are not allowed to be imported into Pakistan. Like the ban on import of Indian films, gramophone records from India are also banned. Noor Jehan's songs in "Gul-

RAMTIRTH

BRAHMI SPECIAL No. 1. OIL

AYURVEDIC MEDICINE (REGD.)

ENDS BALDNESS
INCREASES MEMORY, INSURES EYESIGHT, IMPARTS SOUND SLEEP.

REMOVES GREY HAIR, STOPS FALLING HAIR, USEFUL TO EVERYBODY IN ALL SEASONS.

Rs. 3|8 Big Bottle—Rs. 2|- Small Bottle. (Sold Everywhere)
Send M.O. for Rs. 5|13|- for Big Bottle and Rs. 3|13|- for Small Bottle.
(Including postage and packing charges). No V.P.P. is Sent.

SHRI RAMTIRTH YOGASHRAM,
BOMBAY 14, Central Rly. Tel: 62899

naar", a Pakistani film, have therefore been recorded by Radio Pakistan.

Let us hope that the Pakistani recording doesn't turn the nightingale into a crow. Now the Gramophone Company will have to open a recording studio in Pakistan.

OPEN AIR NUISANCE

Madras, September 25.

Commenting on the recent order of the Madras Government on open-air theatres, Mr. N. Krishnaswamy, general secretary of the All India Cine Technicians' Association, said that it placed "crippling conditions in the way of open-air theatres." This was contrary to the spirit of the recommendation of the Planning Commission which emphasized the importance of open-air theatres in Community Project areas.

Mr. Krishnaswamy said that the open-air theatres opened in Madras and Delhi during the International Film Festival were liked by the public. He felt that the permanent theatres did not face any competition from the open-air ones. If they lacked amenities and the crowds saw pictures without paying for it, open-air theatres would die a natural death. The Government order, therefore, was "confusing and self-contradictory."

We do require more open-air theatres but it is high time the existing ones should be improved. Otherwise our bridge-building expert Ambalal Patel may throw up a hundred open-air theatres in different parts of India, taking the existing ones as standards.

JUNK TO JOURNALIST

Hollywood, September 30.

Pretty Olivia de Havilland is dating journalist Pierre Galante and they are often spotted at Hollywood's Club Mocambo.

Pierre is a Frenchman and if reports are to be believed may soon become Olivia's husband. Olivia's last husband was Producer Marcus Goodrich.

BED CLEANING

Hollywood, October 1.

Though some gossip-chewers predicted separation for actress Joanne Dru and director John Ireland, John the man most concerned, seems to think otherwise. John who is directing "The Good Die Young" in Ireland said: "We are separated but only by a few thousand miles. Actually I have never been so miserable in my life as I am over here without Joanne. Or so much in love with her." Joanne is flying soon to England to meet her hubby as well as to make a picture there.

Joanne was formerly married to crooner Dick Haymes. She divorced him to make way for Nora Eddington Flynn, ex-wife of actor Flynn. Nora took her turn as Mrs. Haymes and then divorced Dick so that he could marry Rita Hayworth. It is indeed a giddy cycle wringing in so many quick changes one after another.

ONE MORE

Bombay, September 6.

The Western India Society of Cinematographers elected Nitin Bose as the president at a general meeting held at the Shree Sound Studios on Saturday September 5. Other office bearers are as follows:—V. Avdhut, vice president; Krishna Gopal, secretary and Radhu Karmarkar treasurer plus a committee of 15 members some of them being Dwarka Khosla, Surendra Pai, Rajnikant Pandya, Rajendra Malone, R. D. Mathur, Prahlad Dutt etc.

The members adopted the constitution proposed by Rajnikant Pandya and seconded by Dwarka Khosla. Let us hope these cinematographers maintain a high technical standard in our motion pictures and not merely make speeches.

THE OLD STORY

Swansea, September 16.

The United States Immigration Department refused to permit Paul Robeson to visit Britain for a miner's festival of music.

The South Wales Miners' Executive condemned the action of the American Government. Miners' president, Mr. Will Paynter, said: "This action by the American State Department confirms the doubts of many people as to the conduct of the State Department in relation to Negro subjects and reveals that liberty and freedom for the individual as practised in the U.S. is far different to what they preach abroad."

A KISS BROUGHT MORE

London, October 1.

Are little acts of kindnesses rewarded or are they brushed aside without any thought? Recently an Oklahoma girl, Virginia Michael, gave a spontaneous smile to a wealthy rancher Howard Shellenberger. That smile brought her a fortune of £14,000 in Howard's will when he died. The will was contested by his relatives but Virginia got the money in the end. Now she is taking college education with that money.

Another instance that comes to mind is of a Manchester girl who met an old bachelor at a Christmas party. She took him by surprise and kissed him under the mistletoe. When he died he left behind £25,000 for the kind-hearted girl.

Remember it is not a synthetic film star smile that is wanted if you are on the look-out for fortune to favour you.

FRECKLED GLAMOUR

Hollywood, September 15.

Actor Van Johnson's freckled skin caused a lot of trouble during the production of "The Caine Mutiny".

Working in the bright Honolulu sun, Van's skin would become bright red and peel off instead of tanning. This looked bad in Technicolor. So the producer exposed Van to the sun for a few minutes at a time.

Poor Van, he hasn't the black lawn of our glamour boy Dilip Kumar to protect him from the strong sun.

NO MORE HOLY GHOST

Kansas City, September 30.

Film actress June Haver who had renounced her $3500-a-week career and entered a Kansas convent to become a nun, returned to Hollywood. Two Sisters accompanied her to the airport but they had nothing to say.

June's mother, Mrs. Ottestadt, did not know why her daughter had left the convent but she was naturally overjoyed at the idea of meeting her.

The monotony of the nunnery seems to have made June sensible. With those lovely dancing legs, you can't expect her to merely stride across a convent.

WASTING MONEY

Bombay, October 1.

Though there was a fall in production in 1951 and 1952, the import of raw film into India was the highest in the year 1952-53 being 2476.41 lakhs feet valued at Rs. 166.07 lakhs.

The increase in imports is due to the producers wasting a lot of film and printing a larger number of copies of each film to recover their money invested quickly.

The amount of entertainment tax collected in the three major states, Bombay, Madras and West Bengal, also showed a fall in the year 1952-53. In 1951-52 Bombay collected 177 lakhs of rupees, while in 1952-53 the figure was 156.88 lakhs of rupees. In Madras it was 126.39 lakhs of rupees in 1951-52 dropping to 119.28 in 1952-53. In West Bengal the figure came down to 104.33 in 1952-53, that of the previous year being 109.77 lakhs of rupees.

Unless good pictures with original themes are produced without unnecessary waste, the film industry will not make profits.

HEADACHE PAYS!

Colombo, October 8.

Between the cradle and the grave, man is destined to have many headaches these days. While war has been a bad headache to the world, peace has become a worse one. Bread has its own headache, looking for butter makes it worse and when you mix politics with bread and butter you definitely get a migraine.

Headache has thus become a symptom of a thousand seen and unseen causes and therefore deserves to be treated with respect. It was treated almost with awe and reverence the other day when for five long days, from October 3 to October 8, the delegates of the 'Aspro' Organization from various countries met and talked at Colombo and told the press that they sold 6 million tablets of Aspro per day throughout the world. Their headache was how to reach millions more who had a headache all over the world. Seeing that an 'Aspro' tablet carries relief, we must say the Conference had a humanitarian purpose.

'Aspro's' relieving qualities apart, the story of its manufacturer is itself a romance of business. Way back in 1915, an enterprising Australian chemist, G. R. Nicholas, succeeded in synthesizing a vital anti-pyretic and analgesic to bring relief to influenza patients. It was a government assignment which brought glory to the manufacturer. When an Australian hits upon something, he never allows the grass to grow under his feet. Australia is still a great country of pioneers. The Nicholas Brothers put their product on the market in 1925. Today, 28 years later, "Aspro" is being produced by 11 factories and sold in 100 countries.

Who says that headache doesn't pay?

KESHAVRAO DHAIBAR

presents

SHIVSHAKTI MOVIETONE'S

Maiden Offering

TEEN-RATEN

The Most Hilarious
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1954's
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REHANA
PREM ADIB
YASHODHARA KATJU
K. N. SINGH
DAVID
RAJ ADEEB
& A Host of Others

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HAFEEZ KHAN
of (ZEENAT FAME)

Songs
SHEWAN RIZVI

Dialogue
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Camera
SAM ENGINEER

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Contact:

SHIVSHAKTI MOVIETONE,
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BOMBAY 4.

Woes & Echoes

(This is the readers' forum—as and when space permits. From the producer to the lay filmgoer, every one can write to the Editor and ventilate his grievance. For every letter published in these columns, the publishers will pay Rs. 5|-. Letters should be signed and marked "Woes And Echoes". Photographs of the readers will be published along with their letters, if convenient.—The Editor.)

STREETS OF LIFE

"I read with interest your editorial "Father, Forgive Them" in the current issue of Filmindia. I cannot imagine what made me read an editorial—of all things. I have considered all editorials to be invariably boring perhaps because the very opening sentence, nay the caption itself, hardly catches one's imagination. I was rather fascinated by the title of your editorial and out of sheer curiosity I pursued it further only to end with admiration for the writer. I owe you an apology for including you, though unintentionally, in the class of average editors who usually lack imagination and fail to catch their readers' eye.

"After reading this editorial, I have gone back to all the old issues of Filmindia, that I could lay my hands on, and read almost all the editorials of yours. Hitherto I had been thinking your sense of humour was limited only to your replies to your readers' questions. Even in your editorials I find that juicy humour and witty cynicism which are the essence of popularity of a magazine. I wonder at what school of art you had your lessons in journalism."

NEW DELHI. *V. Ganesh Shastri.*

MOTHER OF MEMORY NOW!

"Your editorial "Father, Forgive Them" published in the August issue of "filmindia" is a brilliant piece of healthy journalism and a handsome tribute to the memory of late Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee, in whose death, the country has lost a jewel of a politician, a great leader and a true patriot. It is indeed our misfortune and a blot on our hardwon freedom, that such a beloved leader should have died in the captivity of a man who is supposed to be a great friend of Nehru and a sincere well-wisher of India. You have done a splendid service to the public by your expert analysis of the correspondence between Lady Jogmaya Devi and Pandit Nehru, and who else except yourself would have uttered such comforting words as these: "Nehru will escape truth, mother, and your son's death will go unavenged, because the wombs from which Hindus come are themselves temples of piety and forgiveness"."

MADRAS. *G. Subramanyam.*

OPENING EYES FOR TEARS!

"Myself and my Indian friends over here have been shocked and unbelievably surprised when we heard about the unexpected death of Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee, while in illegal detention in Kashmir, arrested by Sheikh Abdullah, the political stooge. We all had grave doubts about the natural cause of his sudden death; now your splendid editorial in August issue of "filmindia", "Father, Forgive Them" has indeed removed the scales from our eyes and we can easily surmise the mystery behind his death and the evil hands which engineered it behind the screen.

"We find it hard to believe that Pandit Nehru would debase himself so much as to crack jokes and impulsively jump on to a weighing scale at a time when the whole Indian nation was in deep mourning at the passing away of a great son of India. We read with filled eyes the pathetic yet accusing letters of the old bereaved mother, demanding justice, and would like to see Mr. Nehru accepting the challenge by taking up the gloves in championing his Government.

"We all had a great admiration and reverence for Mr. Nehru. But since reading your editorial, we have a great revulsion of feeling, and now fail how to place him.

Women often look surprised when they get what they had expected all along but by looking surprised they give men the synthetic thrill of surprising women. It has always been a game of hide and seek between man and woman and Shashikala plays it to perfection in "Chacha Chowdhary", a social theme produced by Kardar Productions.

"Mr. Patel, are you still keeping Nehru's photo in your office after your impeachment? Does he deserve such a place of honour either in our offices or homes?

"The old mother's prayers for justice are now being answered by the Lord Himself who hath said "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay it". The political adventurer Abdullah is now in prison. Who knows we may not see all the others who had a hand in this great loss also receive adequate justice?

"We pray that the soul of the great martyr should rest in eternal peace. We also pay our humble respects to Lady Jogamaya and crave permission to share in her great loss and grief.

"We thank you, Mr. Patel, for your grand editorial—a real eye-opener."

SELANGOR (MALAYA) *P. Nanoo.*

KASHMIR EXPERT

"I read with much interest your editorial. "An Old Tale Of Traitors" (filmindia" September 1953). The five little but beautiful and most appropriate words

of the heading summarize the whole article.

"As I finished reading the article I recollected the cold blooded murder of Khan Bahadur Allahbux, the former Chief Minister of Sindh. Although Khan Bahadur Khuhro was acquitted by the court, yet everybody knew that he was the brain behind the murder.

"I entirely agree with you when you say, "Power corrupts all, be they Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Jews or any other race. But in the hands of Muslim rulers power becomes a ruthless instrument of murder and treachery." What has so far happened in Muslim countries—Egypt, Iran, Iraq, Syria, Transjordan, Pakistan, Indonesia—clearly proves the above. In recent times, in India, Hossain Imam, Z. H. Lari and Chaudhary Khaliq-uz-zaman took the oath of allegiance to the Indian Constitution but when they got an opportunity they fled to Pakistan. It is now reported that Z. H. Lari who became "Mr. Justice" in Karachi has been relieved of his post.

"We have now seen the "prize boy" (or the show boy?) of secular democracy—Sheikh Abdullah—in his true colours and it is astounding that once again Pandit Nehru is committing another blunder by relying on Bakshi Ghulam Mahomed, who is "by no means an angel of secular democracy". Kashmir question must be settled one way or the other without any further delay. Sardar Patel, once for all, settled the question of nearly 600 princely States including Hyderabad and Junagadh, but Pandit Nehru, who has handled only one State namely Kashmir has made a mess of it!"

BOMBAY. *Motiram Kishinchand.*

PATRIOTISM IS PERCEPTIVE

"The moment I heard the sad tale of Abdullah being removed from the Kashmiri Gadi, my thoughts went back to what you have been grimly portending about Kashmir affairs from time to time. It is time everybody concerned felt the wisdom of your sensitive perception which has always held your banner aloft in the journalistic firmament. Does it call for much intelligence to realise that this sordid phase in the Kashmir drama would never have come to pass, had Nehru acted up to your universally acclaimed advice, tendered to him long ago?

"I for one feel that this episode is virtually a practical triumph of your political insight. I am constrained to observe that it is a feather added to your much-loaded cap.

"All glory to the great wielder of such a mighty pen!"

PATNA. *Kamlapati Singh.*

ABOVE SEA LEVEL, EH?

"I have a keen desire to congratulate you for your editorial "An Old Tale Of Traitors" in September 1953 issue of "filmindia". If any one interested in politics misses this editorial, he has lost a saintly advice. It is a supernatural piece of advice on secularism. It has opened the eyes of those who believe in Nehru's secularism. Now the time has come for a change of policy in Kashmir. It is strange to note that the eyes of our beloved leader Nehru have not opened as yet by the happenings in Kashmir. May God bless him with realism!"

UNNAO. *P. C. Sarena.*

ALWAYS BEEN!

"After the dismissal and arrest of Sheikh Abdullah, I expected, as usual, a befitting editorial from you and should I say that I got it in September 1953?

"As a student of Indian history myself, I could not but admire the way in which you have reviewed the whole story of 900 years in just one page of your esteemed paper with facts and figures.

"A journalist-cum-teacher! That is what you are."

BOMBAY. *C. R. Khubchandani.*

THEY NEVER LEARN

"Sir, wise men learn from history and your editorial "An Old Tale Of Traitors" makes a person look back twice upon past history. I read it, re-read it and then wondered how all our politicians could have forgotten their history which is taught in schools. This is a wonderful piece of writing, sir, and coming at this time, it should be an eye-opener to our leaders. Only I pray to God that our leaders may learn, if not from history then at least from your excellent editorial, to avoid experiments which do no good to our country."

NEW DELHI. *Miss I. Khera.*

LET SIR SHRI RAM DECIDE

"The letter of Mr. Shanti S., Circle Sales Manager, Jay Engineering Works Ltd., Delhi, published in "filmindia" July 1953 came to me as a surprise as it is nothing short of misstatements and concocting the facts to suit his convenience. It, in no way, satisfies the demand for not taking the examination in time. The percentage of my attendance given by him is devoid of any purpose and has no bearing on the point at issue. Mr. Shanti S. has thus made a futile effort to give a right shape to the omissions on the part of the institution authorities.

"While Mr. Shanti took the trouble of breaking his journey at Kanpur to enquire into the complaint, for which I thank him and apologize for any inconvenience caused to him on account of this, I feel, it should have been wise on his part to have afforded me at least a chance of explaining to him my complaints and convinced him that the company has failed to keep its promises and assurances given to the students not only in regard to the examination but in other respects also.

"Admittedly the first examination was held in May 1952, but this was primarily meant for the students who had sought admission prior to me, since the curriculum of the students of my batch was not complete. Hence there is no justification in saying that it was open to me to have taken this examination. In fact the students of my batch were not allowed to sit in this examination at first and although an opportunity was afforded to them just at the eleventh hour, only two students tried their luck. Let me hope Mr. Shanti isn't shocked to know that none of the two students could come out successful.

"Since I joined the Institution in November 1951 and as I was told that the examination would be held after 12 months' training, I had every right to demand of the school authorities for conducting the examination in November 1952, but actually no examination was held till April 1953. Even I may be an irregular student as Mr. Shanti says (which contention is open to challenge, as an opportunity to verify the records kept at the local school has been denied by the local Sales Supervisor), may I know what prevented the school authorities for not conducting the examination after due time? It is also wrong to say that I attended the school up to November 1952. In fact I continued to study up to 18th January 1953 having paid full 13 months' fees, after which I and other students were made to sit at home in the hope of an examination.

"The last para of Mr. Shanti's letter can be refuted in as much as the requests made in this respect in the past had fallen flat on the company authorities and instead of realizing the spirit of complaint made, they treated me with contempt and ridicule for espousing the common cause of the students. And where is the justification for demanding a fairness for themselves, when they have not been fair to the students? The publication of my complaint through the columns of "filmindia" was the last resort to redress my grievance and this seems to have perturbed the company authorities. The credit for this goes to "filmindia" and its editor, Mr. Patel, as my letter published in "filmindia" May 1953 had more than the desired effect.

"Let Mr. Shanti realize that the days he could beguile the girl-students are gone and that he should have enquired into the matter with an impartial mind. The school authorities, in my opinion, owe

an explanation to the students for not holding the examination in time.

"Concluding I would suggest that stricter control and vigil be exercised over the affairs of the institution if it is desired to be worked on better lines, as I know many of the students are living to curse the day, they joined this school."

KANPUR. *Mrs. Kunti Devi.*

EMPTY VESSEL

"I have always been telling my friends that it is only in "filmindia" that one could find honest appreciation or unbiased criticism of a picture (not to mention of other matters), but some of them used to contradict me. They held the view that you were prejudiced against certain producers and actors. The "filmindia" review on "Do Bigha Zamin" (September 1953 issue) provided me with a fine opportunity to illustrate that neither were you prejudiced against any producer, nor were you in the habit of joining in the chorus of other contemporary magazines in their praises or condemnation.

"When I saw "Do Bigha Zamin" in the local Star Theatre, I was much disappointed. Before the picture was released in the city, I read a review published in the "Indian Express", which commented that there was no story at all in "Do Bigha Zamin", but the direction of Bimal Roy was splendid and the performances by Balraj Sahni, Nirupa Roy and Ratan Kumar were marvellous. With high expectations I was waiting and waiting throughout the picture for a really good piece of acting by Balraj Sahni. But he has proved that he is only a talking Communist!

"My friends also after seeing the film expressed the same opinion. And now comes your review, from which please allow me to reproduce some extracts, with the fond hope that Bimal Roy will try to improve at least in future: "The direction of "Do Bigha Zamin" is a disgrace to the director of "Hamrahi" . . . . . And a man who misses so many emotional situations in a motion picture cannot be called a reliable director." To Balraj Sahni also I would like to point out the following from your review: "One cannot become a kisan merely by reading Communist literature. Balraj's performance is a disgrace to an artiste of his intelligence and experience."

"There had been many scenes in "Do Bigha Zamin" similar to those in the Hollywood film "Good Earth" and the Italian film "Bicycle Thief", and it is very tragic that Bimal Roy should not have tried to follow them at least, when he was not confident of himself in handling the story. Any director of less capacity would have done better!"

MADRAS. *R. Shankaran.*

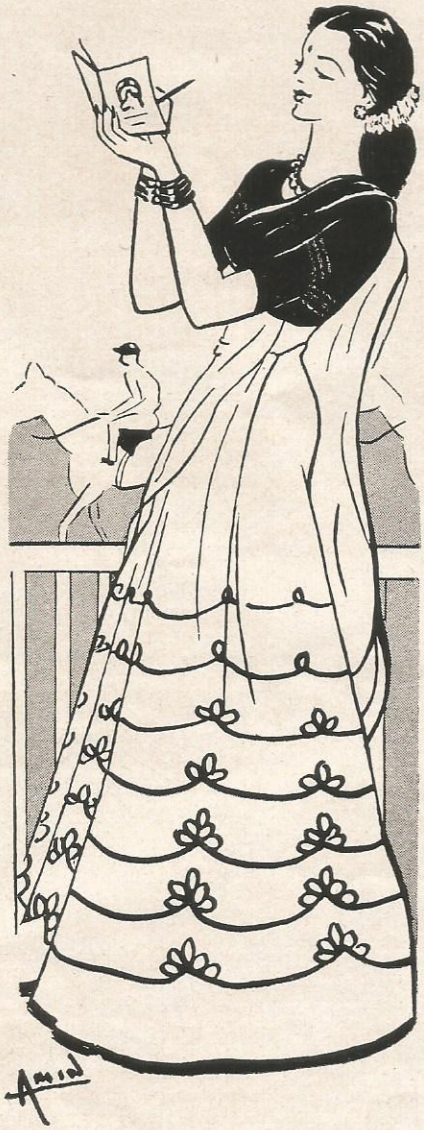
BABY TALK

"The film is a potential medium of instruction and I want to work in films that will educate and uplift the masses . . . . .", writes Nargis in her article "Talash-e-Haque". Continuing she writes, "I don't want to fade away and be forgotten like most artistes."

"But before thinking of educating the masses she should first get the right type of education to know right from wrong, herself.

"Only noble deeds and selfless service last long. Actresses like Nargis are very hard to be remembered for a long time."

MADRAS. *S. M. Jamil.*



This is a simple yet elegant design which can set off three yards of a skirt of a turquoise blue sari. Embroider in white seed pearls with the bottom rows at 12" and gradually decrease from 11", 10" etc to 6". The flowers sewn on the sari should be in silver or gold jari. Wear this sari when you go to the races and don't blame us if a man looks at you more than twice.

SUCCESS CAUSES AMNESIA

"Public memory is notoriously short and more so of the stars. For instance Bina Rai tells everybody that she was born on July 13, engaged to her flat-nosed Premnath on July 13 and that her first picture "Kalighata" was also released on July 13. While she is correct regarding the first two accidents, she is absolutely wrong about the date of release of her first picture. The all-India premiere of "Kalighata" was held at the Imperial Cinema, Bombay on the 1st June, 1951, and not on July 13th. This can be verified by a reference to July 1951 issue of "filmindia" which also carries a review of "Kalighata". But then Bina has also forgotten that she got her first contract from Kishore Sahu by responding to an advertisement which appeared in "filmindia". How can she be so forgetful, Mr. Patel?"

MADRAS. *S. A. Hasnath.*

NOTHING NEW

"I am sure that while writing the editorial, "An Old Tale of Traitors" for the September 1953 issue of "filmindia", you must have anticipated the reaction of the Kashmir Government. As for me, I was not at all surprised to read that "filmindia" has been banned in Jammu and Kashmir.

"This action of the Jammu and Kashmir Government only goes to prove that politicians are very allergic to truth and awkward facts and they fondly believe that by resorting to such undemocratic methods like trying to gag those who dare to tell the truth, they can easily prevent the people from knowing the facts. But these petty politicians should bear in mind that they can never succeed in silencing Baburao Patel from telling the bitter truth. On the contrary, such actions against you will fully vindicate the masterly editorials which you wrote on Kashmir in "filmindia"."

BOMBAY. *Madhav M. Patil.*

WAIT AND WATCH

"Please accept my hearty congratulations for your brilliant editorial "An Old Tale Of Traitors" in the September issue of "filmindia" which provides food for thought for no less a person than our Prime Minister Pandit Nehru who considers himself an expert on Kashmir. My only wish now is that our country today needs more men of your calibre who could think and act in the right way when the country is facing a serious problem like the Kashmir issue. I could say without the least doubt that if your suggestions are accepted and executed, we could expect a better and far-reaching result.

"Although you warned Pandit Nehru in all sincerity about Sheikh Abdullah he never cared to listen to you. As a symbol of secular democracy Pandit Nehru took Sheikh Abdullah too much into his confidence. But at last Pandit Nehru felt the pinch when his pet boy started biting Panditji's toe. Your warnings were unheeded only to prove your right way of thinking.

"As you say, "If our leaders and our people remember the past history of power crazy Muslim rulers they will spare themselves the heart-burning disappointment that is awaiting our nation in the Kashmir affair"."

BANGALORE. *J. B. William.*

THOUGH EMPIRES CRUMBLE TO DUST AND CENTURIES ARE LOST IN SHADOWS, WE CLING TO OUR PAST....

HIRA *Films* PRESENT

CHANDANI CHOWK

Gorgeous Delhi of 1920

Starring

MEENA KUMARI

SHEKHAR

KUMAR

JEEVAN

AGHA

MANMOHAN KRISHNA • SUNDER

YASHODHARA KATJU

ACHLA SACHDEV • PRATIMADEVI

and

KRISHNA KUMARI • SMRITI BISWAS

MUSIC ROSHAN CAMERA KEKI MISTRY

ART S. SANTSINGH DIALOGUES KAMIL RASHID

LYRICS SHAILENDRA & MAJROOH

DANCES VINOD CHOPRA

Direction

B. R. CHOPRA

Producers

PRINCE HIRA SINH OF BARIA GOVERDHANDAS AGGARWAL.

World Rights: TRIBHUVAN PRODUCTIONS

NATIONAL HOUSE
APOLLO BUNDER
FORT BOMBAY1

PICTURES IN MAKING

Ornaments can make women look like queens and goddesses but can they change their natures? Eve has been a beautiful doll of decoration but her design has been the headache of man through ages. We don't know what this straight-nosed Sumitra is about, unless we see her in "Ganga Maiya", a costume tale of gods and goddesses produced by C. M. Trivedi.

TRIBHUVAN PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer Goverdhandas Aggarwal has not only selected a beautiful title for his picture but also a thought-provoking theme in "Tanhaai" (loneliness). "Tanhaai" poses a new social problem for the mothers of society. Who loves a child more: the physical mother who bears the child or the foster mother who rears him up? Usha Kiran, the "Patita" girl, has been cast as the poor, innocent girl who with her disarming charms suffers untold misery for the sake of her child. Director Ram Gabale has completed some sequences of "Tanhaai" and it looks as if the picture will become an emotional experience for the filmgoer. Co-starred with Usha Kiran are Karan Dewan, Jagirdar, Manmohan Krishna, Purnima, Gulab and Krishnakant. The music by Mohammed Shafi is in keeping with the theme of "Tanhaai" being rich and soulful. Lyrics are by Satyendra Athaiya.

HIRA FILMS (Bombay)

The best way of testing a picture is to see its effect on a distributor. If he goes in for it, rest assured that the picture will be a success. Producers Goverdhandas Aggarwal and Prince Hira Sinh of Baria showed a few rushes of "Chandani Chowk" to two leading film distributors. They were so charmed with "Chandani Chowk" that they immediately bought the distribution rights for their respective territories at a fancy price. Director B. R. Chopra has made "Chandani Chowk" a colourful fast-paced drama with all the ingredients of entertainment—songs, dances, light-hearted wisecracks etc. It is all about a beautiful, young daughter of a Nawab who believes in upholding the prestige and traditions of her family till the bitter end. This role is played by the lovely Meena Kumari opposite Shekhar, supported by Kumar as the Nawab. The rest of the cast consists of Smriti Biswas, Agha, Jeewan, Sunder, Nimmi Maker and Achala Sachdev. Music is by Roshan.

MARS & MOVIES (Bombay)

The shooting of "Badshah" is in full swing and Producer-director Amiya Chakrabarty is sparing no pains to make it a box-office hit. Usha Kiran, easily our top-actress today, is the feminine throb of "Badshah" and under Amiya's direction Usha is likely to rise to great histrionic heights. Ullhas, K. N. Singh and Achala are cast in important roles while Mala Sinha, a Bengali belle known for her striking beauty, will be introduced in "Badshah". Lyrics are by Shailendra and Hasrat Jaipuri set to music by Shankar and Jai Kishan.

RAWALPINDI THEATRES LTD. (Bombay)

This company controls the world rights of "Meenar" which will go on the sets very soon. "Meenar", the maiden production of Shri Vishwa Bharati Films, has been planned on ambitious, spectacular lines and we expect it to hit the box-office target. Popular Bharat Bhushan and beautiful Madhubala form a new romantic team to translate new emotions to the screen while sophisticated Sheela Ramani is the 'other' girl in the story. "Meenar" is being directed by Hemen Gupta. With C. Ramchandra providing the musical score, "Meenar" certainly promises to be a feast for the ear.

KARDAR PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

"Chacha Chowdhary", starring Shashikala and directed by Raja Paranjpe, is ready for release. Producer Kardar's next is "Baap re Baap", a hilarious musical comedy, starring the two K.K.T. girls—Chand Usmani and Peace Kanwal. In addition to these two beauties, he will feature nine more girls to add to the sex interest of "Baap re Baap". As Kardar himself is directing it, we guess it must be a box-office story. Let us hope "Baap re Baap" brings the dough home and entertains the masses as well.

ALL INDIA PICTURES (Bombay)

"Slow and steady wins the race" is an oft-quoted proverb, but never was it more aptly used than in case of Producer P. N. Arora, who has been slogging steadily day and night to complete "Laila Majnu", the immortal Persian love story starring Nutan and Shammi Kapoor. Seven reels of "Laila Majnu" are ready and edited and Arora's goal is almost in sight. The story of "Laila Majnu" is known to young and old but the refreshing treatment of K. Amarnath is likely to appeal to everyone. Some of the tunes by Ghulam Mohammed are reported to be catchy.

SADIQ PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Studio reports of "Shabab", produced and directed by M. Sadiq, raise new hopes in us and we won't be surprised if it storms the box-office with its tender love story and enchanting music. Charming Nutan falls in love with Bharat Bhushan and together they create some thrilling emotions on the screen. Naushad's tunes in "Shabab" are said to be the best in his career as a music-director.

AVM PRODUCTIONS (Madras)

Producer A. V. Meiyappan's "Ladki" had a simultaneous release at the Swastik, Capitol, Jai Hind and Rivoli, Bombay on 30th October. The way the masses are flocking to see this entertaining social, we feel the picture is destined for a long run. "Ladki" has catchy songs, graceful dance numbers and a fast-moving story, well-acted by Vyjayantimala, Bharat Bhushan, Anjali Devi, Nagiah and Raj Mehra. Don't miss "Ladki", for that is one way of escaping from your every day worries.

MEHBOOB PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director Mehboob has completed more than half of "Amar", starring Nimmi, Madhubala and Dilip Kumar. A perfectionist, Mehboob may take more time than others in shooting a picture but his box-office judgment rarely goes

A woman often looks sad and helpless. But then she is always a natural actress and knows that the world is full of chivalrous men who rush to rescue the damsel in distress—another man's damsel usually. Purnima is looking out for a life saver in "Toote Khilone", a domestic story directed by Nanabhai Bhatt for Pragati Pictures.

wrong and that is why we expect "Amar" to break the "Aan" records. "Aan" was released in over 16 cities of Germany where it was very much appreciated.

SAHU FILMS (Bombay)

"Mayurpankh" in Gevacolor, produced and directed by Kishore Sahu is awaiting release. Starring Sumitra, Odette Fields and Kishore Sahu, "Mayurpankh" presents a new theme on the Indian screen—analyzing in particular, the foreigner's reaction to the Indian spiritual concept of life.

HINDUSTAN CHITRA (Bombay)

Producer-director Kishore Sahu returned from his Paris trip and is again busy with "Sauda" a social, which will be directed by brother Sushil Sahu. Kishore has signed 'elephant boy' Sabu, for an important role in "Sauda". Sahu will begin work soon.

ALHAD CHITRA (Bombay)

Producer Datta Dharmadhikari has made good progress with "Suhagan" at Poona. Quiet and unostentatious, Datta is one of those who believes in giving food for thought every time. Starring talented Geeta Bali, Vijaylakshmi and Sulochana, Datta shows in "Suhagan", how deeply the Hindu married woman cherishes her love for her husband through eternity. Direction is by Anant Mane. The world rights of "Suhagan" are controlled by Kapurchand Ltd.

DIAMOND PICTURES (Bombay)

These distributors have dubbed "Sadko Aur Sagarki Shahzadi", a Russian colour film, into Hindustani and it will be released soon. Their earlier dubbed Russian picture "Fall of Berlin", also proved very popular with the Indian masses and had a long run at the Royal Opera House, Bombay. Along with "Sadko Aur Sagarki Shahzadi", they have dubbed a beautiful cartoon film into Hindustani called "Crimson Flower". Director Alexander Ptushko won an award for his direction at the recent Venice Film Festival. The Bengal rights of this film are with Messrs. Bengal Film Exchange, Calcutta.

TRIVENI FILMS LTD. (Bombay)

Director Roy Kinikar has made a purposeful picture in "Shri Saibaba", the life of the great Muslim saint who is worshipped with reverence and devotion in every Hindu home in every corner of India. Nowadays every second producer tries to appeal to the baser instinct of man by emphasizing sex in pictures. But Roy evidently wants to strike a chord in the humanity of mankind by appealing to the goodness in man and we appreciate his great effort. Shri Saibaba championed the cause of the meek and the downtrodden and stood for the highest faith breaking all barriers of caste, class and religion. It is a great theme for a motion picture for all times. The cast includes veterans like Gajanan Jagirdar, Lalita Pawar, Raja Paranjpe, Nana Palsikar, Durga Khote etc. Music is by Snehal Bhatkar.

STARLIGHT PICTURES (Bombay)

Messrs. Govindram Brothers Ltd. control the world rights of "Toofan", now nearing completion at the Modern Studios, Bombay. It is a heart-stirring drama of love, friendship and sacrifice and stars Vijaylakshmi, Sajjan, Munnawar Sultana, Amarnath and Pran.

FILM SHOW PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer K. G. Punwani is very happy with the progress of "Madhur Milan", a musical social, starring Nigar Sultana and Mahipal. Rich in drama, suspense and action, "Madhur Milan" is a different type of story where the heroine shows love and devotion towards the hero, while the vamp remains true to her creed and sacrifices for the villain instead of reforming. Lilting music by Bulo C. Rani is an added attraction. Others in the cast are vivacious Roopmala, Madan Puri, Kesari, Bhudo Advani and two child stars—Neela Kumari and Prem Kumar.

CHANDRAKALA PICTURES (Bombay)

Producers Raojibhai Patel and Sharad Desai are busy with "Shiv Kanya", a mythological, starring the popular pair—Nirupa Roy and Trilok Kapoor, supported by Niranjan Sharma, Vivek, Shakuntala and Lalita Pawar. Manna Dey is in charge of music. Bharat Vyas has composed the lyrics.

A. C. FILMS (Bombay)

Producer A. K. Rangoonwala's "Kali Raat" in Hindi and Tamil is more than half-way through. Nigar Sultana and Smriti Biswas lead a useful cast of artistes. Direction is in the hands of Girish Trivedi. The other social simultaneously under production is "Sare Jahan Se Achcha" written and directed by Prem Manek and starring Shyama and Karan Dewan.

GEMINI STUDIOS LTD. (Madras)

Producer S. S. Vasan's "Auvaiyar" starring K. B. Sundarambal, is running extremely well at all the towns where it has been released. With his usual thoroughness, Mr. Vasan took nearly seven years to bring "Auvaiyar" to the screen and his efforts have been amply rewarded because of its immense box-office success and popularity with the masses. Auvaiyar's lyrical poems in classical Carnatic music seem to thrill the filmgoers. Mr. Vasan is now busy with the screenplay of his next social in Hindustani based on "Good Earth". The cast will be announced soon.

SHRI VISHWA BHARATI FILMS LTD. (Bombay)

Bharat Bhooshan, who rose to stardom in Unity Productions "Bhakta Kabir", in the role of the saintly Kabir Das in 1943, will again play this same role in "Das Kabir". He is bound to lend to his portrayal mature experience of all these years and make it unforgettable. The rest of the cast will be announced soon. In any case, "Das Kabir", we feel, is going to become a screen classic.

With a fine, expressive face and intelligent eyes one would hardly expect Balraj Sahni to be a Communist. But he is one unfortunately and plays Red roles in many pictures. His new role is in "Bazooband", a social theme produced by Variety Productions.

VARMA FILMS (Bombay)

Quite a few sequences of "Puja" starring Bharat Bhooshan, Purnima, Shakuntala, Badri Prasad, Hiralal and Om Prakash, have been completed. "Ghulam", a Pakistani film, which Varma Films are distributing, is awaiting release in Bombay and other towns.

LIGHTHOUSE PICTURES (Bombay)

Producer-director Lekhraj Bhakri has begun the shooting of "Niqab" starring Usha Kiran, Sheela Ramani, Shammi Kapoor etc. Music is by Pandit Gobindram with lyrics by Prem Dhawan.

GURU DUTT PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director Guru Dutt is a fast worker. He has already completed four reels of "Aar Paar" starring himself, Shyama, Jagdish Sethi, Jagdip, Rajinder and Johnny Walker. If he follows the schedule correctly, "Aar Paar" should be ready by the end of November 1953 and that is not a mean achievement considering that Guru Dutt began the shooting of the picture in September. In the meantime he is finalising the script of "Yaar", his second social under the new banner.

AMAR KIRTI PICTURES (Bombay)

A beautiful setting has been erected at the Naubahar Studios and director Gunjal is busy shooting "Malika-e-alam Noor Jehan" there. Asha Mathur plays the famous role of Noor Jehan while light-eyed Kamal Kapoor acts Prince Salim. Others in the cast are Pradeep Kumar, Jagirdar and Janki Dass. Lyrics by P. L. Santoshi have been suitably tuned by Avinash Vyas. Producer Mafatlal Shah has already sold most of the distribution rights of "Malika-e-alam Noor Jehan" and that is why it must be a spectacular historical with mass appeal.

I. K. FILMS (Bombay)

Bhagwan Art Productions' "Rangeela" is reported to have become a breezy comedy. The main interest of "Rangeela" is, of course, Bhagwan with Purnima, Vivek, Badriprasad and Indira, a new discovery, contributing their bits to the fast-moving story. "Rangeela" is the story of a boy who was denied education but he faced the realities of life through struggle and optimism and finally won. Shooting of "Rangeela" is going on steadily at the Jagriti Studios.

SHOBHA ART PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer Shantibhai Bakshi has completed "Gunehgar". Immediately the censors pass it, "Gunehgar" will be released. It stars Shamim, Sarla Devi, Amir Banu and Dilawar and has been directed by S. Khalil.

C. M. TRIVEDI (Bombay)

"Hari Darshan" had a good run in Madhya Pradesh and Bengal. Seth Sadanlal Jain is making arrangements for its release in Bombay. Two mythologicals, "Ganga Maiya" and "Raj Yogi", now on the floor, are fast nearing completion.

SHALIMAR FILMS (Bombay)

Director Homi Wadia, who recently scored a box-office success with "Husn-ka-chor", has announced "Bhul Bhulaiya" as his next social. The story and scenario are by Jamshedji Wadia. Let us hope Producer Behram Bharucha makes "Bhul Bhulaiya" interesting. The cast consists of Purnima, Agha, Mirza, Faizi and Radha Kisen.

FILM TOWN (Bombay)

If you want to have a few hearty laughs, you will find them in "Rang Raliyan", a social designed for entertainment. Charming Meena plays the heroine opposite Manhar Desai. Nadira Malik, a sensational newcomer, makes her debut in "Rang Raliyan". Majnu and Om Prakash have important roles. The picture is under production at the M. & T. Studios.

VARIETY PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

While some people in the film industry sit and grumble and just waste their time, Producer Asha Biswas is up and doing. She has completed a good bit of "Bazooband", starring Roopmala, Sulochana Chatterjee, Balraj Sahni, Baby Saroj and Sindura, a new find. "Bazooband" contains many homely situations and with attractive music by Mohammed Shafi, we won't be surprised if the picture becomes a hit.

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REVIEWED IN HOLLYWOOD

(By: Our Special Correspondent)

[The sky seems to be the limit to Hollywood's perversity. Month after month, since June 1953, we have been picking up Hollywood's bad pictures and reviewing them, and including those reviewed in this issue, we have already reviewed 45 pictures, but more and more pictures seem to be coming—all filthy, dangerous and anti-social pictures —pictures that will make mothers scream in terror at the thought of the danger to which their little children are exposed, pictures that shock good citizens all over the world, pictures that present a constant problem to the custodians of law and order in any nation, pictures that poison and distort all culture and civilization, pictures that deny humanity to human beings and pictures that make the great American nation look like a huge asylum of cut-throats and criminals. The supply seems to be endless, as endless as the unending greed of Hollywood's crime-loving producers.

Never was the pretence of entertainment so blatantly abused, never was it so mischievously misused and never was it so designedly harnessed for making easy money. It is no longer an American or an Indian problem. It has now become a world problem worthy of being seriously considered on an international level. The U.N.O. must take up this problem seriously for, it is a more serious problem than the small Korean War or Armistice.

Here is a menace, a sly and creeping one, that affects the entire people of the world and threatens to turn the posterity into a crowd of cut-throats and criminals.

These Hollywood producers have already done incalculable harm to the world. They must be stopped before they turn the whole world into a mad-house of murderers and neurotics. The Editor.]

Star Ratings: * Disgusting and Highly Objectionable; ** Very Poor—Not Worth The Money; *** Not So Bad.

*I, The Jury (United Artists)

CAST: Bliff Elliott, Peggie Castle

"I, The Jury" is the Three-Dimensional screen adaptation of Mickey Spillane's best-selling murder mystery novel of the same name which is "calculated to please the most demanding and bloodthirsty fans". That 3,500,000 copies of this novel, which seeks to please the most bloodthirsty readers, have been sold in pocket-book editions alone is a disquieting tragedy of the much-boosted American civilization. For, this only proves that there are at least over 3 million people in America who feel 'pleased' to find broken jaws, bashed skulls, splashed teeth, torn limbs, gaping wounds and gushing blood-streams on the printed page. Spillane's novel gives an ample dose of all these. It does more. It shows how young college girls are seduced for the purposes of organized prostitution in America and how these brothels are run. The description is not too elaborate but it is sufficient to give ideas, both right and wrong, to the reader. Honest sociologists will tell you which kind of ideas easily seize the imagination of the modern pocket-book reader. Then the novel gives some dope on the dope-traffic in America. In fact Lady Heroin is the motive behind the mystery in the novel. Among the novel's major characters are a low-lying gangster, a pimp and ravisher of young innocent girls, a nymphomaniac ready to strip herself at the slightest provocation and a sexy, mass-murdering psychiatrist.

Spillane's hero, Mike Hammer—a brutal, sadistic, trigger-happy private detective—must be more known to young Americans than say Hamlet and must be shaping the lives of quite a large number of his numerous admirers. Mike Hammer believes in the hundred and ninety pounds of his corpus, in his .45, in third degree and in barrels of beer. He believes in breaking arms, shoving teeth with gun-muzzle and slapping 'pusses' to get information, which can lead him to the criminal. On his way to the criminal he does not mind obliging a needy nymphomaniac with a bit of his manhood. He, however, does not believe in trial by law for a killer. He thinks that a trial by law for a killer is too stupid because law permits too many loopholes and the lawyers know how to use them and because a jury is cold, impartial and gullible. At the scene of the murder of his friend Jack, here are a few things he says: "And by Christ, I'm not letting the killer go through the tedious process of law."; "The law is fine. But this time I'm the law and I'm not going to be cold and impartial." He tells the Captain of Homicide, "May be the killer will wind up in the chair. You'd be satisfied, but I wouldn't. It's too easy. The killer is going down like Jack did." Then, addressing the dead body of his friend he says, "I'm going to get the louse that killed you. He won't sit in the chair. He won't hang. He will die exactly as you died, with a .45 slug in the gut, just a little below the belly button." In the end a woman is killed by him in exactly the same way. Once Mike Hammer is convinced that a person is a killer American judiciary has no business to poke its nose into the affair. Mike Hammer is the investigator, the judge and the executioner, all rolled into one. The law has no use for him and he tells so loudly. And there are over three and a half million people in our world applauding this sadistic, almost neurotic, Mike Hammer for the 'courage' to take law into his own hands. This is Spillane's popular novel with Mike Hammer's words, loaded with dangerous implications, "I'm the jury" providing its title. Those who have even a grain of intelligence in them can see that this is one of those typical soft-cover novels serving sex, sadism, crime and brutality which have made the modern book-stall stink worse than a gutter.

Now this novel has been made into a film and will reach wider audiences. It will reach even those who cannot read or are too lazy to read or whose path is somehow not crossed by such sickening samples of modern prostituted literature. Now more people will applaud this sadistic, idiotic and neurotic champion of

Alphabetical Index So Far

ANGEL FACE (R.K.O.) June '53
AMBUSH AT TOMAHAWK GAP (Columbia) August '53
AFFAIRS OF DOBIE GILLIS (M.G.M.) September '53
BLUE GARDENIA (Warner) July '53
BIG FRAME (R.K.O.) July '53
BAD BLONDE (Lipp) August '53
A BLUEPRINT FOR MURDER (20th Cen Fox) October '53
THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS (Warner) October '53
CRY OF THE HUNTED (M.G.M.) July '53
CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS (Repub) August '53
COW COUNTRY (All. Art) August '53
THE CITY OF BAD MEN (20th Cen. Fox) October '53
DANGEROUS CROSSING (20th Cen. Fox) October '53
GIRLS IN THE NIGHT (Univ.) June '53
GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING (M.G.M.) June '53
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES (20th Cen. Fox) September '53
HITCH HIKER (R.K.O.) June '53
INFERNO (20th Cen. Fox) October '53
JACK McCALL DESPERADO (Columbia) July '53
LUXURY GIRLS (Utd. Art) July '53
LAW AND ORDER (Univ. Int.) September '53
THE LAST POSSE (Columbia) October '53
MOON IS BLUE (Utd. Art.) September '53
NIAGARA (20th Cen. Fox) June '53
NAKED SPUR (M.G.M.) June '53
ONE GIRL'S CONFESSION (Columbia) June '53
POWDER RIVER (20th Cen. Fox) July '53
PROBLEM GIRLS (Columbia) July '53
PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET (20th Cen. Fox) August '53
A PERILOUS JOURNEY (Repub) August '53
RUBY GENTRY (20th Cen. Fox) June '53
RIDE, VAQUERO! (M.G.M.) September '53
SPLIT SECOND (R.K.O.) June '53
THE SYSTEM (Warner) June '53
SALOME (Columbia) July '53
A SLIGHT CASE OF LARCENY (M.G.M.) August '53
SERPENT OF THE NILE (Columbia) September '53
WOMAN THEY ALMOST LYNCHED (Repub) August '53

Read the reviews and avoid these pictures.

the victims of criminals, who believes in taking the law into his own hands and who seems to think that by this negative process of ruthlessly and sadistically killing the killers individually, crime and criminals will disappear from this world. Mike Hammer does not know that he must have pushed more people into crime, than criminals themselves must have netted in in a long time. The film will breed a few more. The film, of course, is slightly different from the book. Because however flimsy and futile, there is still some sort of film censorship in America. But despite the few changes here and there, necessary to get a green light from the censors, the film is cut to closely conform to the pattern of the book. It has all the violence, brutality and sadism of the original filth. It has a big number of murders. It lays great store by the loud notes of sex. It is a faithfully filthy and objectionable screen adaptation of a sickening and most unfortunately popular bloody novel.

In brief, the complicated story is about Biff Elliott (Mike Hammer), a private detective, who solemnly vows to hound and kill the murderer when an old friend of his is mysteriously murdered. The police captain, Preston Foster, warns Elliott against taking the law into his own hands but filled with hate and consumed by an almost savage urge for revenge, he goes ahead to find the murderer. He interviews all the guests who were present at a party at the deceased's house on the night he was murdered. Thus he meets with crooked Alan Reed and Robert Cunningham, the shady and immoral twins Tani and Dran Seitz and a sexy psychiatrist Peggie Castle. Though all the suspects have alibis for the hour of the murder, all seem capable of the murder. As the investigation progresses, Elliott is mystified by several other murders and becomes involved in numerous violent and brutal fights. During this time he falls in love with Peggie Castle. The investigation brings to surface many filthy rackets. At last, Elliott discovers that Peggie Castle is the crazy killer and as his own life is threatened by her, he shoots her dead.

Final Verdict : "I, The Jury" is a stinking sausage of sex, crime and sadism. It is an unblushing and dangerous crime picture that is bound to breed crime and corruption in the world. Censors must not facilitate the journey of some dangerous criminal filth from the book-stalls to the more effective cinema houses. This picture must be banned if only to keep crime and criminal ideas from spreading further.

*Blowing Wild (Warner Bros.)

CAST : Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Ruth Roman

'Everything is fair in love, war and motion pictures' seems to be the guiding principle of Hollywood. Otherwise why should it repeatedly present foul themes before the public? Here, in "Blowing Wild", is an extremely objectionable picture brimful of excessive violence and untamed, foul-smelling sex. The raucous violence is supplied by a band of ravaging bandits who steer their way through life with blaring guns in their hands and portray a pattern of life which must have existed in the stone age. These are the cave-men of civilization who have been condemned and forgotten by the decent world. Hollywood, however, has not been able to renounce this more or less extinct species because few in Hollywood have heard the word 'decent'. The barbarians of Hollywood still lend their sickly imagination to the nefarious activities of bandits and recreate them on the screen, so that the decent world may not miss the indecencies of life which Hollywood is so well acquainted with. As if a strong lining of ugly violence was not enough to support this disgusting picture, it is ribbed with some degenerate sex demonstrated by an obviously incontinent woman who almost seems to froth with sexual desire. Although married to a fairly virile man, she finds herself scorched with lusty desire when she meets a former friend of hers and insists on his satisfying her lust. In order to get her man, this married woman goes to the extent of murdering her husband in cold blood. Here is an utterly despicable theme wriggling offensively in the medium of entertainment of the masses. One does not have to be a Solomon to realize the dangerous results of exposing the masses to an obnoxious theme like this. Hollywood, of course, has no scruples, but haven't the censors any too? Would the Indian censors like to serve this picture, filled with dangerous and distasteful contents, on a platter to Indians who are taught decency and morality with their mothers' milk? We shall wait and see.

Cooper and Bond are forced to flee from their oil holds leaving behind their entire investment by a gang of Mexican bandits led by Juan Garcia. They come to a Mexican town and look around for jobs. While in town Cooper meets an American girl, Ruth, and on learning that she was stranded there tries to help her in getting back to U.S. but fails. Cooper also meets Anthony Quinn, an old friend of his who had become prosperous in oil fields and who was married to Cooper's erstwhile girl-friend, Barbara. Though badly in need of some employment, Cooper refuses a job with Quinn to avoid being near Barbara. He, however, finds a job with Ian MacDonald and as he sets out to deliver some nitroglycerine for MacDonald to an oil spot out of the town, he is once again attacked by bandits. But though he manages to make the delivery, MacDonald refuses to pay him till Cooper beats him and snatches his due money. The police intervene and Cooper is compelled to return the money as MacDonald has other creditors waiting to be paid off. Once again without funds and without employment, Cooper accepts the job of a supervisor in Quinn's oilfields. Finding him at hand, Barbara begins curling round Cooper with a hungry look. She tries her best to entice him into an illicit affair but Cooper keeps his distance and spurns her offers. On the contrary he becomes interested in Ruth who was working in town. In the meantime, the bandit Garcia turns his attention to Quinn and demands money threatening to blow up his oil wells if he didn't give it. Already worried about Garcia, Quinn finds out about Barbara's mad infatuation for Cooper. This leads to a quarrel between him and Barbara when she with cool calculation pushes Quinn into an oil well and kills him. She returns to try her tricks again on Cooper but when he again repulses her, this sexually insatiated woman becomes hysterical and lets Cooper know that her husband's death was not accidental but planned and executed by her. At this moment Cooper leaves her to face the bandits who were once again attacking. Though Cooper and his men succeed in wiping out the bandits, the oil wells are destroyed by the bandits. The sexually smouldering Barbara meets an explosive death when a piece of dynamite explodes near her. The end finds Cooper with Ruth and Bond returning to the U.S.

Final Verdict : Morbidly loaded with violent banditry, cold-blooded murder and a sickening show of sexual lust, "Blowing Wild" is an extremely objectionable picture. Unless they want to be called lovers of morbid and obnoxious themes, censors should ban this picture straightaway.

*The Stranger Wore A Gun (Columbia)

CAST : Randolph Scott, Claire Trevor, Joan Weldon

At least six recognizable characters have to be killed in this picture before the hero can finally embrace his sweetheart. And out of these six people, four are killed by the hero himself. Apart from this, how many others are killed and wounded in the numerous, murderous battles contained in the picture is hard to count. After seeing all these individual and gang murders in a single picture, one is bound to lose respect for human life. If loss of respect for human life is one of the aims of this picture, it amply succeeds in achieving it. The picture shows violence with vengeance and sadism and Technicolor comes in handy to describe the correct shades of thick human blood. People who fill this story are outlaws, gangsters and gamblers. One would be hard put to it to point out a single straight and sympathetic character who is not entangled in the vicious meshes of this gory and sickening picture. Since the picture falls in the category of 'Westerns' and shows, correctly or incorrectly but at any rate fiercely, a particularly raw

and savage phase in American history, many fools will accept this disgusting blood-show as an agreeable entertainment. But people who find entertainment in violence to human life can only be called enemies of society.

Randolph Scott is a Confederate spy associated with the murderous activities of Quantrell, the guerilla leader of the Civil War. Discovering Quantrell's selfishness and fed up with his savagery, Scott joins the Confederate army to do straight fighting. After the war, while he is on a river boat in the company of a woman gambler, Claire Trevor, three people recognize him as a former Quantrell spy and force him into a fight which comes to an end when Scott kills two of them and the third is killed by George Macready. Scott flees to Prescott and there in return for Macready saving his life, Scott joins his gang to spy on the local stage coach run by Joan Weldon and her father. He is expected to lead the stage coaches carrying gold shipments to ambush. But not too willing to do that job, Scott manages to collide Macready's gang with the gang of Alfonso Bedoya, another gangster. The two gangs fight fiercely to seize the same gold and almost wipe out each other. Realizing Scott's ruse, Macready's two surviving gangsters try to kill him. But Scott escapes by killing one of the two. Convincing the townspeople that Scott had killed his man in cold blood, Macready succeeds in sending a posse to hound Scott. However, Scott escapes once again and in the final showdown with Macready and his last gangster, he kills Macready's associate and at last contentedly watches Macready burning to death in the burning saloon. He then walks towards Claire.

Final Verdict : This is a sickening picture which seems to take sadistic delight in exhibiting raw violence on the screen. These pictures may or may not be acceptable to Westerners, but such a bloody 'Western' picture can teach nothing good to Indians. It can only teach them to love and admire trigger-happy outlaws who do not distinguish between the life of a fly and that of a human being. This picture has no business whatsoever to be shown in India.

*The Moonlighter (Warner Bros.)

CAST : Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray

The title does not refer to a tender, love-smitten poet composing sweet verses in the moonlight. This moonlighter is a cruel, unscrupulous gunman who employs the night for stealing cattle. Apart from this, he is a bank robber and an arsonist and seems to have faith only in the gun in his hand and the criminal guts in his stomach. Evidently, this is neither a sympathetic nor an exemplary character to be presented before millions of people who are too prone to emulate what they see on the screen. Still, this very character is the hero of the picture who wins the heroine and is also supposed to win the sympathy of the audience. The rest of the characters are worse than him. The action in the picture consists of robberies, raids on jails, mutual gang attacks, arson, lynching, double-cross and other assorted forms of violence. From the beginning to the end, hardly any pleasant word or deed is spoken or shown. And as if the blood-thirsty males were not enough even the heroine towards the end soils her hands with blood by killing a man.

MacMurray, a cattle-rustler, gets some forced respite from his criminal activities when he is arrested and put in jail. Finding this a suitable opportunity to take revenge upon him, Morris Ankrum, a big cattle owner, attacks the jail with a bunch of cowboys to seize and lynch MacMurray. Due to some mistake, however, they seize somebody else and lynch an innocent man while MacMurray manages to escape in the violent hustle. His former sweetheart Barbara Stanwyck comes to claim his body but learns that he was still alive. Having retrieved his criminal freedom MacMurray once again starts his criminal activities. He leads a violent raid on Ankrum's ranch, attacks a number of his men and sets fire to his ranch. A bullet in his own shoulder sends him home to heal his wounds. Now his outlaw friend Ward Bond comes with a proposal to stage a robbery in the local bank where MacMurray's brother Bill Ching is an employee. Ching joins the criminal scheme and the hold-up comes off with MacMurray and Bond escaping with the money. Ching, however, is killed during the robbery. As can be expected from the usual greedy and filthy characters in crime pictures, Bond knocks MacMurray unconscious and runs away with the loot. Barbara, who was out to capture MacMurray convinced that he was a natural criminal, meets Bond in the mountains and a fierce gun battle starts between the two. The battle ends when she kills Bond. Later she succeeds in spotting MacMurray all tied-up and making him her prisoner starts back. While returning she somehow falls into a dangerous river and instead of escaping MacMurray saves her with difficulty. That convinces Barbara that MacMurray was not so bad and as he decides to surrender himself, she promises him the warmth of her bed on his release.

Final Verdict : Abounding in crime, violence and brutality, "The Moonlighter" is a typically vicious picture from Hollywood, which under the thin pretence of reforming the hero at the fag-end unfolds on the screen a huge pile of obnoxious deeds of obnoxious characters. This is criminal and filthy entertainment and people should be saved from this vehicle of violence and crime by banning this picture outright.

*Champ For A Day (Republic)

CAST : Alex Nicol, Audrey Totter

Boxing is a good subject for Hollywood for it allows plenty of scope to show some legitimate and disciplined violence on the screen. But legitimate violence is not enough for Hollywood. Boxing is a sport and is conducted with rules, regulations and sportmanship. What Hollywood needs is violence of deeper shades and sinister shapes even if the story has to go out of the conventional ring to find that violence and mix it with crime, greed and murder. It is Hollywood's ideal concoction. "Champ for a Day" is a similar horrid concoction of crime, murder, sport and blackmail. It is a picture about boxing in which the sport becomes a racket and sportsmen become criminals. It shows disciplined violence within the ring and criminal violence outside it. And once the picture is set to fall in line with Hollywood's typical criminal cacophonies, one should show little surprise to find in it blackmail, cheating, illegal and dishonest gambling, bogus and sportless boxing, gun battle and three murders. It is once again proved that, boxing or baseball, crime is still the most favourite sport of Hollywood.

A heavyweight championship aspirant, Nicol, is in Vulcan City for a fight arranged by his manager. While waiting for his manager at a motorists' hotel he meets Audrey and finds her a hard girl to approach. When Nicol's manager does not appear, Nicol decides to go ahead with the fight without his manager and wins the bout. Barry Kelley and Joseph Wiseman, the local organisers, are surprised at Nicol's victory unaided by his manager. Some information leads Nicol to believe that his manager had been murdered. He tries to probe into the matter but when he learns from Audrey that she was being victimized by his manager and that under pressure of some blackmail he wanted to marry her, Nicol becomes disillusioned in his manager. However, still feeling that he should unravel the mystery, Nicol decides to remain in town and as an excuse proposes a bout with Hal Baylor, a reputed figure of the ring. Baylor and his manager had some different plans for a bout but in the absence of a suitable fighter, Kelley and Wiseman agree to hold the match. Baylor decides to deliberately lose the fight hoping that with the last big haul of money he would retire comfortably for ever. In the meantime, Nicol is convinced that his manager was killed by Kelley and Wiseman. To avenge his manager's death, Nicol decides to upset their fixed fight. Confident of Baylor's defeat, the gambling syndicate bets heavily on Nicol's victory. Nicol sees his opportunity in this and in the ring so irritates Baylor that he loses his temper and knocks Nicol out. This unexpected and unplanned victory of Baylor upsets Kelley

and Wiseman. Afraid that the cheated gamblers will kill him, Kelley tries to run away with the gate money. Wiseman, however, catches up with him and in the following gun battle both the vicious men are killed. This is supposed to end crime in Vulcan City. In the end Nicol gets married to Audrey.

Final Verdict : This is the usual disgusting crime picture with the usual violence and racketeering which mixes sport with vice and crime. The picture deserves to be avoided by all decent people.

*Vicki (20th Century Fox)

CAST : Jeanne Crain, Jean Peters, Elliott Reid

Here is an extremely unpleasant murder mystery picture which appears distasteful not only because a heinous crime like murder is portrayed in it but also because the murder is committed for sexual reasons. To add to the picture's unpleasantness, it features an evil and sadistic detective who is a disgrace to the profession of crime detection. Far from being an honest investigator, this detective is actually a neurotic criminal who shields a murderer and hounds and tries to implicate an innocent person in the murder because of love jealousy. This is a sinister and extremely disagreeable character and since the picture exploits it almost to the hilt, the whole show becomes a disgusting sight. Sex, crime and neurosis are three constant ingredients of most Hollywood films and "Vicki" contains all the three to look like a poisonous and evil-smelling brew.

Jean Peters, an attractive waitress in a cafeteria, attracts the attention of Elliott Reid, a publicity man, when he comes down to dine at the cafeteria. Reid finds Jean physically alluring and tells her that with proper publicity she could become a famous glamour girl. Jean is attracted by the idea and Reid starts his publicity campaign. He provides her gorgeous garments to wear, high spots to visit and glamorous society to move about in. Before long Jean becomes a famous glamour girl. Jean's sister Jeanne Crain mistrusts Reid in the beginning but soon changes her opinion about him to the extent of falling in love with him, without, however, Reid knowing anything about it. At this stage, the now-famous Jean Peters gets a Hollywood contract and accepts it without consulting Reid. Reid is disappointed at her ungrateful behaviour and his various plans are frustrated.

But Jean Peters doesn't go far as she is murdered shortly before her departure. Because of his association and ultimate separation from her, Reid is most suspected of the crime. He is questioned and sweated by the police but is ultimately released in the absence of reliable evidence. But Boone, the detective in charge of the case, persists in torturously hounding Reid and in trying to prove him guilty. This distress brings Reid and Jeanne Crain closer and he also falls in love with her. Together they strive to remove the distressing shadow of doubt from over Reid and enlisting the help of a sympathetic detective, Carl Betz, they succeed in getting the night clerk at Jean Peters' Hotel to confess that he had murdered Jean when she declined his lusty proposal and tried to protect herself from his passionate advances. The night clerk also reveals that he had already confessed his crime to Boone and that Boone had told him to keep quiet about it. After this Boone confesses that having himself been in love with Jean Peters, he was jealous of Reid and wanted to take revenge on him. In the end the mentally unbalanced Boone is arrested while Reid and Jeanne Crain look to a hopeful future.

Final Verdict : This glimpse of a sadistic, neurotic, and revenge-crazy police official is simply unpleasant and its murder-for-lust theme is just disgusting. Crime in itself is an objectionable subject on the screen and when it is mixed with lust and neurosis, it becomes positively repulsive. "Vicki" is thus an ugly crime picture which should be boycotted by all decent and reasonable people.

*99 River Street (United Artists)

CAST : John Payne, Evelyn Keyes

Here is an unpretentious, slimy stinkpot with stock vice, villainy and violence. The pivot around which the story revolves is of course murder, a cool, calculated, brutal murder. But nobody feels too shocked at this artificial termination of human life because the woman who is murdered does little to win the spectator's sympathy or to convince him that she deserved to live in this world instead of being rushed to hell. Nor does one feel too shocked at the act of the man who decides to dispense death to a fellow human, because he looks capable of dispensing this beastly prescription on a mass scale. One doesn't feel shocked at a single murder by a person who could very well have been the proprietor of a dispensary of death. Among the many sickening characters of the picture are an unfaithful wife, a blood-spilling robber, a tenacious stolen-goods dealer, a glibly-lying ambitious actress and other violence-worshipping criminals and gangsters. The action is most of the way brutal and disgustingly violent. The hero is shown as the victim of the violence of fate and others till in the end he generates some retaliatory violence of his own to keep brutality and violence amply and evenly distributed in this shamelessly criminal picture. That one hardly feels sorry for the murdered woman shows with what criminal cunning can Hollywood present a foul theme without invoking the natural abhorrence of the audience over it. The Film Estimate Board of National Organizations is a gentle, timid and soft-spoken film reviewing association in America comprised of eleven social, religious, cultural and educational national organizations. This is what the lip-biting Board says about this picture: "The plot of this tawdry crime melodrama features sadism, robbery and murder, not to mention forgery, fencing and illicit love. In the interest of sensationalism the story is so overloaded that one staggers giddily beneath the sheer quantity of its violence."

An eye injury compels Boxer Payne to leave one career of violence and plunge into another. With the hopes of winning world championship shattered, he becomes a taxi-driver. But he receives another injury when he sees his wife, Peggie, in the arms of Brad Dexter, a confirmed criminal. Already bitter over Peggie's infidelity, he meets Evelyn, an aspiring actress, who plays another hoax on him and leaves him more embittered. Peggie, who was rather frightened since Payne discovered her treachery, plans to run away with Dexter. With the jewels obtained from a diamond robbery, Dexter goes to the underworld dealer, Adler, to get some cash to leave the country with Peggie. Adler resents the presence of Peggie and refuses to make a deal with Dexter. At this Dexter murders Peggie and gets rid of her by placing her body in Payne's taxi. He next robs Adler and runs away with his money. Payne and Evelyn discover the body in the taxi and begin hurried private search for the killer before police can nab Payne. Towards the end comes the usual chase with police on the heels of Payne and Payne on the heels of Dexter. When cornering Dexter at a pier, Payne discovers that Adler is also after Dexter. Since a dead Dexter couldn't prove Payne's innocence, Payne tries to prevent Adler from killing Dexter. In the resultant brutal fight Adler meets his death. Dexter meets the police and Payne meets justice along with a rosy future with Keyes.

Final Verdict : Displaying murder, infidelity, robbery and violence, "99 River Street" is a crime-crammed picture unfit for anybody even slightly decent. To exhibit such a criminal picture or to help in its exhibition is a crime against society. Indian censors will do well to remember the opinion of the usually speaking-under-the-breath Film Estimate Board which unanimously felt staggered beneath the naked violence of this picture. And where the tough-nerved Americans feel staggered, the starved Indians should completely collapse. This picture should be banned with haste and without a second thought.

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